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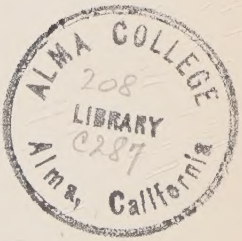

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CONTENTS.

Cardinal Manning.
Savonarola and the Reformation. By the Very Rev. John Procter, O.P.
The Rock of Ages: a Story.
Another Mexican Myth. By the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.
Ven. John Thules. By the Very Rev. Mgr. Gradwell.
God.
The Use of Holy Images.

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CARDINAL MANNING.

[The following memoir has been compiled in consequence of a desire that has been expressed in many quarters that a life of Cardinal Manning should find a place in the Biographical Series of the Catholic Truth Society's publications. It is almost entirely compiled from three sources: the Catholic Truth Society's shilling Biography by Dr. J. R. Gasquet; the memoir by Father Morris, S.J., printed as an appendix to Dr. Gasquet's book; and the sketch by Mr. Kegan Paul, prefixed to the *Temperance Speeches of Cardinal Manning*, also published by the Truth Society, price one shilling. Those who desire a fuller account of the life and labours of him who has been called "The People's Cardinal" are referred to one or both of the volumes mentioned.]

HENRY EDWARD MANNING was born in 1808, and he died in 1892, holding the highest honours possible to any English ecclesiastic, being a Cardinal, a Prince of the Church, and Archbishop of Westminster. The span of his long life was almost exactly divided into the days of his Protestantism and Catholicism, as he became a Catholic in 1851.

He was educated at Harrow, where he was a successful cricket player, but not considered to be of any great intellectual promise; his schoolfellows remembered his good looks and that they had called him "The General," which, as school nicknames so often do, hit on a characteristic, and marked him out as born to command. This was soon noticed at Oxford also, where he at once made a name in the Debating Society, since so well known as "The Union," nurse of so many famous speakers then and later. At Oxford, where he entered at Balliol College, he worked harder than he had done at school. His father, a large West Indian proprietor, had sustained serious losses in business through the passing of the anti-slavery act; Mr. Manning's friendship with Mr. Wilberforce was not, however, diminished in consequence. Henry Manning's energies were stimulated by these losses to so great an extent that he

took high honours, and obtained a Fellowship at Merton College. Before obtaining this position he had been given a clerkship in the Colonial Office, but he held it a very short time. It was not long before the inward promptings to a higher life appealed to him with ever-increasing force; and they were not disregarded.

He first opened his mind on the subject of entering the Christian ministry to his brother-in-law, Mr. Anderdon, in the summer of 1831, when they were turning over a sermon of Wesley's in a book-shop where they had taken shelter from a storm of rain. On 26th September of the same year, he wrote to Mr. Anderdon a long letter which shows how deeply he was stirred by the thought of this vocation. He was filled with fear lest he should prove unworthy, and also, lest he might be the victim of self-deception, "and thus be taken in a double toil." How greatly he was moved may be judged from the conclusion of this letter: "Make it your duty to keep me straight as far as man may minister to man. Impress on me the conviction I already entertain. Study to confirm my views. Speak openly your judgement." His conception of a clerical vocation was evidently far above the ordinary ideal of the Establishment at that time. To him, it implied a life of renunciation and perfection, since he wrote to ask his friend if the words of our Lord, "Go, sell all that thou hast . . . . and come, follow Me," were not of binding force to him.

Mr. Manning returned to Oxford, early in 1832, was elected a Fellow of Merton, and read for Orders. In Advent of the same year he was ordained, and preached his first sermon on Christmas Day in Cuddesdon Church. Shortly after his ordination, he acted as curate of the parish of Lavington-with-Graffham, during the illness of the rector, the Rev. John Sargent. On this gentleman's death, he was presented to the living by Mrs. Sargent, the late incumbent's mother, in May, 1833 *, and on the 7th of November in the same year he married Caroline, the third daughter of his predecessor. By

* Mr. Manning was already connected with the Sargents, his father's first wife being Mrs. Sargent's aunt.

his marriage he became related to Samuel Wilberforce, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, who had married the eldest Miss Sargent. Mrs. Manning died, leaving no children, while her husband was still thirty years of age.

Lavington was in all respects an ideal parish. The Cardinal's own description of it after he had left it is too beautiful to be passed over, though it has been so often quoted. In *England and Christendom*, p. 124, he writes: "I loved the parish church of my childhood, and the college chapel of my youth, and the little church under a green hill-side, where the morning and evening prayers, and the music of the English Bible for seventeen years, became a part of my soul. Nothing is more beautiful in the natural order, and if there were no eternal world I could have made it my home." Manning began to interest himself almost from the first in matters which reached beyond the bounds of his parish, and in one especially, which showed what was to be a main interest in him up to the very end—the condition of the labouring poor. The state of the agricultural labourer, though far from satisfactory even now, was then, and was to be for the next thirty years, a scandal and disgrace. Till the movement began which is associated with the name of Mr. Joseph Arch, the labourer as a rule toiled all his working days for insufficient wages, and fell back in his old age on parish relief.

The Labourers' Union agitation raised wages on an average two shillings a week, while the actual necessaries of life had grown cheaper. But what Mr. Manning then learned of the economic state of the labourer in Sussex, and the pity he conceived for the disheartened recipient of insufficient wages, bore fruit when, as Archbishop of Westminster, he had to grapple with the problems of the poor in our great cities, with want caused by drink, and with the strike of the dock labourers.

Becoming known also as a very remarkable preacher, he was called beyond the bounds of his parish to discuss ecclesiastical polity at the Archdeacon's Visitation at Chichester Cathedral, in sermons, and in published letters on education and on the appointment

of an Ecclesiastical Commission. In all this he showed his strong view of the need of organization, and of the submission to antiquity—both, though he saw it not while some others did, helping him on his way to his goal. In January, 1841, when he had already become a well-known man, he was appointed Archdeacon of Chichester.

At the age of thirty-three, Archdeacon Manning found for the first time full scope for his powers. He had, as the world says, "the ball at his feet," and the way was open for him to the highest prizes of the Anglican Church. The grace and beauty of his person, the eloquence of even his ordinary conversation, and the charm of his manner, were merely the setting of the gem within. That most acute observer, Bishop Philpotts of Exeter, did but express the opinion of all who knew the Archdeacon, when he said: "There are three men to whom the country has mainly to look, in the coming years,—Manning in the Church, Gladstone in the State, and Hope (Mr. Hope-Scott) in the Law."

The only requisite to success in life which he might be thought not to have, was the desire for honours and position. One who impressed those about him as singularly self-sacrificing and devout, was unlikely to be prompted by that personal ambition without which men can seldom climb to eminence; and his declining the office of Sub-almoner to the Queen (which was offered him in 1845) as an act of self-denial to obtain of God the virtue of humility, shows that such ambition was foreign to him. Many persons who had no knowledge of him, and even some who might have known him better, have found no difficulty at all in answering the question they have set themselves. With a readiness born of hasty judgement and imperfect observation of human nature, they easily decided that one only motive was enough to explain all Archdeacon Manning's public life. Ambition, they said, led to the distinction of his early life at the University; ambition made him leave the Colonial Office for the Church; ambition was the main-spring of his action as a clergyman and

preacher; ambition, baulked of its reward, was the cause of his leaving the Anglican body, and becoming a Catholic.

Any such simple explanation of the life of so complex a being as man, stands self-condemned as entirely inadequate; but it may be at once admitted that the future Cardinal was ambitious, did well to be ambitious, and would not have been the great servant of God and man that he was, if he had not been ambitious. The truth is, that ambition, as the word is now commonly used, is in itself neither a good nor a bad quality, but becomes the one or the other according to its motive and its plan of action. Every person endowed with great practical powers must be conscious of possessing them, and must strive for opportunities of exerting them. It could not be otherwise. The man of great parts, who suffers them to go to waste from timidity, or sloth, has had his doom pronounced in the parable of the unprofitable servant, who buried in the earth the talent entrusted to him. If the consciousness of great gifts is accompanied by a humble reference of them to the Giver; if the desire to find scope for them is free from unworthy and selfish motives, or other base alloy; if the results—honours, influence, and the praise of men—are valued only as means towards still greater service;—then, indeed, ambition becomes one of the highest and noblest of virtues.

It is probable that the new Archdeacon had at this time no shadow of a doubt that the position he held was not absolutely satisfactory. The Church of England seemed to him the old historic Church, from which the Reformers had removed certain corruptions and abuses. He desired to extend that Church in its exact form to our colonies; he was greatly exercised at the state in which the members of the Church of England on the Continent were placed in regard to their religious wants; he recognized that at home there was needed a great awakening. Yet he had never been closely associated with the Tractarian movement at Oxford; there was even on some points, and those not unimportant, a real antagonism between him and

the Oxford party; he was considered a safe man, not what Newman called "viewy;" his holy and self-denying life impressed itself on those who were far from him in doctrine; his fellow Archdeacon, Hare, who would a few years after have been styled an advanced Broad Churchman, called him a "truly wise and holy man, zealous, devoted, self-sacrificing, and gentle." That he was forced by his position into the stir of specially ecclesiastical thought did not turn him aside from social questions, as is shown by a remarkable letter he published in the year of the Irish famine in 1847. That was indeed a time when the sufferings of Ireland stirred all classes, but Manning discussed not only the immediate problem, but spoke of poverty in the kingdom in general, of the miserable wages of English labourers, and the terrible contrasts of poverty and riches. He was at heart a democrat, and a democrat has no true home in the Church of England. Yet he might have gone on for years without recognizing the falsity of his position, had it not been that a doctrine which he had never doubted, and which seemed to be an integral part of Anglican theology, was rudely assailed, and declared by legal authority not to be held as of necessity of Anglican divines. That which broke the snare and delivered Archdeacon Manning is known as the Gorham Controversy.

It is quite needless to go at length into the views held by Mr. Gorham himself: enough to say that he did not hold those held by the Catholic Church, which are also those of all High Churchmen among Anglicans. Whether, asserting other doctrines, Mr. Gorham might hold a living, was the matter tried by the Privy Council, and given in Mr. Gorham's favour. Many men who remained in the Church of England were deeply distressed at this decision, but persuaded themselves that if their own opinions were tolerated they might remain with consistency; while Allies, Manning, Hope-Scott and others considered that a Church whose teaching was at the mercy of a lay tribunal, whose bishops made no protest, could no longer deserve their allegiance. On Passion Sunday, 1851 Archdeacon

Manning made his submission to the Catholic Faith in the church of the Jesuits, in Farm Street, so turning his back on all the honours for which the acclamation of those who knew him had designated him. Newman, Pusey, Keble, had also been marked men for high honours, but Manning had never wholly identified himself with them; he was on the high road to great preferment, and he made, as all knew, a great and noble sacrifice for conscience' sake.

In that same church in Farm Street Fr. Manning said his first Mass on June 16th of the same year, only ten weeks after he became a Catholic. The exceeding rapidity with which the priesthood was conferred is remarkable for two reasons; it shows that the new convert had never, from the first, any hesitation about his vocation; he desired to gain, as soon as possible, authority for those functions and duties which in all good faith he had thought to have performed for years past, and it shows also the confidence so sound and sober a man as Cardinal Wiseman had in the prudence of one in many ways so unlike himself, but equally devoted to the See of Peter, equally convinced of the only source of authority. It is sometimes said that each convert from Protestantism needs looking after for five years before he or she can run alone; it is certain that at that time certain converts were imprudent and impetuous, but Manning was wise, wary, and discreet, so as to justify, in the face of adverse criticism, the trust reposed in him.

Proceeding to Rome at the end of the year of his reception into the Church, Fr. Manning laid the foundation of a close and increasing intimacy with Pius IX., who was to co-operate with him on so many important occasions. The first of these was the introduction into England of the Oblates of St. Charles, a Congregation in some respects like that of the Oratory introduced by Cardinal Newman, but with the essential difference that the Oblates of St. Charles are intended to be the special henchmen of the Bishop in each diocese wherein they are established, and not as other Congregations, subject only to the Holy Father, or, as the

Orders, to the Holy Father and each to its own General. In the summer of 1857 Dr. Manning took up his residence in Bayswater, with the community which he had founded.

For the next eight years his life was twofold. He was the superior of a religious family, as well as a hard-working parish priest. A very touching account of his character as superior was given shortly after his death, by one of the few who would be competent to speak,—the Rev. Dr. Butler. "It is far too soon," he said "for those who have lived under the powerful sway of his personal influence to turn and reflect on that influence so as to give an account of it, and to analyze its workings. . . . The charm will not die gradually away, because the secret of so holy a power upon our lives, of so holy a light penetrating and shining through our minds, was the breath of God's Holy Spirit, the same Divine Comforter ever present in the true pastors of God's flock, who made the disciples of St. Paul so love him, that, falling upon his neck, they kissed him, grieving most of all because of that word that they should see his face no more."

At the beginning of 1860, the question of the Temporal Power of the Holy See having entered on a critical phase, Dr. Manning in three lectures afterwards put together in a small volume, addressed himself to demonstrating its Divine origin, its necessity for the full and free exercise of the functions of the Holy See, and, finally, the logical and historical dependence of the civil order of Christendom on the Papal Sovereignty. He was confident that "the day will come when prince and people, nations and their statesmen, will recognize in the Temporal Power of the Holy See a Divine provision for the maintenance and order of the Christian world, and will return to us as . . . the only preservation against the rising tide of revolution" (*The Temporal Power*, lect. iii.). Nor, though he lived nearly a quarter of a century after the occupation of Rome by the Italian Government, did he ever waver in his confidence that the Temporal Power would one day be restored. His views on this subject changed con-

siderably very soon after the Italian usurpation. It was a change, not of object, but of the means of carrying that object out. Like most men of practical genius he was wont to lose no time in regrets which he thought useless, but set himself to look for some other means of obtaining the end he had at heart. The only effect of the lapse of time was to convince him more and more that that restoration was to be looked for, not so much by the intervention of States from without as by the spontaneous action of the Italians and especially of the people of Rome. From the beginning of the strife he had foreseen likelihood of such a termination, and believed that it would be now, as it had been on former occasions, when "the very hands which drove the Pope away from Rome restored him to it."

When Dr. Manning was on a visit to Rome in 1860, Pius IX. conferred on him the dignity of Protonotary Apostolic, the highest grade of the prelacy, carrying with it the right to pontificate on certain occasions—a privilege he hardly ever exercised.

From the time of his taking up his abode at Bayswater until he succeeded to the Archbishopric, he occupied a foremost place in the life of the Church in London. When, in 1861, Cardinal Wiseman established in his diocese a branch of the Roman Accademia, to study and illustrate the relations of science, art, and literature to the Church, he appointed Dr. Manning to be its head, and deputed him to read the inaugural address which he himself was prevented by illness from delivering in person. In 1862, when the *Dublin Review* was re-organized by Cardinal Wiseman, and Dr. Ward was induced to accept the editorship, Dr. Manning was named as one of the three theological assessors to whom Dr. Ward was to submit anything which he might think required censorship. From this time until almost the end of his life he was an occasional contributor to its pages; one of his most touching and graceful articles being a notice of Father Faber, in 1864. Nor did he entirely neglect the field of controversy, though he publicly intervened much less often than might have been expected. But in 1864 he departed from his

usual reticence and published three letters,—afterwards incorporated in *England and Christendom*,—to point the moral he had formerly drawn from the Gorham case, and to apply it to the still more obvious proof of the entire dependence of Anglicanism on the law, afforded by the decision on the *Essays and Reviews*.

In 1865 Cardinal Wiseman died, consoled in his last hours by the presence of Dr. Manning, who had returned from Rome in haste on hearing of the Cardinal's illness.

Every one knows that Archbishop Errington was once Cardinal Wiseman's Coadjutor with right of succession. That the Cardinal should have asked for him to fill an office that brought them into such mutual dependence, was a singular proof that, learned, large-minded, large-hearted as he was, Cardinal Wiseman knew little of human nature. They had been close friends who had never agreed together on anything. Dr. Errington, much against his will, was taken from the See of Plymouth to be the Cardinal's Coadjutor, and the two Prelates were so unlike that it was simply impossible that one should become the *alter ego* of the other. Dr. Errington, who then was made Archbishop of Trebizond with the right of succeeding to Westminster, was a warm-hearted, affectionate man in the heart that was hidden away, but in the outer man he was unyielding and severe. At any rate these two great and excellent men viewed almost all practical details in a different way, and the close co-operation between them that their official relation required, was impossible. It is not in the least to be wondered at that Cardinal Wiseman should have pressed the Pope to remove his Coadjutor, and at last it was done. The Pope did it, not as a judicial, but as a paternal act; and Catholics could not but be edified when they saw Archbishop Errington subside into a parish priest in the Isle of Man or a professor at Prior Park. If he was ever hard on others, he was harder on himself; and if he was zealous and unyielding out of season as well as in season, it was for law and for right, for the Church and for God.

When Dr. Errington was named Coadjutor, the

Chapter had voted for him; and when the See was vacant on Cardinal Wiseman's death, they voted for him again. The Chapter presents three names to the Holy See on such occasions, and the two other Bishops whose names went up with Dr. Errington's wrote to the Pope to ask that he might be appointed. Practically thus no choice was left to the Pope, and that was a position that Archbishop Errington's friends were hardly wise in creating. On similar occasions the Pope has sometimes called for another list of names; on this he took the choice into his hands. In any case the name of Provost Manning stood so high everywhere that it could not fail to come before the mind of the Pope. The man whom Cardinal Wiseman regarded as sure to be his successor, was one to whom many hearts turned as the man of God sent to meet a great crisis and to fill the loftiest station amongst us. So thought Pius IX., and setting aside the names presented by the Chapter of Westminster, as indeed on various other occasions the Chapter names have been set aside, the Pope made Mgr. Provost Manning Archbishop.

It was intimated to him that if he went to Rome the Pope would consecrate him with his own hand; but at the same time he was told that it was the opinion of the Holy Father that it would do more good in England if his consecration took place in London. He was consecrated in Moorfields by Dr. Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, the sermon being preached by Dr. Amherst, Bishop of Northampton. The sermon was on the Office of the Holy Ghost, and Archbishop Manning listened to it with the keenest interest, and spoke of it afterwards with high praise, for it treated of the devotion of his predilection. The consecration was on the 8th of June, and if Cardinal Wiseman had lived to that day, he intended to have invited all the bishops of England to celebrate it with solemnity in that very Church of Moorfields, for it would have been the silver jubilee of his episcopate. The bishops were there, but it was to assist at the consecration of his successor.

At the desire of the Holy Father, the Archbishop went to Rome to receive the Pallium, returning to England in the autumn, to be enthroned at the Pro-Cathedral on 8th November. One of the first matters claiming his attention, even before his consecration, was to preside at a meeting to raise a memorial of his predecessor, Cardinal Wiseman. It had been already determined that this should take the form of a Cathedral for Westminster. The Archbishop cordially associated himself with the project, and subscribed towards it a thousand pounds. At the same time he took occasion to bring forward a work which he felt to be of much greater urgency, and this was providing for the education of the poor Catholic children of London, and removing them from the non-Catholic influences which surrounded them. This work, in one way or another, was destined to have the first claim upon his energies and labours during the whole of his long pontificate, and, under his fostering hand, it gradually attained proportions that, when he first undertook it, he could not have foreseen. His first care was to establish orphanages for children without Catholic relatives or friends, the number of whom he estimated at 20,000. Twenty-five years later, in a Lenten Pastoral Letter, he was able to announce that the poor children of his diocese were provided for as follow: (1) 23,599 were on the books of the parochial schools: (2) after a long struggle, thirty-three Metropolitan Boards of Guardians had been brought to follow, slowly and reluctantly, the example of the Strand Union, and, between 1868 and 1889 had transferred the 10,000 workhouse Catholic children to Catholic schools: (3) while, in the homes for both sexes in the diocese, 4,542 children had been entirely provided for during the same period.

In 1868, the Archbishop was able to secure a site for the future Cathedral in Westminster; but before any house, even for his own use, could be erected, he was enabled to purchase a building that had been provided as an "Institute" for the Guards, and which will always be connected with his memory under the name of "Archbishop's House." Thither he moved from York

Place, in March, 1873, having thus provided ample accommodation for the work of the See. Later on, he was enabled to secure a much better site for the Cathedral; but he could not do more himself, and was glad to let the ground be used as a playground by the poor children of a Soldiers' Home near by. He was greatly touched by these little ones bringing him a nosegay on his birthday as a token of their gratitude.

During this period of his episcopate, Archbishop Manning began his struggle with the evil of drunkenness,—a successful struggle which only ended with his life. In 1866 he appointed a Committee, which recommended the formation of a Temperance Society, binding to total abstinence only those who had given themselves over to the habit of drunkenness. A little thought showed him, and others who had begun in the same way, that this would never do. Such a plan is to make all those who sign the pledge write themselves down as, at least, potential drunkards, and draw a hard and fast line between the virtuous and vicious. In 1867, he endeavoured to bring about a "Truce of St. Patrick," and a promise from men and women not to enter a public house on Saturdays or Sundays. In 1871 he spoke in support of the Permissive Bill, and in 1872 he took the final plunge and signed the Temperance Pledge. He did this on the only true ground for every moderate man, that he had no right to ask a man to do that which he was not ready to do himself. By the very fact of his asking an assembly of working men in Southwark to be total abstainers, which was to them a matter of great and serious mortification of the flesh, he was bound to do that which was to him no serious difficulty, but only the renunciation of a trivial luxury. Had it been much more, he would have been bound to carry it through, on the principle that St. Paul adopted, who was ready to eat no meat while the world stood, if it caused scandal to his brethren.

The next step was to establish the Temperance League of the Cross for Catholics, a great and living organization, most vigorous during the Cardinal's vigour, now, perhaps, in a degree, languishing for lack

of personal adhesion from those who wish it well. Yet if bishops and priests would once more take up the work with all their heart, it would go far to sweep away drunkenness from Catholic homes, at the price of an infinitesimal modicum of self-denial from those who help the cause. In his eightieth year the Cardinal used these words: "I have for years, I say it openly and boldly, been a fool for Christ's sake in the matter of intoxicating drink, and so I hope to die."

Archbishop Manning was one of the five hundred bishops who assembled in 1867 to take part in celebrating the eighteenth centenary of SS. Peter and Paul; and was therefore present when Pope Pius IX. announced his intention to convoke a General Council. The Archbishop intuitively recognized that a precise definition of Papal Infallibility, although not included among the subjects at first propounded for consideration, would inevitably come within the scope of the Council. Never since his reception into the Church had the slightest doubt of the truth of this dogma crossed his mind, and he was convinced that the time had come for its definition.

"To him,"—as the Bishop of Newport and Menevia said, in, his profound and eloquent sermon at the Cardinal's Requiem,—"the Vicar of Christ's Infallibility, when addressing the Universal Church on faith or morals, was the logical outcome of the Redeemer's promise that against her the gates of hell should never prevail." This logical consistency was fully recognized at the time by such impartial judges as some of the English newspapers. The *Times*, for instance, took "an honest pride in contemplating the straightforward course of our own countryman." The Archbishop, who held strongly not only the opportuneness, but the urgent need for the definition, was intensely anxious until the question was decided. His three Pastoral Letters afterwards put together under the title *Petri Privilegium*, did much towards removing prejudices and misconceptions. His sermons did still more; but he saw from the first that the principal field of conflict would not be in this country.

He left for Rome in the autumn of 1869, arrived there by the time of the opening of the Council on 8th December, and was at once put on the Committee "De Fide," which had to do with questions of dogma. To this committee, in March, 1870, was referred the question of Papal Infallibility, which at once became the chief matter under discussion. At the end of May, the Archbishop addressed the Committee on the subject, in a speech which produced a great effect. After an exhaustive discussion, the Decree passed the whole Council on the 18th of July,—the day before the breaking out of the Franco-German War.

Besides this main question, the Council also decided several other points; such as the evidences of the existence of God, and the text and interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. In all of these questions the Archbishop took a very considerable part, and his knowledge of non-Catholics was of essential service. To him, however, the definition of the Infallibility was the matter of primary importance, and he regarded his share in it as the greatest privilege of his life. On the day before his death, when making his profession of faith before the assembled Canons, he repeated with especial clearness and emphasis the clause declaring his acceptance of the Vatican Decrees.

In 1878, he wrote "The True Story of the Vatican Council," in the *Nineteenth Century*, in reply to certain incorrect statements that had obtained credence. Since then, non-Catholics seem to have abandoned the attack, so that it need only be remarked that the Archbishop's account is fully confirmed by all that has been subsequently published. A more indirect, but more serious attack had been made four years before. Mr. Gladstone, on being driven from office in 1874, put out a pamphlet to show that Catholics who accepted the Vatican Decrees could not be loyal citizens. The Archbishop at once protested in the papers, and shortly after published a more detailed reply. Here, again, we need not stir the embers of a controversy which has long since died out, Mr. Gladstone himself withdrawing the charges he had made. The controversy has

left one enduring legacy to us—it has enriched our Catholic literature with Dr. Newman's *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk.*

In the beginning of 1875, the Archbishop was summoned to Rome to receive the scarlet. He left London on 4th March, accompanied by his nephew, the Rev. William Manning, and remained in Rome until the end of the month. In the Consistory held on the 15th he was created Cardinal; the formal announcement being made to him at the English College, where he was staying. His reply to it perfectly expressed the feelings he had already manifested to his most intimate friends, in regard to the office of the Cardinalate—"It is truly an honour," he said, "to be associated with the Sacred Council immediately around the Vicar of our Lord, and to share his lot in good and evil. Indeed, I would rather this dignity fell on me, as it does, in the time of danger than the time of safety. It is, as it were, being told off to a forlorn hope in the sight of the world, but it is a forlorn hope which is certain of victory. I feel that your presence here this day is a representation of England, and that your kindness to me proceeds from love to England."

After this he returned at once to England, continuing the same manner of life as before his elevation. Even his autumnal holidays were occupied in public speaking and preaching, so that the only breaks in his labour were his visits to Rome.

In November, 1887, the Cardinal left England to fulfil one of his canonical visits *ad limina Apostolorum* but was taken ill in Paris, and would have returned to England if he had not been advised from Rome that the health of Pius IX. was visibly declining, and that it would be well for him to prosecute his journey without delay. He arrived at Rome on the 22nd of December, and found the Holy Father on what proved to be his death-bed. The Sovereign Pontiff lingered for six weeks, dying on 7th February of the next year. During all that time, the Cardinal had the inexpressible happiness of watching constantly by the sick bed of one who was Master and Father as well as his dearest

friend. "No subject," he afterwards told his clergy, "of his manifold and great anxieties was even spoken of; no business, however slight, was ever introduced . . . . I had the happiness of conversing with him only on such thoughts and things as were consoling and cheerful and free from anxious care." He very rarely spoke of the personal loss to himself that the death of Pius IX. must have been, but there can be no doubt that he recognized it as irreparable. He had reached an age at which new friendships are hardly possible. Much happiness may be derived by one in Cardinal Manning's position from the parental relations of a bishop to his flock, and of a great shepherd of souls towards those whom he rescued from a life of sin, or led from the darkness without into the noonday brightness of the Church, and of such happiness he must have enjoyed a share much larger than falls to the lot of most pastors; but the mutual sympathy which is the basis of friendship, needs a freedom of intercourse which is hardly possible between superior or inferior, and a length of time which is denied to the aged.

After the election of Leo XIII., Cardinal Manning had the happiness of finding many of his most cherished convictions stated with authority in the series of Encyclicals for which the present pontificate will be distinguished. In particular, the joy is still remembered with which he welcomed the Brief "Sæpe numero," of which he foresaw the happy effect in stimulating Catholics to the accurate study of history. Still more important is his relation to the Encyclical on the Conditions of Labour. The Bishop of Newport, who speaks in this case with the highest authority, said in his funeral eulogy, that this Encyclical "owes something, beyond all doubt, to the counsels of Cardinal Manning. And there is one sentence in that letter, which, if not his in form, most certainly expresses his conviction: 'There is a dictate of Nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man—that the remuneration of the wage-earner must be enough to support him in reasonable and frugal comfort.'"

No attempt can here be made to give even the barest account of the Cardinal's multifarious labours, or to the happy influence which resulted from his large-hearted sympathy with every beneficent movement throughout the Empire. This may be said to have begun with his joining the upholders of total abstinence, and to have been fully established in 1871, when he took part in the Mansion House Committee for relieving the distress in Paris that followed the Franco-German war.

The barrier having been removed which, ever since he had been a Catholic, had excluded him from public life, he took the earliest opportunity to manifest what would be his attitude in regard to social questions. At a meeting of the Prisons' Congress, of which he was chairman, in 1872, he said: "Outside the circle and pale of that one subject (religion), I know of no other relating to our political, our public, our social, our industrial welfare, in which it is not in my power to work with the same energy, and the same entire devotion, of heart and feeling, as any other man in England." One of the earliest movements with which he associated himself deserves special mention, as showing how consistently his sympathies had always been engaged in the service of the poor, during the seventeen years of his life at Lavington. At a meeting on behalf of the agricultural labourers, he said that he "knew them and their children, as well as he knew their scanty means of subsistence."

All his life he actively co-operated with every movement which aimed at the alleviation of social hardship or injustice; but, not only this, the limitless and thorny waste scanned by the wistful eye of his far-reaching charity is indicated by his "Pleading for the Worthless," an article which he wrote in the *Nineteenth Century*, 1888, and which testified to the depth of his sympathy with the "submerged," a class of which he could have no previous knowledge, and who might seem to have been unlikely to claim the special interest of one so refined and sensitive, had not his charity outweighed every other thought.

The means by which he laboured for the elevation

of the poor were as various as the objects aimed at. We find him serving on two Royal Commissions, taking part in public meetings almost innumerable, addressing workpeople in West End shops, or East End open air meetings, assisting by his counsel and encouragement the projectors of new ways of relieving distress, and mediating between employers and employed. But even his great mental and physical vigour could not have sufficed for the herculean task he undertook after having passed the ordinary span of human life had not his previous experience been in great measure a preparation for it. From his early years he had been familiar with the conduct of public business, the routine of meetings, and the organization of societies; he had personally known most of the great orators of his time, and had watched the effects of their speeches and debates. More than this, he had himself tasted the *gaudia certaminis*, the delights of convincing or persuading an audience, and of wrestling in argument with his equals. All this made what is so laborious to most Englishmen, perfectly easy to him.

His political opinions were closely connected with his social desires and aims. They have been represented as ranging from Radicalism to Socialism; but the truth is that his politics,—like those of most men who are not professional politicians,—could hardly be expressed by any one term. In particular, there was mingled with his Liberal aspirations a strong vein of Conservative feeling. The same has been remarked of other English public men; for instance, of such a notable Radical as Cobbett. The statesmen whom he would himself have mentioned as the fittest example of this combination of seemingly opposed tendencies, would probably have been Canning, whose great reputation, in the days of the Cardinal's youth, threw every other into shadow.

During Lord Beaconsfield's last administration there was a *rapprochement* between him and Cardinal Manning, which was broken by the terms in which the Prime Minister appealed to the country. It is well known that the Cardinal did not agree with the first Home

Rule Bill introduced by Mr. Gladstone, preferring the plan advocated by several of the dissentient members of the Liberty party; his chief objection to Mr. Gladstone's measure being the withdrawal of the Irish Members from the Imperial Parliament. On the other hand, he may in one sense be said to have been a Home Ruler before Home Rule. His views on the subject dated from the Irish Disestablishment, and were greatly confirmed by the failure of Mr. Gladstone's Irish University Bill in 1873. From that time, he advocated a large measure of autonomy for each of the three kingdoms which make up Great Britain and Ireland. Much of what he then sought to provide for was secured for England and Scotland by the County Councils Bill, which he spoke of as the most important piece of internal legislation since the Reform Bill of 1832. Towards the end of his life, an autonomy of the three kingdoms was in his mind, part of a great scheme of Imperial Federation, to include the colonies as well as the mother-country, and to provide for systematic emigration, and other means of meeting the ever-pressing problem, how to deal with the unemployed at home.

The celebration of Cardinal Manning's "Silver Jubilee,"—the twenty-fifth anniversary of his episcopal consecration—is the chief incident of his old age. All the marks of sympathy and appreciation which came from so many quarters were most grateful to him. None, however, gave him more pleasure than the congratulations of his brethren in the episcopate, and the address presented to him by the clergy and laity of his own diocese; and his reply to the latter was, of course, most full of his personal feelings. In acknowledging the £7,500 that accompanied the address, he said that he destined part of the sum to secure the comfort of those who had made his labours possible by their faithful service; another part was intended for the repair of his titular church at Rome, San Gregorio; and the remainder was to be devoted to diocesan purposes. He ended by saying: "As I am rendering in all likelihood my last account to you, I will say two things: first, that

I have never consciously or willing wounded any man; secondly, that in many cases I have been bound by duty to act, not as my personal will, but as my office compelled me. The three works on which my heart has been set, have been the education of our children, the saving of our people by the Holy Sacraments, and the rearing and multiplication of priests true to their Divine Master. What little in these duties has been begun, my successor will, I hope, complete. . . . Much has passed through my hands in these five and twenty years. Nothing has stayed under this roof; all has gone into the work which has been entrusted to me. My desire is to die, as a priest ought, without money and without debts."

The money presented to him by the Trade Societies he set aside for endowing a bed in the London Hospital, to be called—as has been well said, "somewhat infelicitously,"—"the Thames bed." But the congratulations which he most prized were conveyed to him by Cardinal Lavigerie in the following words: "Our great and good Leo XIII. charges me to convey to you, as a token of the share he desires to take in your episcopal Jubilee, the large gold medal which I forward. I cannot now repeat to you, without offending your modesty, all the assurances of confidence and esteem with which the Vicar of Jesus Christ was pleased to accompany this mark of his paternal affection."

These labours, and the ever-increasing number of persons who sought the Cardinal's advice on their private concerns, might have been thought enough to absorb completely any time that could be spared from his diocesan and ecclesiastical business. Yet he never seemed hurried; and gave his attention to each person who came before him as clearly and readily as if he had no other care in the world.

This power of instantly concentrating his attention in any direction he wished, made it possible for him to continue his practices of mental and vocal prayer in the midst of all his occupations. He recited punctually the whole Divine Office until within a few days of his death; and, it is believed, hardly ever availed himself of the

permission to anticipate or postpone any part of it. In like manner he said Mass daily, until within the last few weeks of his life, and ever with that rapt attention and devotion which seemed to open out fresh meanings in the words of the Sacred Liturgy, and to show forth to the hearers a loftier ideal of the Adorable Sacrifice than any they had known before.

Advancing years dealt very tenderly with the Cardinal. With the exception of deafness, which had grown upon him so slowly since middle life that he hardly realized its degree, he passed the term of threescore and ten before he showed any sign of old age. For some two years before his death he almost ceased to go out of doors; but this, and his precautions to keep his rooms warm and free from draughts, were to the last the only signs of the care required by the aged. His last appearance in public was when he opened the Conference organized by the Catholic Truth Society at Westminster in 1891, in which he took an especial interest. Before the formal re-establishment of the Society his approval was obtained for what then appeared a somewhat doubtful experiment, and this approval he continued to manifest to the end. The yearly and half yearly meetings were held, at his express wish, at Archbishop's House, and on many of these occasions the Cardinal presided.

He passed through the unusually severe winter of 1890-1891 without any serious illness, and was the sole inmate of his house who, in the earlier part of the next winter, did not suffer from the unhealthiness of the season. On the 9th January, he felt the signs of what appeared to be nothing more than a feverish cold, no worse than many he had experience before, and it required some persuasion to induce him to remain in bed next day. On the 11th, he was seriously ill, bronchitis, or rather, broncho-pneumonia, having developed; but he retained so much of his ordinary vigour, and was so free from discomfort, that every one hoped for his recovery. On the morning of the 13th the bronchitis had increased, and there were signs of heart-failure. It was, therefore, judged expedient to

administer the Last Sacraments, and to allow him to make the usual profession of faith before the Chapter of the Archdiocese. This touching ceremony, and his saying farewell to the assembled Canons, fatigued him considerably, and an hour later he expressed himself as very tired; from this time, too, he had made up his mind that he was going to die, saying, in reply to some protest: "I have laid down the yoke;—I am at the end of life."

From that time, his only occupation was preparation for the great change which he knew to be so imminent. He joined with great devotion in the prayers recited at his bedside, principally by the Bishop of Salford. Apparently he was most touched by the beautiful prayer of St. Jerome Emilian: "Sweetest Jesus, be not to me a judge but a Saviour." Meanwhile, the difficulty of breathing increased. At six, he was evidently weaker, and the Bishop of Salford recited the Prayers for the Dying. A little later, he spoke for the last time, but so inarticulately that his meaning could not be understood. About seven o'clock the Bishop told him that he was going to offer the Holy Sacrifice for him. He clearly understood, and bowed his head in token of his thanks. A little before eight he failed rapidly; Canon Johnson came up and read the last prayers: and he passed away a few minutes after eight, so quietly and peacefully that the precise moment when he ceased to breathe could not be determined with any certainty. This was on the 14th of January, 1892.

Any biography of the great and illustrious of this world would be incomplete without some account of the pomp and ceremony with which they are laid in the grave. Nor is there any lack of material for describing the last funeral rites of Cardinal Manning. On the contrary, the difficulty would be to choose among so many instances of the sympathy of every class and creed. It was to be expected that all who are of the household of the faith should be united in grief at a common loss—from Leo XIII., who exclaimed when told of the Cardinal's death: "A great light has been extinguished,"—to the humblest of the Cardinal's flock.

These, to the number of some twenty thousand daily, went to pray besides his remains, while he lay in state: but it was without example in the history of the Church in England since the reformation that non-Catholics of every shade, Anglicans and Nonconformists should associate themselves with Catholics in their mourning for the head of the Church in this country.

To those who have known him, and to all who came under his influence, he has a memorial of himself, nobler and more enduring than gorgeous ceremonial or graven monument. Even the Roman of old, in one of the most touching passages in heathen literature, took comfort in the fact that though no statue or portrait of the kinsman he mourned was much more lasting than the form it strove to represent, the real likeness of the immortal soul consisted in imitating the virtues of him whose visible presence had passed away. "Whatever we have loved, whatever we have admired in him, remains with us still, and will ever remain in the hearts and good report of men." Shall Christians, who have known and loved him, and who owe him so much, be behindhand in fashioning in their hearts an everlasting memorial of their spiritual father and friend?

THE DOMINICAN SAVONAROLA AND THE REFORMATION.

A REPLY TO

DEAN FARRAR.

BY

THE VERY REV. J. PROCTER,

PROVINCIAL OF THE DOMINICANS IN ENGLAND.

LONDON:
CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.

1898.

"[Wisdom] kept him safe from his enemies, and defended him from seducers, and gave him a strong conflict that he might overcome and know that wisdom is mightier than all. . . . In bands she left him not till she brought him the sceptre of the Kingdom, and power against those that oppressed him; and showed them to be liars that had accused him, and gave him everlasting glory." (Wisdom x. 12, 14.)

"Si quid tamen hoc in opere displiceat aut mordeat; non ulciscendi lacessendique prurigini tribuendum aut voluntati, sed defensionis impositæ necessitati donandum. *Nam et libere respondentem ferre debet, qui libere provocavit.* Hæc tu, Lector optime, lege, perlege, intellige, expende; . . . tibique a Paridis suffragio cave." (Pico della Mirandola, Præfatio ad *Vitam Fr. H. Savonarolæ.* Edit. 1674.)

Savonarola and the Reformation.[1]

1. A Protest.

THE object of the writer of this paper is, as a Catholic priest, a Dominican Father, and a lover of truth, to vindicate the honoured memory of a loyal Catholic, a zealous priest, and a fervent Dominican; and in the name of historic truth, to enter a protest against words spoken by one of the many leaders of thought —of many thoughts, thoughts different and contradictory—in the Anglican Church. The words were spoken of one whom all Dominicans are proud to remember as a brother Dominican, a model Dominican, a zealous Dominican, a saintly son of their saintly Father—Jerome Savonarola, a man who four centuries ago professed the Rule which they profess, and wore the habit which they wear to-day. Would to God that all Dominicans kept that Rule as well, and wore that habit as worthily! Would to God that all Catholics were as staunch, as fervent, as loyal, as devoted to St. Peter's See, as he! Dr. Farrar, who to his many titles now adds that of Dean of Canterbury, lecturing at St. Margaret's, Westminster,[2] on the "Leaders of the Reformation," with unwarranted and unwarrantable assurance instanced Savonarola

[1] The substance of an Address delivered in St. Dominic's Priory Church, Haverstock Hill, Sunday, April 28, 1895.

[2] Sunday, April 21, 1895.

as one of these. The conscience of the eminent preacher seemed to smite him as he coupled that most Catholic of Catholic names with the names of Huss, Melancthon, Calvin, or Luther; and so he qualified the title by saying that he was a "harbinger" rather than a "leader" of the Reformation.

Savonarola a leader of the Reformation! Savonarola a "harbinger" even of that inglorious event! To one who knows his age, his work, his aim, his end, it seems beyond the bounds of credulity that any man of acknowledged literary talent and historical research could have dreamed such a dream, and then that he could have had the effrontery in his waking moments to tell his dream as a sober fact to an audience of intelligent men. Well was it that the preacher prepared his listeners for bold flights of imagination by assuring them that his assertions rested upon the authority, in addition to the English translation of Villari, of a "noble and powerful romance!" The Dean called his address a lecture. The novelist, with greater candour than the lecturer, honestly calls her book, not a history, but "a novel," and states frankly in a note that the sermon which she quotes as preached by Savonarola is not really his, but "a free representation of his style of preaching in his more impassioned moods." Perhaps if Dean Farrar had read Burlamacchi, or Pico de la Mirandola, or Touron, or Marchese, or Père Bayonne's *Étude*, or Savonarola's own works, which are many,[1] instead of George Eliot's novel, he might have hesitated before calling Savonarola the "harbinger" of that event which he himself would have denounced

[1] See list in Appendix No. 1.

vigorously as an apostacy and as a religious revolt. Even Bayle, Calvinist first and Freethinker afterwards, remarks that "it is very strange that Protestants should number among their martyrs a friar who during his lifetime had always celebrated Mass and invoked the saints, and who at the hour of his death went to Confession and Communion, made an act of faith in the Real Presence, and humbly accepted a Plenary Indulgence granted him by the Pope."

2. Savonarola.

Let us first see *who* Savonarola was, and then we will return to the question raised by the Dean, *what* was he?

His was indeed a mysterious life, his a strange and chequered history. P. Molineri has put on record a saying attributed in Rome to Benedict XIV. who held the great Dominican in veneration: "If God gives me the grace to get to Heaven, as soon as I shall have consoled myself with the Beatific Vision, my curiosity will lead me to look for Savonarola." Pope Pius VII. is also reported to have said: "In Heaven three serious questions will be solved: the Immaculate Conception, the Suppression of the Society of Jesus, and the death of Savonarola."

In his *Lives of the Illustrious Men of the Dominican Order*,[1] Touron thus summarizes his wonderful career:

> Amongst the apostolic men in whose lives we have seen realized all that our Lord foretold to His first disciples, the renowned Jerome Savonarola holds high rank. His natural gifts soon won the admiration of learned men as

[1] *Histoire des Hommes Illustres de l'Ordre de S. Dominique*, tom. iii. liv. xxiii. Edit. Paris, 1746.

well as of ordinary people. The purity of his life, and the greatness of his virtues gained for him the esteem, respect, and confidence of the faithful. The zeal for the house of God which fired him soon urged him to undertake great works of piety; and the success which crowned his efforts soon began to excite men's envy. His supernatural gifts, his earnest and pathetic sermons, his many writings so full of light and fervour, all increased the number both of his admirers and his enemies. His prophecies, although they were afterwards fulfilled, irritated his enemies and led them to seek a pretext to bring about his downfall. The city of Florence, after having for a long time listened to him with respect, after having hailed him as the restorer of its freedom, after having esteemed him as a man of God sent by Heaven to teach the people to walk in the way of justice, looked on with delight when he fell into the hands of his enemies, when he was condemned as a false prophet, and when he died upon the scaffold. But the death of this truly great man was another proof that he had spoken by the Spirit of God. . . The greatness of soul, and the strength of mind which he had shown all his life, remained with him to the end, he sealed with his blood the truth of his prophecies, which came to pass even in his lifetime. Despite the intrigues, and the shameful prejudice of those who have tried to blacken his memory, that memory has been to many as an odour of life. Many disciples have followed in their Master's footsteps. Great men and holy men have given public witness to his innocence. Several of his bitterest foes have become his staunch admirers. His friends, far from being shocked at his death, have been strengthened by it in their belief in his sanctity. His enemies have become his apologists, and his friends his historians, and one and the other have given to posterity some idea of the edifying life of this servant of God.

The family of Savonarola originally belonged to Padua, but he himself was born at Ferrara on the 21st of September, 1452. His early years were spent in study. "He made good progress in Grammar and Latinity," says Burlamacchi, and afterwards, when his

father made him apply to the study of liberal sciences, he showed rare talent and acute perception, "and in a short time he surpassed his fellow-students. Nor did he profit less in the study of good manners and of holy morals. While yet in his tender years it was his delight to be alone, employing himself in making little altars and performing acts of devotion." In due course he began to study Theology, giving much time to this, always to him a congenial pursuit. He soon lost all taste for the study of Platonic Philosophy so much in vogue in the Renaissance. He refers to this in after-life in one of his sermons: "I was then in the error of the schools, and I studied with great care the *Dialogues of Plato*, but when God brought me to see the true light, I cast away from me all those vain ideas which filled my mind. What real profit is there in all the wisdom of Philosophy, if a poor old woman, established in the faith, knows more of true wisdom than Plato?"

At the age of twenty he was deeply moved at the sight of the wickedness of men, and an earnestness took possession of his soul which in after-years found vent in that flood of burning eloquence which fascinated and yet terrified, which made men fear and yet love him. It was at this time that he gave expression to the feelings of sorrow which were swelling as a torrent within him, in his poem *De Ruina Mundi*, in which he speaks of the misery of the world, and then asks as if in holy impatience:

> How long, O Lord, those scenes wilt Thou endure
> Of riot on the part of those who deem
> Their usurpation sanctioned and secure
> While Thy true servants suffer daily more and more?[1]

[1] Madden's translation. *Life and Martyrdom of Savonarola.*

It was at this time too, or perhaps two or three years later, that he wrote his other poem, *De Ruina Ecclesiæ*, in which he bewails the misfortunes that have come upon the Church in the infidelity and tepidity of her children.

O thou chaste Virgin! thy unworthy son
(Since thy Eternal Spouse approves that claim)
In sadness oft recalls those times bygone,
Of glorious perils, martyrdoms, of fame
For ignominious death, of the bright flame
Of faith. Alas! those times exist no more,
Zeal there is none: the men are not the same;
Heroic Christian men they were of yore,
The pristine love must now be sought in Mary's core.

After recounting the lack of faith, of "the zone of chastity," "the evangelic themes," of "the worldly schemes by sacred persons planned," the "virtue still in rags, with pallid cheeks, with hair dishevelled, and with garment torn," he cries out in pity's pleading voice:

Weep for the wrongs religion has endured,
Ye aged men who stand around the throne,
Apostles, saints, disciples of the Lord,
Angels of Heaven, Evangelists look down.
Martyrs weep tears of blood; there is not one
Of all the stars and planets unrestrained
In their swift course, exulting in each zone,
To speak as mortals feel, that is not pained
To see the Temple spoiled, and the white marble stained.

In the last stanza we seem to see the birth of his vocation to his future life so full of a pathos and zeal destined to be misunderstood:

Spirit of song, I know these strains of mine,
The scorpion sting of slander must endure;
Or it may be that men will not divine
Their meaning, and perhaps 'tis even more
To be desired, they should my thoughts ignore—

For my own peace of mind—nay better too,
Leave the dread struggle with abuse and power,
And thus for quiet's sake the task forego,
That seems to be imposed on me, for weal or woe.[1]

After reading these lines we are not surprised to find him, at the age of twenty-three, forming the resolution to leave the world for the cloister, a resolution which he put into effect on the 24th of April, 1475, by entering the Dominican Order in the convent at Bologna, where the body of the saintly Dominic lies under the stately tomb which was designed by Nicolò Pisano. Of his life here, which lasted seven years, Villari tells us:

While in the monastery he led a silent life, and became increasingly absorbed in spiritual contemplation. He was so worn by fasting and penance that, when pacing the cloisters, he seemed more like a spectre than a living man. The hardest tests of the novitiate seemed light to him, and his Superiors were frequently obliged to curb his zeal. Even on days not appointed for abstinence, he scarcely ate enough to support life. His bed was a grating with a sack of straw on it and one blanket; his clothing of the coarsest kind but strictly clean; in modesty, humility, and obedience, he surpassed all the rest of the brethren. The fervour of his devotion excited the wonder of the Superiors, and his brother monks often believed him to be rapt in a holy trance. The cloister walls seemed to have had the effect of restoring his peace of mind by separating him from the world, and to have purified him of all desires save for prayer and obedience.[2]

After his seven years' sojourn at Bologna, during which God was preparing him for his future work, he was sent, but only for a short time, to the Dominican Convent at Ferrara, his native place. Here "he lived as one dead to the world, seeing none of his acquaint-

[1] Madd:n's translation. [2] Vol. i. p. 20.

ances, and very little of his family, for fear of wakening his dormant affections. The streets, houses, and churches of his native town spoke to him of a past which he sought to banish from his mind."

He was finally appointed in the year 1481 to the Convent of San Marco, in Florence. Here he was destined to pass the happiest and the saddest days of his life. Here within these convent walls, or at least within the walls of the beautiful city, he was to spend the rest of his life, to make his name famous throughout Italy, and even Europe, to all time, and then to end his days by his strangely tragic death.

He was named Master of Novices and Professor of Theology, and afterwards was elected Prior, and later on appointed by his Superior Vicar-General of the Reformed Tuscan Province of his Order. He soon began to preach to the Florentine people. He was ignorant of the arts of oratory, and he despised the ornate artificial style of preaching then so much in vogue. The only law of rhetoric which he knew was the first and most important canon, without which the words of the preacher will be "as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals," and the preacher himself will be as one "beating the air," viz., "to preach well is to preach without art, but with heart." The people were accustomed to flowery phrases and rounded periods, and quotations from pagan poets, and they cared not for the new preacher who preached God and not himself, who spoke to their hearts rather than to their ears and mind. It sounds strangely to us now, in the light of his after-life, to hear Burlamacchi tell us that when he preached at Ferrara his fellow-citizens cared little for his preach-

ing, that at Bologna he was styled "a simple man and a preacher for women," and that in Florence, when preaching the Lent at San Lorenzo, "his congregation went on diminishing till at last towards the end of Lent, it was reduced to twenty-five persons including women and children."

Soon, however, the strings of his tongue were to be loosened, and the pent-up feelings of his great soul were to be poured out in a torrent of irresistible eloquence that was to go straight to the hearts of all. His audience was to be numbered not by units, or hundreds, but by thousands of eager earnest listeners, hungering for the bread which is God's word to man. He began to preach against the corruptions of a corrupt and corrupting age, against the evil wrought by the spirits of darkness in the high places, against the wickedness prevalent in the Church and in the State. He preached from a heart burning with zeal for souls that were perishing. To use the words of Cardinal Newman in his sermon on *The Mission of St. Philip:*

> A true son of St. Dominic in energy, in severity of life, in contempt of merely secular learning, a forerunner of St. Pius V. in boldness, in resoluteness, in zeal for the honour of the house of God, and for the restoration of holy discipline, Savonarola felt "his spirit stirred up within him" like another Paul, when he came to that beautiful home of genius and philosophy; for he found Florence like another Athens "wholly given to idolatry." He groaned within him, and was troubled, and refused consolation, when he beheld a Christian Court and people priding itself on its material greatness, its intellectual gifts, and its social refinements, while it abandoned itself to luxury, to feast and song and revel, to fine shows and splendid apparel, to an impure poetry, to a depraved and sensual character of

art, to heathen speculations, and to forbidden, superstitious practices. His vehement spirit could not be restrained, and got the better of him, and . . . he burst into a whirlwind of indignation and invective against all that he found in Florence, and condemned the whole established system and all who took part in it, high and low, prince or peasant, ecclesiastic or layman, with a pitiless rigour which for the moment certainly did a great deal more than St. Paul was able to do at the Areopagus; for St. Paul only made one or two converts there, and departed, whereas Savonarola had great immediate success, frightened and abashed the offenders, rallied round him the better disposed, and elicited and developed whatever there was of piety, whether in the multitude or in the upper class. It was the truth of his cause, the earnestness of his convictions, the singleness of his aims, the impartiality of his censures, the intrepidity of his menaces, which constituted the secret of his success.

His words, aided by penance and prayer, and inspired by the love of God and man, went with the straightness and swiftness of an arrow to the hearts of men—of men too of every grade.

And now came the triumph of his life, the fruit of his penance, zeal, and prayer. His audiences outgrew the capacities of the largest churches in Florence, the great Duomo or Cathedral of the city—Sta. Maria dei Fiori, the masterpiece of Arnolfo di Campio's and Giotto's combined skill, vast though it is, was too small to contain the thousands who flocked to hear his impassioned words.

Not only did his sermons attract multitudes to the foot of his pulpit, they sent them away changed in heart and in the purpose of their life. The whole city assumed an altered aspect—the houses became as convents, the streets as religious cloisters, the squares as monastic quadrangles. His words, as

divine seeds, bore the fruits of sanctity in the lives of the Florentine people. The churches were filled with devout worshippers; the confessionals were thronged with penitents; the very streets resounded to the music of hymns and psalms. The people were beside themselves with enthusiasm. The scenes described in the Acts of the Apostles when the primitive Christians had but "one heart and soul in the Lord," were re-enacted. Men sold their goods and gave the proceeds to the needy. They formed themselves into a Christian commonwealth of which practically, though not nominally, Savonarola was the head. "Piero de' Medici is no longer fit to rule the State," they said: "the Republic must provide for itself; the moment has come to shake off the baby Government." They shook it off, and a new and Christian Government was formed under the guidance of Savonarola, who, though he had no seat in the Council, no voice in the chamber of State, yet from the pulpit of Sta. Maria dei Fiori, virtually and by his influence was the lawgiver and ruler of the people.

Things went on well for a time, peace was restored, piety flourished, charity triumphed over selfish lawlessness, religion was respected—"They had one heart and one soul in the Lord." But it was only for a time—the change was but as a passing one, the peaceful reform effected without shedding of blood was but as a lull before the storm. Enemies arose about him to plot and plan secretly—yes, and openly—till they could bring about his downfall. He had enemies—who that tries to do good has not? "I know who the real authors of these

troubles are," he wrote to a brother Religious in Rome, "they are wicked citizens who would raise themselves to power, and they have as their accomplices certain princes of Italy. They all wish to get rid of me whatever the cost, they think that my presence here is an obstacle to their ambition, . . . so much so that I cannot leave my convent without an escort. I do not think that His Holiness would wish me to go to Rome if he knew all," . . . and then he adds with true religious instinct: "I will obey, *even though my obedience should result in the ruin of the entire world, for I would not sin in this matter even venially.*"[1] Pico della Mirandola tells us: "When the fame of his holiness grew, with it envy grew, and from envy came calumnies; for as his virtue won for him friends, so did it make enemies. . . . Amongst his most bitter foes were those, prelates of the Church some of them, who by their evil lives were giving scandal."[2] He had preached against them; he had spoken openly of their sins; he had said with the Baptist: *Non licet*—"It is not lawful." Like Herodias, they would be content with nothing but his head—and his head they received.

The story of his downfall is a long one and a sad one. Much has been written about it, but perhaps the last word has not yet been said. No one can doubt his zeal, no one can call in question the holiness of his life and the singleness of his purpose. If he had a fault—and who has not?—it was excess of zeal, and excess is always sin. If he erred—and who has not erred in less trying surroundings than his?—

[1] Père Bayonne, *Étude*, p. 81.
[2] *Vita Savonarolæ*, cap. ix.

his error was an error of judgment, and not of will. "I will obey, even though from my obedience shall result the ruin of the entire world," that was the expression of his will. If when the hour came to test his firm resolve, he failed—he had explained before why he failed: "If His Holiness knew all he would not ask me to go to Rome." Better for him, better for his memory, had he obeyed, even though "the ruin" had followed. *Fiat justitia ruat cœlum*—"Let justice be done even though the heavens should fall." Obedience to legitimate authority in a Catholic—a priest especially and a Religious—is always *justice*, even though the one who holds authority be not what he should. In a short memoir it is not possible to enter into the long and sad history of his apparent collision with Pope Alexander VI. We shall have to refer to it later on, but it can only be *currente calamo*, in a brief and hurried way. Any one who wishes to study the question more profoundly may do so in Père Bayonne's *Étude sur Jerome Savonarole*, or in Pico della Mirandola, his contemporary, who held him in deepest veneration, or in his Dominican biographer, Touron.[1] Suffice it to say that his enemies, both ecclesiastic and lay, whose lives he had condemned and against whose abuses he had inveighed with such terribly scathing words, accused him to the Pope of heresy, of which (as we shall see) he was innocent; of disobedience, which certainly was not of the will; and of imprudent zeal of which he was perhaps guilty, for zeal without prudence is guilt. He was forbidden to preach. For a time he obeyed and was silent, preaching only with his prolific

[1] *Histoire des Hommes Illustres de l'Ordre de S. Dominique*, tom. iii.

pen. But seeing the misery around, and listening to the appeals of the people and rulers of Florence, he got into the pulpit again and denounced once more in words of terrible force the evil lives of men, threatening them with vengeance to come. Here was his fault. Savonarola in his humble cell, kneeling before his crucifix, praying for men, would have been a more eloquent preacher than Savonarola in the pulpit moving the people, by words of might and power, to tears and sorrow for sin. Savonarola's obedient silence would have been a more powerful sermon to all time than Savonarola's words when spoken against the will of Rome. "Doth the Lord desire holocausts and victims, and not rather that the voice of God be obeyed? For obedience is better than sacrifices; and to hearken rather than offer the fat of rams. Because it is like the sin of witchcraft to rebel, and like the crime of idolatry to refuse to obey," Samuel said to Saul. "And Saul said to Samuel: I have sinned, because I have transgressed the commandment of the Lord and thy words, fearing the people and obeying their voice.... And Samuel said to Saul: I will not return with thee, because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord; and the Lord hath rejected thee from being King over Israel. And Samuel turned to go away; and he laid hold of the skirt of his mantle and it rent. And Samuel said: The Lord shall rend from thee the kingdom of Israel this day."[1]

The question of Savonarola's conduct in this trying time is shrouded in mystery—with Pius VII. we await its solution in Heaven. Evidence is contradictory, friends defend him, foes accuse him, but no

[1] 1 Kings xv. 22—26.

historian brings against him the charge of either heresy or schism; at most he was disobedient under circumstances most trying to a man of earnest faith and burning love. If he was disobedient, every Catholic, whether he venerate his memory or join with those who would cast a shadow over a glorious name, must admit that his disobedience was a flaw in the crystal, a black thread in the white-woven web.

If he was disobedient, how terribly did he pay the penalty of his sin; it was burnt away in fire, it was washed out in blood! "The Lord hath rejected thee from being King over Israel." His power was broken, his influence gone. Through the misrepresentations of his enemies, the Pope was induced to issue a sentence of excommunication against him, an action, it is said, which Alexander VI. lived to regret when the clouds had passed and the light was revealed.[1] A reaction set in, a revulsion of feeling such as we see sometimes in the history of Italy and the lives of her children, and one which it is difficult to understand. The very Florentines, though many were true to the end, turned against him. They whose idol he had been, to whom his will had been law, whose every word had been as a pearl from Heaven, sided with his foes. They elected to the Signory, or Council, men who were known to be his foes. He was tried before the Pope's Commissioners by the magistrates of Florence. He made no attack on his judges, no attempt at self-defence. "He was tried on three points: *religion*, *politics*, and *his prophecies*." In his replies he solemnly denied ever having taught any but the Catholic faith, though

[1] See Appendix No. 2.

he admitted having preached against the abuses of men. His political creed he summed up in a few words: "My sole aim was to promote free government and all measures tending to its improvement." When asked about his prophecies, he replied: "Leave this matter alone; for if it was of God, ye will receive manifest proofs of it; if of man, it will fall to the ground. Whether I be a prophet or not is no concern of the State." Answers were of no avail, his sentence had already been decreed; and the sentence was, "he must die."

His end was "tragic,"—that is the word all his biographers use. It is said that in 1479 St. Francis of Paula foretold of his death, which occurred in 1498. "He shall be hated, envied, accused unjustly to the Sovereign Pontiff, condemned to death on false testimony, and be hung between two of his brethren." So was it done; but over that tragic death we prefer to draw a veil—it is a credit to no one, an honour to none.

According to the barbarous customs of those days, he was tortured and then handed over to the secular power and ruthlessly done to death, "strangled, hung on a gibbet, and then burned in the very square where he had set fire to the costly furniture of vanity and sin; having previously made his confession, received Holy Communion, and accepted a Plenary Indulgence sent by the Pope." This was on the eve of the Ascension, the 23rd day of May, 1498, he being then but forty-five years of age.

In one of his sermons he had said: "My teaching has revived faith and virtue in your town. Is not this true, good people? Do you not bear me witness

that a few years ago Florence was plunged in the darkness of paganism?" Savonarola was put to death, and Florence returned to her paganism again. "The rich and powerful family (the Medici) returned to Florence, and things went on pretty much as before."

3. Savonarola *not* the "harbinger" of the Reformation.

Such was Savonarola's life. What was his work? What *rôle* did he fill in the religious world of men? What were his "views" upon the vital subject of religion and creed? We need not ask: "Was he a Catholic or a Protestant?" for there were no Protestants then. Luther was a little Catholic boy of twelve when Savonarola died; Henry Tudor, afterwards Henry VIII., was a good Catholic too, and remained so for many years, even after he became King. No; those who believed in God at all and in His Incarnate Son belonged to one Church —for there was only one—"One Lord, one faith, one baptism." All said, and said truthfully: "I believe in ONE, Holy, Catholic Church." Savonarola then was a Catholic, Catholic to the heart's core, Catholic to the very marrow of his bones; Catholic in life, Catholic in death. Did he wish to be anything else? Did he aspire to any change? Did he dream of any evolution by which his Catholic Church should be transformed into another, with a different name, a different creed, a different system of government, a different head?

Dean Farrar would have us think so, at least if we may judge by his words, if the words were spoken

seriously, not merely to tickle ears and to please men's fancy, but to convince their minds and form their judgment, and that too not on a point of doctrine, but an historic fact. Sooth to say, the Dean is not the first who has been guilty of this assumption, an assumption as unjust as it is unjustifiable. Madden, in his Preface to the *Life and Martyrdom of Savonarola*, says: "Protestants claim him for their creed, as the precursor of Luther. Luther himself claimed him for it; so did Flaccius, Beza, Heidegger, Arnold, Fabricius, and in later times, Milner, Heraut, and Hafe."[1]

Visitors to Worms, too, will recall Luther's monument, with Huss on his right and Savonarola on his left. Well is it for Luther's monument that the statue of Savonarola is *lifeless*, else Rütshell would not long recognize the design as his own! Well that "those lips have not language," else Luther's admirers might hear such words as these: "He who shall contumaciously assert that *the Roman Church is not the head of all Churches* cannot be absolved by an ordinary priest, . . . because *such a man is a heretic and therefore excommunicated.*"[2]

Savonarola was no "leader," no "precursor," no "harbinger" of Luther or of Luther's work.—If a man is a "harbinger" or precursor of a movement, surely he must prepare for, or foretell ("forthtell" the Dean would say) that movement in his words, his principles, his works, or in the practice of his life. What our Dominican hero forethought, or "forthtold," we cannot say, but we do not believe that even in the loftiest

[1] P. viii.

[2] Savonarola's *Instruction for Confessors.* Roman Edition, 1517.

flights of his vivid Italian imagination he ever supposed that men of sense would try to reform branches of the Church by uprooting the tree altogether, that they would try to remedy the accidental defects of the "house built upon a rock" by endeavouring to destroy its very foundations. If he forethought of these men at all, it would have been as of "heretics" whom he ought to "avoid;" if he "forthtold" of their work, it must have been as of heresy, and of schism, and of sin. What he forecasted we know not, but this we know, and this we say, and we do not speak on the authority of a "romance," however "noble and powerful"—his life, his preaching, his work, his very death are all protests against Protestantism and condemnation of the pseudo-Reformation, for they are all in diametrical opposition to the life, preaching, teaching, and work of the pseudo-Reformer.

Savonarola a Reformer of men and morals.—Savonarola a Reformer! Yes, he was a reformer, not merely a "harbinger," not simply a "forthteller," but a *reformer*—a reformer, that is, in the true sense of the word. For there are two kinds of reformation in the Church. There is the reformation of men and morals, and in such a work Savonarola had a glorious part. Then there is a reformation, falsely so-called, of the Church herself, an attempt, that is, to reform God's work and not man's perversity, to change the constitution, the doctrine, the nature of that Church, against which the Divine Founder said: "The gates of Hell shall not prevail," to which He promised His abiding presence: "Lo, I am with you all days, even to the end of the world," in which

He foretold that the "Holy Ghost shall teach all truth," and which St. Paul describes in the fifth chapter of his Epistle to the Ephesians as being "a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, . . but . . holy and without blemish." In other words, there are reformers of the evil lives of *men*, even of men in high places, in convent cells and sanctuary stalls, and episcopal sees, and on the Papal chair—for neither laymen, nor monks, nor priests, nor Bishops, nor Popes are impeccable; and there are pseudo-reformers of a Church which is the work of God, a work outside the pale of man's reforming.

Savonarola was a reformer of men and morals we grant you; but never did he presume even in the most impassioned moments of his matchless eloquence, which made women faint for fear and strong men quiver visibly, never did he presume to "touch the sacred ark of God," never did he *imply* even that the Church, as a Church, *could* have "spot or wrinkle" —priests, Bishops, Popes, yes; but not "the Church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of truth." The Protestant Sismondi admits that "Savonarola in no way departed from Catholic teaching, but confined his efforts to the restoration of morals and discipline." No! "Like Noah, like Abraham, like Samuel, and Amos, and Isaiah, and all the best of the Hebrew Prophets, like John the Baptist, and Peter and Paul, and James and John" (we quote the Dean's words), "Savonarola instructed his people in godly living;" but unlike Huss and Melancthon, and Calvin and Luther, he never preached against the doctrines of the Church, the tenets of Catholic faith, the definitions

which form our doctrinal creed. Villari, one of his biographers, the one to whom the Dean refers, sums it up in a word, and we commend that word to the Dean: "In fact, Savonarola's attacks were never directed in the slightest degree against *the dogmas of the Roman* Church, but against *those who corrupted* them."[1]

The Protestant historian, Sismondi, admits again with historic candour that "in seeking to reform the Church, Savonarola never wandered from Catholic principles, . . . that he did not claim the right of private judgment in dogmatic questions, . . . and that he devoted all his efforts to the restoration of *discipline*, to the reformation of the lives of the clergy, and to the winning of priests and laymen to a more perfect observance of the Gospel laws."[2]

1. *He was a reformer of morals and men.*—Unlike the false Reformers of the sixteenth century, this reformer of the fifteenth began his reformation with *himself*. Luther, the father of the German Reformation, on his own admission, did not reform himself. He began his work by breaking his vows made to God, and by inducing another vowed Religious to throw off her religious obligations and join herself to him in a wedlock which was sacrilegious; and his after-life we know, for he has revealed it to us in his *Table-talk* and elsewhere. Of Henry VIII., the father of the English Reformation, we need say nothing to English readers. Nay, of the private lives of one and the other we must be silent, lest our words should

[1] Vol. ii. p. 241.
[2] *Histoire de la Renaissance de la Liberté en Italie*, c. xiii.

defile your eyes and mind, gentle reader, and our paper and pen.

But look at Savonarola's life—how pure! how blameless! At the age of twenty-two, after a youth of innocence at which no one can "cast a stone," he enters the Dominican Order, and he tells us why he did so in a pathetic letter of farewell which he wrote to his father:

> The motive which decides me to enter Religion is simply this: the wretched misery of the world, the wickedness of men, their thefts, impurities, robberies, the pride, idolatry, and shocking blasphemies which stain our age to such a degree that we hardly find any one trying to lead a good life. Hence, many times daily, these lines come before my mind and bring tears to my eyes:
>
> Fly from this heartless land,
> Fly from this covetous shore.
>
> And, indeed, I can no longer endure the appalling wickedness that exists in parts of Italy. Everywhere piety is despised, and vice is honoured. What keener sorrow can this life ever bring me? And, therefore, day after day I have implored our Lord Jesus Christ to draw me from the abyss, and my heart is unceasingly crying out to God: "Show me the way in which I should walk, for unto Thee have I lifted up my soul." In His infinite pity God has deigned to show me this way, and I have entered upon it, although it is a grace of which I am utterly unworthy.

He took the vows that Luther took, though not in the same Order, and he kept them to the letter, and to the very inmost spirit, until the hour of his death, when kissing the scapular, the distinctive badge of his Order, he exclaimed: "O holy habit, which I have preserved unsullied to this hour, since they take thee from me—adieu."

No one, either friend or foe, tries to "convince" Savonarola of sin. Whether at Bologna, near the tomb of the holy Dominic, or at Florence, in the Convent of San Marco, redolent of the sanctity of St. Antoninus, and from whose frescoed walls Fra Angelico preached then, as now, sermons which never lack eloquence and power, his was a blameless life. His black robe of penance and his white robe of innocence covered a heart all aglow with love of God and of man. With his wallet and staff and Bible when travelling on foot; and at home in his convent, his tiny cell, still shown, with its humble table and simple wooden chair and hard, comfortless bed, what a contrast was his life to the luxurious life of an Anglican dignitary!

He seems almost to have "forthtold" their lives: "What am I to say of clerics and priests of the Church who ought to practise greater frugality than laymen, and whose duty it is to provide for the poor? I must rather weep for them than speak to them. The whole world knows how much they possess that is superfluous, and how lavishly they spend money as they choose. With what conscience will such as they be able to stand before the terrible tribunal of Christ?"[1]

2. He was a reformer again of his Order, and his zeal was appreciated to the full. Elected unanimously as Prior by his brethren, his Superiors afterwards appointed him Vicar-General of the Reformed Tuscan Congregation of his Order — a Congregation, or

[1] *The Simplicity of a Christian Life*, Eighth Conclusion. Roman Edition, 1517.

Province, which numbered some three hundred members—and this office he preserved to the end.

3. And what a marvellous reformer of the people, who in very deed needed a reform. Like another Jeremias, he lamented: "The ways of Sion weep, for there is none that cometh to the solemn feast." Like another Baptist, he cried out with fiery zeal: "Do penance, for the Kingdom of God is at hand." "O Italy! O Florence! on account of thy sins, calamities come upon thee. Hasten to return to the Lord thy God, for He is good and merciful to thee." His sermons are matters of history. How that people rose at midnight, and waited for hours at the Cathedral doors, weeping and praying. The vast and spacious Duomo was too small. They erected galleries, and it was packed from tiled floor to vaulted roof, and many had to return to their homes, for still there was no room. Then his burning, weird words, so full of might and power, his terrible warnings, his fiery eloquence, his majestic gestures! He swayed the people as he would. They wept audibly, they cried aloud for mercy, they trembled visibly. It was as though an angel had come down and moved the waters of compunction in the hearts of men. It was as though one spoke who had come from another world. It was as if Elias had come from Horeb, or the Baptist from the desert place. Then the strange scenes that followed the sermons! Women reformed their dress. Youths forgot their light songs, and sang hymns in the street instead. People met together to recite the Offices and Psalms. Then they brought their articles of vanity, beautiful pictures, figures carved in ivory and alabaster, lutes, flutes, guitars,

perfumes, masks, books, and poems. "There were tapestries and brocades of immodest design, pictures and sculptures held too likely to incite to vice; there were boards and tables for all sorts of games, playing-cards, along with the blocks for printing them, dice, and other apparatus for gambling; there were worldly music-books and musical instruments, . . . there were handsome copies of Ovid, Boccaccio, Petrarcha, Pulci, . . . there were all the implements of feminine vanity —rouge-pots, false hair, mirrors, perfumes, powders, and transparent veils, intended to provoke inquisitive glances."[1] All these were made into a great pyre, or pyramid, in the Piazza della Signoria. A stranger—a Venetian merchant, it is said—offered 20,000 crowns for the pyramid as it stood. No! they burnt them all as a holocaust of penance, in token of their sorrow and abandonment of sin.

Here was a reformer indeed! Had Luther done this, had he effected such a change, then he too would have been—what he was not—a reformer. He tells us the result of his preaching in a sermon delivered at Wittenberg in 1553: "Since the preaching of our doctrine, the world becomes worse and worse, more impious, more shameless. Men are more avaricious, more impure than they were formerly under the Papacy. Everywhere avarice, immodesty, drunkenness, disgraceful disorders, and abominable passions." Again he writes: "Hardly have we begun to preach our Gospel, than we see in the country a fearful revolution, schisms, sects, and everywhere complete ruin of morality and order. Licence and all kinds of vice have been carried to greater excess

[1] *Romola.*

than under the Papacy. People who formerly were true to duty, now know no restraint or check, and live as an untamed horse would, without restraint or shame, and are a prey to the vilest pleasures."

4. Savonarola would, in fine, have reformed men in high places in the Church as well as in the State. This is what he meant by the reform of the Church—of the members, that is, of the Church. The reform, indeed, was demanded in the cloister, in the sanctuary, in the houses of prelates and doctors, as he puts it so pithily: "In the primitive Church the chalices were of wood, and the prelates of gold: but now the chalices are of gold, and the prelates of wood."[1] But here he failed, and in his failing fell. It needed more than an Apostle, it needed a Council of the Church to reform the Church's Episcopacy. Savonarola tried, but failed. The Council of Trent tried in after-years, and succeeded. He tried, and all glory to his effort! He was a reformer in the truest sense, a reformer of morals and men. Such reformers are men of God. Such was St. Bernard, such was St. Dominic, such St. Philip Neri, such St. Charles Borromeo. Such was Savonarola—a reformer of morals and men.

Savonarola not a reformer of Doctrine or Creed.—He was a true reformer, a reformer of the evil ways of men, "the support of his family, the ruler of his brethren, the stay of the people."[2] Yes, but let us repeat again and again, in no sense did he pose, did he pretend, did he presume to be, as they did in the sixteenth century, a renovator of creed, a sower of

[1] *De Simplicitate Vitæ Christianæ.*
[2] Eccles. iv. 9.

new doctrines, a reformer of Christ's Immaculate Spouse. To use the words of Villari, whose Life of Savonarola the Dean professes to have read: "To regard him as the leader of a party, a sect, or a system, is an error only to be committed by those unacquainted with the friar and his times."[1] Again: "It is impossible to read his books without being firmly convinced that, to the day of his death, Savonarola remained unswervingly faithful to the dogmas of his faith; and that instead of seeking to destroy the unity of the Church, it was his constant desire to render it more complete."[2] John Addington Symonds writes very appositely: "He was no apostle of reform. It did not occur to him to reconstruct the creed, to dispute the discipline, or to criticize the authority of the Church."[3] Even the Dean of Canterbury said recently at Westminster: "He was a preacher of righteousness, . . . he instructed his people in godly living. The priests had preached dogmas and ceremonies." He added significantly: "He never emancipated himself from the errors of Rome, though he never dwelt on them." Substitute "truth" for "error," and we agree with the words that he said: Savonarola never emancipated himself from Rome—nor would he. True, his sermons were especially, though not exclusively, sermons on moral subjects rather than dogmatic theses—why? Because he was a man of his age, because he was abreast of his times, and he preached to suit the needs of his day. If they asked for bread, he did not give them a stone; if they demanded a fish, he did not give

[1] Vol. ii. p. 418. [2] *Ibid.*
[3] *A Short History of the Renaissance in Italy.*

them a serpent. We in England have to preach dogma "in season and out of season," and why? Because the English people have wandered from dogmatic truth. They have been told that dogma is synonymous with bigotry. "Blind guides have led the blind," and leaders and led have fallen into the pit of ignorance of Divine truth. In Italy, in the fifteenth century, men were "believers," but not "doers of the Word," and so the Apostle of Italy had to preach not faith, but practice; he had to be a reformer of practical morality, therefore had he to be in all, and above all, a preacher of righteousness and of godly living.

But Savonarola has left in his writings, notably in his *Triumph of the Cross*, which is from first to last a dogmatic treatise, and in his spoken words, which happily remain to us, his dogmatic belief. And what was it? A creed diametrically at variance with the Gospel of the so-called "reformers." As he differed from them *toto cælo* in the practical piety of his life, so did he in the preaching of the Word. His religious creed was the antithesis of theirs. He taught the very doctrines upon which they made shipwreck of their faith.

His text-book was the *Summa* of the Dominican, St. Thomas of Aquin, that book of which Popes have said that it is "blessed and Catholic" (Urban V.), that it is "the light of the Church" (Nicholas V.), and that "the Roman Church professes to follow its teaching" (Innocent XII.); that book which the Fathers of the Council of Trent placed on the table next to the Holy Gospels as their most beautiful commentary. Pico della Mirandola attributes the

vocation of Savonarola to the Dominican Order to his love and admiration for St. Thomas.[1] The same contemporary biographer assures us that a year before his death he wrote: "Of St. Thomas I will say three things: I venerated him when I was in the world; I am ignorant, but what I do know I learned from his teaching; and the more I study his writings, the more convinced I become that he is a giant, and the rest are dwarfs." What wonder then that under the guidance of St. Thomas he preached doctrines totally at variance with what is called the "reformed creed." We will pass over the abstract questions of grace, and justification, and original sin.

Good Works.—On the important question of good works and their necessity, in contradistinction to the Reformer's teaching of justification by faith alone, he says clearly: "Every one shall have according to his works;" and in one of his sermons[2] he cries out: "Do you want Jesus Christ to be your friend? Answer His Divine appeal. Your Lord asks you to give Him your heart. Do something for Him then."

Church Authority.—The Reformers separated themselves from the Church, denying her authority, despising her excommunications, casting her commands to the winds. How different was the teaching, preaching, and practice of Savonarola! The fourth book of the *Triumph of the Cross* is a complete vindication of Church authority, treating as it does of its Divine institution, its hierarchy, its power from on high, and its perpetual life even to the end of time. "All that the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church has decided, and all that she may decide in future time,

[1] C. iii. [2] xvi.

we must accept; and all that she despises, or may hereafter despise and condemn, we must reject; for in any doubt she is the one whom we consult as our first principle, as *the infallible rule* which God has established for the good of our soul."[1] "Mayest thou always submit to the correction of *the Roman Church*, . . . *that Church in which there is no error*."[2] "The right eye is faith, . . . it consists especially in following the teaching of the Church of Rome. . . . Never separate yourself from her obedience. . . . Always pay attention to what she lays down, . . . for it is written: 'Thou art Peter, and upon thee will I build My Church.'"[3]

The Sacraments.—The Reformers' teaching on the subject of the sacraments is summed up in the twenty-fifth of the Thirty-Nine Articles, the Articles which, whether sections of the Anglicans agree with them or not, form the authoritative profession of faith of the members of "the Church by law established" in England. The Article runs thus: "Sacraments ordained of Christ be not only badges or tokens of Christian men's profession, but rather they be certain sure witnesses and effectual signs of grace and God's good-will towards us, by the which He doth work invisibly in us. . . . There are *two* sacraments ordained of Christ our Lord. . . . Those five commonly called sacraments, . . . are not to be counted as sacraments," &c.

Savonarola, on the other hand, distinctly teaches, following the doctrine of the Catholic Church, that

[1] C. ix.
[2] Sermon on Sunday within the Octave of the Ascension.
[3] Marchese, p. 177.

there are seven sacraments, and that the five which the Article rejects *are* to be "counted as sacraments," sacraments too "of the Gospel." He proves this by analogy in almost the words of St. Thomas, in the sixteenth chapter of the fourth book of *The Triumph of the Cross*. He maintains again that all these seven sacraments are means and instruments of grace: "The sacraments are instruments, the means made use of by Jesus Christ to work out our salvation. . . . And since no one can be saved without grace, it is fitting that these sacraments should, as instrumental causes, give grace."[1]

Confession of sin.—Although Luther has written: "I esteem auricular confession, as well as chastity and virginity, most salutary;" although he has exclaimed: "What would be the affliction of the Christian if there were no auricular confession?" and although Calvin said: "By means of private confession, pardon is obtained from those to whom Christ has said, All that you have loosed," &c.;[2] and although the Book of Common Prayer gives the form of absolution to be used by "the priest" after "a special confession of sin," still no one can deny—Dean Farrar will frankly admit it—that until recent years the teaching and practice of the ministers and people of the Lutheran, Calvinistic, and English Protestant Churches, were most emphatically opposed to confession, in theory and in fact. Of late, it is true, a large, and increasingly large number of Protestants, have returned to this pre-Reformation creed and practice. Still the Protestant Church, as a Church, condemns confession as a distinctive doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church,

[1] Marchese, c. xiv. [2] *Inst.* bk. iii. c. iv.

and holds it to be unnecessary for the forgiveness of sin.

Savonarola's doctrine on the point is as clear and incisive as his practice was indisputable. In a letter on frequent Communion he says: "I presuppose before everything that the communicant has had his conscience cleansed from sins by true contrition and an *integral confession.*" In the third book of *The Triumph of the Cross*, he writes:

> As the inflicting of punishment for sin requires legal judgment, so it is necessary for the penitent, who submits himself to Christ to be healed, to await judgment in the taxing of the punishment; and that judgment Christ makes known through His ministers, as He does in the other sacraments. But since right judgment cannot be pronounced on unknown sin, CONFESSION IS NEEDED as the second part of the sacrament, so that *the wound*, which was concealed but is now *laid bare before the minister of Christ, may receive a fitting healing.* No one indeed is a fair judge in his own cause. And so it must be that if this confession is subjected to judgment, the *minister of Christ has a judicial power*, for which two things are required, first *authority* to know and inquire into the sin, and secondly, *the power of absolving and condemning.* These then are the two-fold keys of the Church: authority with the science of discerning, and the faculty of binding and loosing. Since then (as has been said) the sacraments as instruments confer grace, it is certain that by virtue of the keys is granted a fuller effect of grace itself and remission than by contrition only. In the benefit of the keys too, somewhat of the temporal punishment which remains due is remitted by the absolving ministers of Christ, to the penitent, who still, when satisfaction is enjoined on him, is bound to the residue; and this is the third part of the Sacrament of Penance. Therefore it is manifest that this *sacrament has been most opportunely instituted.*[1]

[1] C. xvi.

Once more:

The first part of the Sacrament of Penance is *contrition*, which being an effect of grace, produces many results: it does away with the separation from God which sin had brought about, it repairs the evil caused by sin, the debt of eternal punishment, and lastly it helps the soul to struggle against bad habits, for it supplies an abundance of grace inclining the soul to do good and strengthening it against evil. But because contrition is not the same in all, for all have not the same good-will and entire conversion to God, and because imperfect dispositions cannot entirely take away the debt of punishment due to sin (although the Sacrament of Penance always does away with the debt of eternal punishment), *God in His loving mercy has provided* the two remaining parts of the sacrament, to wit, *confession* and *satisfaction*.[1]

Villari (the Dean's authority) reminds us that just before Savonarola died he wrote on a bookcover, for lack of paper, a *Rule for Virtuous Living*, in which he says, "To examine one's sins, to meditate, ... Confession and Communion incline our hearts to receive grace."[2]

This theoretical teaching was realized in the practice of his life. According to a law of his Order then in force, made in the General Chapter held at Bologna, in 1252, he was obliged to go to confession always before saying Mass; and as a Superior, it was his duty to see that this ordination was observed by those under his care.[3] Villari again tells us, that when he was in prison, there "came one of the black brethren of St. Benedict to receive the prisoner's confession, and Savonarola kneeling before him fulfilled all the duties of religion with much fervour. It was the same with the other two friars."[4]

[1] *Ibid.* [2] Vol. ii. p. 389. [3] *Const. O.P.* dist. 1. cap. 1.
[4] Vol. ii. p. 398.

Transubstantiation.—One of the doctrines strenuously denied by the Reformers, was "Transubstantiation;" the twenty-eighth of the Thirty-Nine Articles puts its clearly as the Protestant creed: Transubstantiation (or the change of the substance of bread and wine) cannot be proved by Holy Writ, but is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture. Savonarola, on the other hand, says in his *Triumph of the Cross*,[1] and much the same words occur in his *Treatise on the Sacrament and the Mysteries of the Mass*:

> We believe, and we declare, that under the appearances of bread, no matter how small they may be, is the Body of Christ, whole and entire, and that also under the appearances of wine, even in the smallest drop, is the Blood of Christ, whole and entire; and we believe that Jesus Christ, whole and entire, is at the same time in Heaven. We say that the Body and Blood of Christ are present in the Blessed Eucharist in virtue of the words of consecration, not because He comes there from somewhere else, but because the substance is changed. By the power of the words by which Transubstantiation takes place, there is in the Eucharist the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ under the appearances of bread and wine, because that is the meaning of Transubstantiation: but by natural concomitance, there is also the Soul and Divinity.

Then he taught the same in the practice of his life, every day saying Mass and spending long hours before the Blessed Sacrament. On the morning of his death Mass was said in his presence, and he received Holy Communion for the last time. Why, even in the "noble and powerful romance" he is represented on more than one occasion as giving Holy Communion and carrying the Blessed Sacrament.

[1] Bk. iii. c. 17.

Devotion to Mary and the Saints.—On the subject of the invocation of saints, and especially of the "Queen of All Saints," Mary the Divine Mother, we know the views of the Reformers; it is "a fond thing vainly invented, and founded upon no warranty of Scripture, but rather repugnant to the Word of God."[1] If Savonarola was "a harbinger of the Reformers," he ought neither to have preached nor to have practised this devotion. If it was "a fond thing vainly invented," it ought to have fallen under those anathemas which he, of all men, knew how to hurl with such unerring force against corruptions and abuses, "repugnant to the Word of God." Was it so? Quite the reverse; he both preached and taught this devotion, and he himself was devout to Mary, God's Mother, and the saints God's favourite, because loyal, children.

The Dean of Canterbury said in the lecture to which we have so often alluded: "In the middle age the worship of the Virgin had practically superseded the worship of Christ, yet Savonarola *denounced it.*"

Let us clearly understand each other, that we may clearly reply. If by "worship" the Dean means the worship due to God, "a worship superseding the worship of God," so do we, so does the Catholic Church denounce it. If he means a superstitious devotion, so do we and so does the Catholic Church repudiate it—all superstition. If he means the excess of devotion, so do we, and so does the Catholic Church say "anathema" to the excess. But if he means love, reverence, affection, devotion to that

[1] Article xxii.

woman of women, the Mother of God, to whom Jesus Christ gave the love, reverence, affection, and devotion of a life, this we deny: Savonarola both preached and practised such devotion even as we. It was his very devotion that made him protest so loudly against those who took as their models for Mary's statue and Mary's pictures lewd and dissolute women. "Conceive what must have been the beauty of the Blessed Virgin," he says, "who possessed such sanctity, sanctity that shone from all her features." "Beautiful Virgin! Virgin Mother of God! Virgin full of mercy!" was his favourite aspiration. He wrote a devout treatise on the *Ave Maria*—which was Heaven's message to earth, Gabriel's prayer, and the Church's prayer to the Mother of God—in which he says: "Pray for us, O Mother of God, to whom thy Son can refuse nothing. O thou well-beloved spouse, to whom thy Spouse will grant everything. Thou, O gracious Queen, thou art our Mother and the Mother of Mercy, therefore shouldst thou have pity on us!" "Doubt not," he tells his readers, "but that if you pray in this manner, you will be heard." Again: "She is blessed by God who has laden her with gifts and graces greater than He has given to others except to the Humanity of her Divine Son, Jesus Christ, . . . but after that (the Sacred Humanity of our Lord), we justly hold that she has received more graces than every human or angelic creature." "Is she not the spouse of Him who is the King of the universe, that is God the all-powerful, for Jesus Christ is the true Son of God? Is she not the Mother of the King of earth and Heaven, of Jesus Christ, who is consubstantial with the Father? Is she

not the tabernacle of the Holy Ghost, who with Father and Son is blessed for evermore? The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost will, that she who is Spouse, Mother, and tabernacle, should be held in great honour by all creatures." In his sermon for the Third Sunday of Lent, he cried out from his great earnest soul: "O Mary! O saints of God! angels and archangels, plead with the Lord that He hear us without fail!"

If this is "denouncing" devotion to Mary and the saints, language must have had a different meaning in the fifteenth century, from the meaning which it has to-day. Upon this point we may add the hymn, so full of Catholic faith and love, which he composed, and which was sung during the great plague in Florence. For the translation we are indebted to R. R. Madden.[1]

O Star of Galilee,
Shining o'er this earth's dark sea,
Shed thy glorious light on me.
Maria Stella Maris.

Queen of Clemency and Love,
Be my Advocate above,
And, through Christ, all sin remove.
Maria Stella Maris.

When the Angel called thee blest,
And with transports filled thy breast,
'Twas thy Lord became thy guest.
Maria Stella Maris.

Earth's purest creature thou,
In the heavens exulting now,
With a halo round thy brow.
Maria Stella Maris.

[1] *Life*, vol. i. p. 380.

Beauty beams in every trace
Of the Virgin Mother's face,
Full of glory and of grace—
Maria Stella Maris.

A Beacon to the just,
To the sinner Hope and Trust,
Joy of the angel host.
Maria Stella Maris.

Ever glorified, thy throne
Is where thy Blessed Son
Doth reign: through Him alone,
Maria Stella Maris.

All pestilence shall cease,
And sin and strife decrease,
And the kingdom come of peace.
Maria Stella Maris.

Rites and Ceremonies.—Now as to rites and ceremonies. Let us once more quote the words of the Dean: "He would have none of the Church's superb ritual, its gorgeous, glittering, sensuous, and perfumed services." He would have none of it! Why, he lived and moved in the Church's ritual! What was the *daily Mass* which he said? It was the Mass which is said even now in a Dominican Church every day, from first to last one of the most ceremonious of the Church's services. Villari speaks often of his "performing," that is, as we should say, "singing High Mass." "On the last day of the Carnival . . . all were prepared for a religious solemnity. In the morning, men, women, and children, attended *a Great (High) Mass*, celebrated by Savonarola, and all received Communion from his hands."[1] Every one knows that of all the devotions of the Catholic Church, none has such "superb ritual," none is so

[1] Vol. ii. p. 133.

"gorgeous," "glittering," and "perfumed," as a High Mass. It is almost as "gorgeous," and "glittering," and "perfumed," as the worship described in the fourth, fifth, and eight chapters of the Apocalypse, with the "rainbow around the throne," and the "twenty ancients clothed in white garments with golden crowns on their heads," and "the seven lamps burning before the throne," and "before the throne the sea of glass like crystal," and the "living creatures saying, Holy, Holy, Holy," and "the four-and-twenty ancients falling down before Him that sitteth on the throne," and "the golden vials full of odours," and "the harps," and "the priests," and the "golden censer with much incense," and "the smoke of the incense," and "the golden altar." And yet Savonarola was the celebrant of, that is, he took the principal part, and was the chief and moving figure in this High Mass.

What, again, was *The Church's Office* in which he daily took part as a Dominican friar who had deliberately joined an Order which is a choral Order and is traditionally the Order most devoted to the ritual of the Church? The Divine Office is the same that is said several times a day in Dominican Churches now—with its standing, and its kneeling, and its bowing, and its ever-varying postures, with its incense, and its candles, and its plaintive chant, and its daily procession introduced by St. Dominic himself and prescribed as part of the sacred routine of daily prayer in a Chapter held in Paris as early as 1226. What was the Ceremonial followed at San Marco's in Florence during the priorship of Savonarola four hundred years ago? What but the Dominican Ceremonial which Dominicans follow in England

to-day, for it was drawn up in 1245 by four friars from France, England, Lombardy, and Germany!

Let the Dean turn again to the "powerful novel" from which he has studied Savonarola's life and taken his inspiration, and what will he find? Ceremonies everywhere! In the chapter on "The Unseen Madonna," a ceremonial procession, headed by a cross and "a white image of the youthful Jesus," and "a long train of the Florentine youth," and Benedictines, and Franciscans, and Servites, and Carmelites, and Dominicans, and officers of State, and "Canons of the Duomo carrying a sacred relic," and the Archbishop in gorgeous cope with canopy held over him, and in the midst of all, as part of the procession—Savonarola! At the trial by fire once more, Fra Domenico, his bosom friend, true to him in life and faithful to him unto death, is "arrayed in a velvet cope," and heads the procession, cross in hand Savonarola follows, "in the white vestments of a priest, carrying in his hands the sacred vessels containing the Sacred Host, which he deposits on the altar, all the while chanting slowly." This description of the novelist, we may say, with the exception of a few details, is not romance, but history; it is fact, not fiction: the Dean will find it in Villari. Which does the scene remind us of—the service in the Church of the Reformers, or the service of our Catholic Church? The cold, dry, soul-chilling worship of the Established Church, or the inspiring, generous devotional worship of the Church to which Savonarola and we belong?

So much for Savonarola's actions with reference to the ceremonies and ritual of the Church. Now a word as to his teaching. The eighteenth chapter of

the third book of *The Triumph of the Cross* is a defence of ceremonies and ritual, special reference, with explanations, being made to the Catholic practices of bowing to images of our Lord and the saints, using holy water blessed by a priest, and wearing vestments. During the Advent of 1491, Savonarola was preaching a course of sermons on the First Epistle of St. John. This course he interrupted, in order to gratify the wishes of many of his listeners to have from him an explanation of the ceremonies of the Mass, and to learn how to hear Mass with profit to their souls. This man, of whom it has been said that "he would have none of the Church's ritual," devotes four sermons to the elucidation of the meaning of the ceremonies of the Mass. He explains the signification of the *vestments*, such as are worn in our churches to-day, *the amice*, *the alb*, *the girdle*, *the maniple*, *the stole*, and *the chasuble*. He then describes to them the ceremonies of the sacred rite of all others to the Catholic most sacred. He tells them what thoughts to dwell upon during the various portions of the Mass; at *the Confiteor*, *the Kyrie eleison*, thrice repeated, *the Epistle*, *the Gospel*, *the Credo*, *the Sanctus*, *the Communion*. He even goes into minute details, such as the crosses made by the priest on forehead, lips, and heart when he says the Gospel, the washing of the fingers at the *Lavabo*, the saying of the *Ite Missa est*, and the blessing given at the end.

And yet we are asked to believe that "he would have none of the Church's ritual!"

The Papacy.—And now we come to our last and crucial point, "obedience to the See of Rome," which

we Catholics look upon as the centre of unity, the heart of the Catholic Church, the ruling power in Christendom. Against this the Reformers protested, and so are called Protestants. To this See, Savonarola professed devotion, loyalty, and obedience even to the end. His words are a clear profession of his belief. Even Villari says of them: "Pope Alexander could not have exacted a more explicit profession of faith or a more absolute submission to Papal authority."[1] This is his profession of faith to the Papacy. The words occur in the fourth book of *The Triumph of the Cross*,[2] to which we have so often referred. After stating that he is now going to "argue against heretics who, though they admit Christ's Gospel, yet have they fallen into different errors about it," and that "it being impossible to discuss every dogma which he dispute," he proposes with one blow (*uno ictu*) "to strike at all their errors," he goes on:

First, therefore, we will prove that it is necessary for the entire Church (*universam ecclesiam*) to be governed by one head. If heretics admit that the Church is guarded by Divine Providence, they must also acknowledge that it has the best and wisest government. The best government for a multitude is that one should rule all so that peace and unity may prevail. . . . In the Church triumphant in Heaven God is the sole Ruler, so in the Church militant should there be one head. . . . So in Osee i. 11, we read: "And the children of Juda and the children of Israel shall be gathered together, and they shall appoint themselves *one head*;" and in the Gospel of St. John:[3] "There shall be one fold and one Shepherd." Now we cannot say that our Lord was Head of the Church in such a way that after His Ascension into Heaven it was to have no visible Head

[1] Vol. ii. 241. [2] C. vi. [3] St. John x.

whatever, for in this case the Church would be left a prey to divisions and all sorts of confusion and disorder. Opposite opinions, disputes, difficulties, and doubts can only be settled by a judge who is well known to all. Therefore, our Lord said to Peter, "Feed My sheep," and again, "I have prayed for thee, Peter, that thy faith may never fail, and do thou in thy turn confirm thy brethren." Here we see clearly that our Lord made St. Peter His Vicar on earth, and we see it still more clearly in those other words, "Thou art Peter (the rock), and on this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of Hell shall never prevail against it, and to thee will I give the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be likewise bound in Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven." Now surely we cannot say that this supreme authority was only given to St. Peter and not to his *successors*, for our Lord said that His Church was to last to the end of time: "Behold I am with you all days, to the end of the world." And this is what Isaiah meant when, speaking of the Son of God, he said: "He shall sit upon the throne of David and upon his kingdom, to strengthen it and confirm it for ever in judgment and justice." Now, since the Bishops of Rome are the successors of St. Peter, it follows that the Church of Rome is the mistress and head of all Churches, and all true Christians must be united to the Roman Pontiff, like members to their head; and, moreover, all those who separate from the unity and teaching of the Roman Church, separate themselves from Jesus Christ.

Surely, as Villari puts it forcibly, "it was no longer possible to believe that one who had so explicitly acknowledged the authority of the Papal Keys had the slightest intention of raising a schism in the Church." Surely no one can for an instant maintain that he was not in his teaching loyal to the Holy See. If at any time he was wanting in obedience, if under any circumstance he failed to carry out the will of the Holy Father, no one can accuse him of

heresy upon this which we have called the "crucial point" of Catholic belief. Words could not express more emphatically faith in the primacy and supremacy of the Pope as a cardinal article of Catholic creed than the words which we have just cited. How different from the words of Luther, of Calvin, of the English Church. Never did he say, never did he imply that any one belonging to the Church of God could withdraw himself from obedience to the Holy See. "The Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England,"[1] would have inspired him with such a sermon from the pulpit of the Duomo, that no one would have ventured to have substituted "Florence" or "Italy" for "England." "It is not true," he said vehemently from that very pulpit when some one even hinted that he was not obedient to the Pope, "it is not true. . . I submit everything that I may say to the judgment of the Church of Rome."[2]

Objections raised against his loyalty to the Pope.—We cannot, in the little space allotted to us in a *brochure*, enter into the large subject, upon which many volumes have been written, of the supposed, or real, collision of Savonarola with Alexander VI. Any one who wishes to see the question more fully discussed will find it treated of (as we have already said) in the *Étude sur Savonarole*, by the Dominican, Père Ceslas Bayonne, who has also translated into French many of our great Dominican's works. We can only touch upon it briefly. Let us say at the outset that the argument, laid down by some Catholic as well as many Protestant authors, that Savonarola

[1] Article xxxvii. [2] *Sermon on Exodus*, 1498.

was excusable if he was not in all things subject to Alexander VI. on account of the private life of the Pope, which was unworthy of his high calling, is an argument which we entirely repudiate. No matter what his private life may have been, no depravity can justify disobedience, however exasperating to a man of austere virtue the depravity may be. The obedience of Catholics to the Pope rests, not on his personal holiness, but on his authoritative power. We obey him, not as a man, but as the Vicar and representative of God. Whatever Pope Alexander may have been as a man, he was Pope, and as Pope had authority to command. Moreover, as Pope he was acknowledged by the Church, and as Pope he had a right to the obedience of the faithful. His private character we leave to God, his public authority is a matter beyond dispute. We admit then frankly that if Savonarola disobeyed, in that he sinned; all that we maintain is that, if he sinned, his was neither the sin of *heresy* nor yet of *schism*.

But did he disobey? He was a son—we have seen it in his words—was he a rebellious one? Three accusations are brought against him: (1) That he refused to go to Rome when summoned by the Pope, a summons which every priest is bound, *if possible*, to obey. (2) That he continued to preach when forbidden to do so by the Holy See, or, at least, that though for a time he ceased to preach, he took up his sermons again. (3) That he wrote to the Kings of England and France, and to the Emperor of Germany and the Queen of Spain, upon the importance of summoning a General Council to depose the reigning Pontiff.

1. *As to the first count: his refusal to go to Rome.*—Here is the Pope's letter inviting him as a Father, and commanding him as a Superior to visit him, and laying down the objects of that visit. The letter and those which follow are beyond dispute—they are admitted by all to be authentic.

Beloved son,—Health and Apostolic benediction.

Amongst the many who have toiled in the vineyard of the Lord of Sabbaoth, We have heard from several sources that your labours have been particularly earnest and successful. This fills us with deep joy and gratitude to God, who so powerfully works amongst us by His grace. Nor do We doubt but that you are an instrument in His hands for the abundant sowing of His Divine Word, and the reaping of a plentiful harvest. Moreover, recent letters on this very subject have given Us to understand that in all your sermons you instruct the people in the service of God, and that you announce future events, being moved thereto not by human wisdom or learning, but by the Spirit of God. Being desirous therefore, as in duty bound, of conferring with you on these matters, and so learning God's will more clearly, We desire you to come to Us as soon as possible, and send you a command in virtue of holy obedience to that effect. We shall greet you with fatherly tenderness and love.

Given at Rome at St. Peter's, July 21, 1495.

Now, how did Savonarola receive this letter? We know the action of the so-called "Reformers" under similar circumstances. Luther publicly burned the Papal Decretals in the square at Wittenberg, and said that he would wish to do the same with the Pope and the Papal See.[1] The English Church hurled back at the Pontiff the thirty-seventh Article: "The Bishop of Rome has no jurisdiction in this realm of England." How different the action of Savonarola, whom the

[1] *Exust. Antichrist. Decret.* Opp. Lutheri. ii. p. 320. Edit. Jenæ.

Dean of Canterbury would have to be the "harbinger of the Reformation." He receives it as a dutiful son. He admits the authority of the Father. He kneels at his feet in spirit—as a child—and he protests that it is only *impossibility* which prevents him from going where his heart draws him, viz., to the feet of the Vicar of Christ. It is unfair to say that he *refused* to go to Rome. It was not that he would not; no, he could not go to Rome. He wrote to the Pope and gave his reasons, at the same time professing his obedience to the Holy See, his willingness to kneel at the Holy Father's feet, and his intention of so doing when in his power. Listen to his letter to Pope Alexander, and remember the while that they were not days when men travelled impelled by steam. A journey for him meant a journey on foot, and a journey from Florence to Rome and back was not then as now, a matter of hours, but of days and perhaps weeks, to say nothing of dangers on the way.

Most Holy Father [he wrote], I prostrate myself at the feet of your Holiness. Although I am aware that we must always obey the commands of our superiors, since we read in Holy Writ: "He that heareth you, heareth Me," still it is their meaning and not merely their words that we have to obey. And since I have long desired to visit Rome and worship at the threshold of the Apostles, and venerate the relics of so many saints, and see your Holiness, these my earnest longings have greatly increased since the day I received your Holiness's letter deigning to invite one so unworthy to your presence. But as there are many difficulties in the way, I will humbly set them before your Holiness, that you may see that my excuses are reasonable, and that it is necessity and not unwillingness which prevents me obeying the command I received with the deepest love and reverence. In the first place, there is my weak state

of health, resulting from the attacks of fever and other illnesses I have had of late. Then my position here, especially during the past year, has entailed on me such a continual strain of mind and body that I am reduced to the greatest weakness and utterly unable to undertake any work or undergo the least fatigue. The doctors have even obliged me to give up all preaching and study of any kind. For in their opinion, and in that of many other friends, I shall be endangering my life unless I at once submit to proper treatment. But since Almighty God has made use of me to deliver this city from bloodshed and various other serious evils, and to establish peace and respect for the laws, I have made as many enemies as there are wicked men in this place, for whether they were citizens or strangers, they vented their rage on me when they saw their love of fighting, their ambition, and their greedy thoughts of rapine and plunder frustrated. At the present moment their plots against my life, either by open assassination or more secret poisoning, are so frequent, that I cannot leave the house without guards. Indeed, when I went to confer with the French King, the loyal Florentines would not allow me to pass out of their protection, although I was furnished with a safe conduct. And although I trust in God, yet I may not despise ordinary precautions, lest I may seem to be tempting Him, since it is written, "When they persecute you in one city, flee into another." Moreover, the recent improvement in this city, which God's grace has effected, is hardly sufficiently established to withstand the persistent efforts of the wicked, and needs daily care and attention. Since, therefore, my departure at the present moment would, in the opinion of earnest and prudent men, cause difficulties amongst the people and help on the plots of the Medicean faction, it is evidently not God's will that I should leave here at present. I hope it will be soon. And if, perhaps, your Holiness wishes to know more about the misfortunes of Italy and the renovation of the Church, of which I have publicly spoken, it is all fully treated of in a book which I am now having printed, and which, as soon as it is ready, I will send to your Holiness, and from it you will be able to gather all that you wish to hear.

I have said nothing but what is there. I have only delivered the message entrusted to me; to go beyond that and attempt to read the unknown secrets of God would be sinful. I have had all these things printed that all may know if I have been deceived and deceiving. But if things happen as I have said, then let them thank our Lord and Saviour, who, by His loving care of us, shows that He wishes no one to perish eternally. And so I ask your Holiness to accept these my excuses as most true and valid, and to believe that nothing could give me greater joy than to be able to carry out your commands. I need no other spur than my own desires to urge me to conquer these difficulties as soon as I can and satisfy the wishes of your Holiness, to whom I commend myself in all humility.

From the Convent of St. Mark's, Florence, the last day of July, 1495.

2. *As to the second objection: his preaching after the Pope's inhibition.*—Contemporary historians tell us that the Pope's Legate returned to Rome from Sienna without delivering the Papal Bull to Savonarola in Florence, merely sending it by another; that Savonarola maintained, not that the Pope had not power to prohibit his preaching, but that His Holiness had done so under a misapprehension, that he had been misled by his enemies and misguided by those against whom he had preached, and that had the Pope known the real truth he would not have issued the decree, and that therefore it was void. This being so, Savonarola maintained—rightly or wrongly we need not inquire now—that the inhibition did not bind. Again, we must remember that those were not days of electric telegraphs or even quick posts, and so, explanations being difficult, misunderstandings were frequent. The magistrates of Florence and the Fathers of St. Mark's wrote to the Pope,

telling him he had been misinformed.[1] Savonarola wrote again, and whilst professing his loyalty to the Holy See and his obedience to the Vicar of Christ, gave his reasons why he thought the Pope's order not binding.

Most Holy Father [he writes], I prostrate myself at the feet of your Holiness. Why is my Lord angry with his servant, or where is the wrong that I have done? If the sons of iniquity have spoken falsely of me, why does my Lord not inquire of his servant and hear his account before believing them? For it is not easy to persuade a mind which is already prejudiced. Many dogs have compassed me, the assembly of the wicked have enclosed me, and they say: "Behold! his God cannot help him or save him." For *your Holiness holds the place of God on earth*, and they accuse me of treason towards you, saying that I do not cease to blame you and find fault with you, and so in many ways they twist and cruelly pervert the meaning of my words. The same thing was done two years ago, but thousands who heard me can witness to my innocence, as well as my own words faithfully taken down at the time and printed and scattered abroad. Let these be brought forward and read and examined, that it may be seen if in them there is anything offensive to your Holiness, as these liars so often assert. Is it likely that I would say one thing and write another, and so lay myself open to the charge of flagrant contradiction? What could be the object or the intention of such a line of conduct? I only wonder that your Holiness does not see their wicked madness. As for this great and renowned preacher, he must have little shame or honesty to accuse an innocent man of the very crime of which he is guilty. His words cannot be hidden away—there are numerous witnesses who have heard him openly attacking your Holiness, and lest I should be accused of falsehood, I could, if necessary, bring forward legal proof. But I have not forgotten that his insolence has already been silenced and condemned, since it is sinful to calumniate

[1] See Appendix No. 3.

any one, no matter how lowly he may be, much more *one who is the Ruler and Pastor of all.* Who so senseless as to be ignorant of this? For, thanks be to God, I am not yet so utterly abandoned, so utterly forgetful of my duty, as, without any reason or excuse, to dare to attack and insult the Vicar of Christ, to whom above every one else on earth reverence is due. As for the rest, I have never uttered a word contrary to the Holy Catholic Faith, or contrary to the teaching of the Roman Church, to whose judgment and authority I have ever submitted myself, and ever shall whenever I am called upon. And this is what I have always taught and shall teach with all my strength, at the same time doing my best to rouse men to sorrow for sin and amendment of life by wakening their faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

The work which I shall shortly bring out, on *The Triumph of the Cross*, is a witness to my faith, and from it can be seen if I have ever taught heresy or in any way opposed the Catholic faith.

Will your Holiness therefore turn a deaf ear to these envious and lying tongues and only believe what has been examined and proved, since many of their falsehoods have already been openly detected. But if all human help fail me, and the wickedness of these impious men gain the day, I will still hope in God and in His help, and make their wickedness so public to the whole world that perhaps at the very last they will repent of their evil designs.

I most humbly commend myself to your Holiness.

From the Convent of St. Mark, Florence, May 22, 1497.

3. *The third count against his loyalty to the Pope was his appeal for a General Council.*—In this he erred, through excess of zeal. The letters were undoubtedly written—and written they ought not to have been. The provocation was great, but, like any other temptation to wrong-doing, it should have been resisted with patience and prayer and trust in God, who alone can calm the storm and bid the

waves "be still" till Peter's bark has reached the shore. The days were dark, very dark; the times troubled, very troubled; wickedness prevailed even in holy places; his earnest soul was stirred at the sight of wrong-doing, and zeal triumphed over prudence. He was wrong! Many thought at the time, and Savonarola amongst them, that the election of Alexander VI. to the Pontificate was invalid because simoniacal. History has proved this false, since the Church has acknowledged him as a true Pope, though not worthy of his high calling. Savonarola was wrong in writing the letters, although the letters were never sent, as documents recently found go to show. Still he was wrong, but it was an error of the mind and not of the heart; it was an error of fact, and not of principle or doctrine.

Nay, if, for argument's sake, we admit that in all three points he erred, what does it prove? That he was disobedient, but not heretical; that he acknowledged not in fact what was really the belief of his mind and the conviction of his soul. If through being misled, or through excess of zeal, he disobeyed—what then? It was disobedience, not heresy or schism. It was a blot on an otherwise stainless life, a stain on an otherwise unsullied name. The penalty of that blot he has paid with his life, the stain has been cleansed with his blood, his name remains fair. But to call Savonarola a "leader of the Reformers," a "harbinger of the Reformation"—his life, his words, his acts, all laugh the idea to scorn!

Savonarola was a loyal Catholic.—Never was a man more Catholic or more in touch with the Catholic Church than he. Several of her saints

regarded him as a saint. St. Philip Neri, "the Apostle of Rome," who was born in Florence and then lived in Rome, and therefore knew Rome and knew Savonarola, always had a picture of "the Apostle of Florence" in his room, with an aureola of glory around his head. St. Catharine of Ricci, too, had his portrait, and under it the inscription, "True likeness of F. Jerome, a prophet sent from God," and she preserved one of his fingers as a relic, calling it "the finger of Blessed Jerome." She even ascribed a miracle to his prayers.[1]

Catholic artists have perpetuated his memory as sacred. The great Raphael, at the instance of Pope Julius II., painted a picture of the Blessed Sacrament, at the Vatican, and represented Savonarola by St. Thomas's side. Fra Bartolommeo's picture of him in the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence represents him as a martyr. Medals were struck of him in Rome, on which his name was engraved, with the prefix of "Blessed." Offices were composed in his honour, and hymns written in his name. His religious brethren held his memory in veneration. A few years after his death, Cardinal Alessandro dei Medici wrote: "They (the Dominicans of San Marco) celebrate his feast as that of a martyr; they preserve his relics as if he were a saint, even the beam of the gallows from which he was hanged, the iron hooks which bore his weight, his habit, his hoods, the bones left unconsumed by the fire, his ashes, his hair-shirt; they treasure the wine which was blessed by him and give it to the sick, and talk of miracles."

[1] Benedict XIV., *De Servorum Dei Beatificatione*, lib. iii. c. xxv.

His writings, which were never condemned even by Alexander VI., although published in his reign, were critically examined under Paul III., Julius III., and Paul IV., and were declared free from all error. Popes have spoken of him in glowing terms; one (Paul III.) saying that he would consider him as suspected of heresy who would accuse Savonarola of heresy. Benedict XIV. thought him worthy of canonization, and said that "as a proof of his holiness it was enough that St. Philip Neri proclaimed it 'a victory' that his writings were approved, and that he always had the aureoled image of Savonarola in his room." His name appears on the *Catalogue of Saints and Blessed Servants of God and other Venerable persons illustrious by their sanctity*, published in Rome in the year 1751, during the Pontificate of this same Benedict XIV. Archbishop Capecelatro, in his *Life of St. Philip Neri*, recently translated by the Rev. Father Pope of the Birmingham Oratory, has a most interesting chaper on "St. Philip and Savonarola," in which he tells us amongst other things that Clement VIII. "held him (Savonarola) in singular veneration, had serious thoughts of canonizing him, and allowed his portraits to be seen in Rome, with rays about his head, and with the titles of 'Blessed' and 'Doctor' and 'Martyr.'"

Conclusion.

To sum up all in a word. Savonarola's life, teaching, and creed were the very antithesis of the life, teaching, and creed of the "Reformers" of the sixteenth age. They left the cloister for the world; he left the world for the cloister, and was ever true to his vows. They began by self-deformation, on their own admission; he by self-reformation, on the evidence of friend and foe. They dragged down public morality, on their own showing; he raised it to the highest perfection. They aimed at reforming creed and doctrine; he reformed morals and men, upholding always doctrine and creed. They denied what he taught: the necessity of good works, the need of the sacraments as channels of grace, Transubstantiation, rites and ceremonies, loyalty to Peter's See, and devotion to the Mother of God. How, then, can he be their "leader," their "harbinger"—he who condemns and anathematizes them all!

* * * * * *

Magna est veritas et prevalebit—"Truth is great and will prevail." In the words of Dean Farrar: "Savonarola perished, but the truth of which he had been the mighty preacher lived and bore fruit unto eternal life." Yes, it lived, and lives, but where? Savonarola tells us with his last breath. It was the day of his cruel, heartless death. He had assisted at Mass. He had received "the Body of the Lord." He had bowed his head for the Plenary Indulgence sent by the Pope. He had said, "I retract any errors

which I may have taught." His lips open for the last time—those lips that had so often spoken fearless words of intrepid zeal—and what were his last words? They were the words which are said to have been his first; words which summed up his life, words which vindicated his venerated name: *Credo in Sanctam Ecclesiam Catholicam*—"I believe in the Holy Catholic Church." In that Church he lived, in that Church he died, in that Church his will ever be *clarum et venerabile nomen*—"an illustrious and venerable name."

APPENDIX No. 1.

List of Savonarola's Works.

The Triumph of the Cross. 4 books.
On the Simplicity of Christian Life. 5 books.
On Jewish Astrology. 3 books.
Explanation of the Our Father and Hail Mary.
Treatise on Humility.
„ Love of Jesus Christ.
„ Widowhood.
The Lament of the Spouse of Christ.
The Soul and the Spirit. 7 Dialogues.
Reason and Sense. 3 Dialogues.
Prayer. 2 books.
Rules of Prayer and Devout Life.
Explanation of the Commandments.
The Sacrifice of the Mass and its Mysteries.
Frequent Communion.
The Sign of the Cross. Advantages and Meaning.
Union with God. A Discourse.
Letter on taking the Habit of Religion.
On the Perfection of the Religious State.
Letters to the Brethren of the Order of St. Dominic.
Spiritual Reading. For Sisters of Third Order.
Perfection of Spiritual Life.
The Seven Rules of a Religious.
Meditations on the Psalm, *Diligam te, Domine.*
„ Various Psalms.
The Mystery of the Cross.
Manual of Confessors.
Sermons for Sundays and Festivals.
Forty-Eight Sermons for Lent.
Homilies on Holy Writ, &c.

APPENDIX No. 2.

Pope Alexander VI. and Savonarola.

It is the common opinion among the apologists of Savonarola that Alexander VI. was deceived by the calumnious mis-statements of his enemies, that at times even during his life the Pope had serious misgivings as to the truth of the accusations against him, and that after his death he conceived a sincere veneration for his memory.

In the year 1496, so we are told by Burlamacchi, Villari, and others, the Pope, through the Procurator-General of the Dominican Order, P. Ludivico de Farrara, offered him a Cardinal's hat, "on account of his virtues and his wisdom." On the following day, August 20, he gave his answer from the pulpit of the Duomo. "No, no," he cried out, "I do not wish for human glory—far be it from me! It is enough for me, O Lord, that Thou hast shed Thy Blood for me. I wish not to glorify myself, but Thee. *Thou art my glory, Thou dost lift up my head*, and all my being. I wish for neither hats nor mitres, great or small; I wish only for Thy gift to Thy saints, death. A hat, a red hat, but red with blood—this is what I desire." When this bold answer was reported to the Pope, Alexander expressed admiration for his rare firmness of character, and exclaimed: "That man must be a great servant of God. Let no one speak to me again either in his favour or against him."

In the May of the following year, the adversaries of Savonarola having reported ill of him again to His Holiness, the Florentine Ambassador presented a protest to him in the name of the Republic, and Savonarola wrote the letter which we have already quoted. The representations of the Ambassador and the letter of Savonarola made a great impression on the Pope, and the Cardinal Archbishop of

Naples assured the Florentine Ambassador that the Holy Father regretted having sent the Brief, especially as he had sent it by John di Camerino, whom he now knew to be an enemy both of Florence and of Savonarola. Hearing that the Legate had not gone to Florence, but had remained at Sienna, he said: "If he is wise, he will not go there." It is probable that, had not the Papal Brief been then published in Florence, it would have been withdrawn, as was a former Bull which was sent in the October of 1496.[1]

After the death of Savonarola, when his enemies were silenced, things which had been kept from him were brought to the notice of the Pope, and he learned to appreciate his spirit, his virtues, and his zeal. When apologists defended the memory of the great Dominican, he listened to all and censured none. In 1501 he published a decree against authors suspected of heresy, but Savonarola's name does not appear amongst them. The writings of Savonarola were shortly after printed in Venice, with the approval of the Patriarch and the Inquisitor of the Faith. P. Neri tells us, too, in his *Apologia pro Fra G. Savonarola*, that when the newly elected General of the Dominicans, P. Vincent Bandelli, spoke to Alexander VI. of the great virtue of the illustrious friar, the Pope sighed, and said that he had been misinformed.[2] P. Molineri relates also that, when a Dominican had the boldness to reproach Alexander with having cast dishonour on Savonarola's name, the Pope replied: "By no means; it was my Legate who was cruel."

Burlamacchi, in fine, informs his readers that, "as time went on, the Pope regretted more and more the step that he had taken, and that he declared on one occasion, in a full Consistory, that *he would willingly inscribe the name of Savonarola on the Catalogue of Saints.*"[3]

[1] Bayonne, *Étude*, p. 106.
[2] Edit. Florence, 1546, p. 120.
[3] *Vita Savonarolæ*, p. 195. Edit. de Lucca, 1764.

APPENDIX No. 3.

(Lupi, *Nuovi Documenti*, p. 112; ap. Bayonne, p. 151.)

Letter of the Magistrates of Florence to Alexander VI.

Most Holy Father,—Whilst Father Jerome Savonarola was instructing the faithful in religion and morality in our Cathedral Church, your Apostolic Letter was given to him, in which you speak of him as a *son of iniquity*. He at once withdrew into his monastery, resolved to give way for a time to the violence of the storm, and feeling convinced that the anger of Your Holiness would be appeased when you knew the deep malice of his calumniators. They have dared to accuse him of sowing pernicious errors amongst the people, and of being to them the cause of sin and scandal. But in witness of the truth we declare that, on the contrary, he has been a most excellent minister of the word; and that up to the present time he has worked in the vineyard of the Lord with such great success that no other preacher whom we have known has ever gathered such precious fruits from his preaching. As to the saying of the Prophet: "Make known to us the things which are to come, and we shall know that ye are God's," we must admit that we are bound to acknowledge something more than human in a man who for eight years has foretold to us many things which have afterwards come to pass. But his principal work has been to bring about our reformation, and to lead us to piety and virtue by his instructions, his writings, and his constant preaching.

The zeal of God's house which devours him has won for him the enmity of many who love darkness rather than light; and thus false reports have made Your Holiness regard as a dangerous man one who has made use of his ministry and his talents only to preach justice, to make

every one true to duty, to keep our Republic from dangers, to oppose tyranny, to instruct parents to bring their children up as Christians, to lead women to modesty and simplicity, to accustom young people to read the life of Jesus Christ and the lives of His Saints, in a word, to protect society against the evil example of those who are unworthy of the name of Christians.

See then, Most Holy Father, what are the actions, what the intentions, of Savonarola; see what his accusers call "pulling down the walls of Jerusalem." What is the object of their false charges? What but to blacken and destroy a just man, to deprive us of a faithful guide, and to bring about new troubles amongst our citizens; for this is the only means left to them of harming us and of carrying out their ambitious ends.

We grieve to find ourselves in such circumstances that we cannot carry out the orders of Your Holiness without doing great harm to our country, and showing great ingratitude to a man who has rendered us singular services. Let us add that it would be difficult to do anything against him without causing universal grief and exposing many to danger, for the well-known virtue and the reputation of Savonarola have won for him the hearts of the faithful and the esteem of the people. Your Holiness, always being opposed to the disturbance of order, would certainly not wish us to obey in a danger so certain, and to our own dishonour. . . .

Given in the Palace, the 4th of May, 1497.

Extract from the Letter of the Fathers of San Marco to Pope Alexander VI.

"We are nearly all Florentines; we live and hold converse with him (Savonarola); and as we have left the world in order to serve God, Your Holiness will understand

that we would not defend one who is a stranger were we not convinced of the excellence of his life, were we not certain that the hand of God is with him, and that upon his presence here and his preaching depend both the safety of our city and the advancement of the Christian religion. The proof of this we have in the great number of honourable, prudent, and learned men whom he has converted, and who live under his fostering care that they may grow in faith and virtue. And in order to strengthen our evidence, and to remove all shadow of suspicion, we have asked a number of noble and virtuous citizens to sign this our address. Should Your Holiness wish it, we can produce signatures not only by hundreds, but by thousands. Your Holiness will thus see that you have been misinformed in this matter by people who have no fear of God. We beg of you, therefore, to deign to revoke the censures which have been fulminated against Father Jerome, and to give him your sanction to carry out the holy work which he has taken in hand. . . ."

The Rock of Ages.

By M. M.

I.

The studio was on the fourth story. It was large and bright, and looked over the wide stretches of grass and foliage in the Regent's Park. It had once been a thing of beauty, but had since developed into a workshop pure and simple, while the studies of arms and legs and unfinished busts, and casts of clay and plaster, gave it a look of a dissecting room. Traces of its former glory were to be seen in the velvet furniture, now pushed to one side and hidden under piles of faded silks and stuffs and old weapons for the models. An oak cupboard heaped with papers and designs stood neglected in one corner of the room, while copies of some of the great statues stood about on marble pedestals among the sculptor's own work.

He was engaged on a full length figure of Circe, whom he had represented standing expectant on the rocks, one hand shading her eyes while the other held the "charmed cup" that changed men to beasts; it was an illustration of his theory that a single figure in sculpture can be as expressive as a picture on canvas with all its accessories of colour and background.

At thirty-one years of age, Gilbert Black was considered by competent judges to be the rising sculptor of the day. His first master had been Cavalier, and he still had the short pointed beard and very much the

general appearance of the best type of Paris art student. It was in Rome that his name had first been heard of in the world of art, that great republic where, more than elsewhere, men are truly equal, or at least rank according to their individual worth. He had set his face sternly against materialism in art, and the morbid reproduction of decay; his ideal was the beautiful. As a boy he had loved the classics; as a man his work dealt almost entirely with Greek subjects, and the people did not understand him; but the critics and public, strange to say, united in singing his praises. Had there been less appreciation he would have cared but little—art was art to him and nothing more; he came of a well-to-do county family of the old-fashioned sort, and had no great need to work for his livelihood. He had his own ideal of perfection, which he hoped some day to reach, and meanwhile he had but just awakened to the fact that marble is cold, and that the fever of restlessness within him could not be stilled by even his boundless devotion to his art.

It was a charming afternoon in the early autumn: a few yellow leaves fluttered in at the studio window, which was opened wide to throw as much light as possible on the statue to which Gilbert Black was giving the last finishing touches. He was standing before the triangular block on which it was placed, comparing it earnestly with the head of a girl who sat in the centre of the room, her profile outlined against a crimson hanging on the wall behind her.

"That is the last stroke I think," he said, sighing and stepping back to get the general effect of his work: "at any rate it is a good likeness of you, Miriam." The girl got up from the uncomfortable straw-chair where she had been posing for the head, and came nearer, to criticize. She put her hand to her head and unfastened a gold fillet from her hair, saying that it was a horrid thing to wear; while without looking in the glass that hung behind the door, she pulled her hair down over the red mark it had made on her forehead.

"It will be accepted, Gilbert," she said, with a gesture of inspiration like a young prophetess of old; all her movements were statuesque, too much so for a young girl. "You have made your Circe look as if she were tired of her power over mankind, and yet—and yet as if she would not give it up; really, it is very clever —a sort of contempt of her own fascinations. If it is refused, poor things, I shall pity *them*, not you!"

The sculptor glanced quickly at her as she spoke looking up at the reproduction of herself. He wondered if she knew exactly how beautiful she was, and if not, whether the statue would teach her, and whether she would care. For, though she was engaged to him, Gilbert Black had never so much as alluded to the subject of her appearance; it had been the absence of anything like flattery in him that had first attracted her attention to him.

Miriam Rae's least developed virtue was humility, and her pride took the form (or she thought it did, which came to about the same thing) of an intense dislike for flattery; as a matter of fact it had to be very subtle and to coincide with her own opinion of herself to be acceptable. Praise of her personal appearance, however veiled, she considered not only wanting in taste, but as an indignity to her sex; it was on higher grounds than that, she thought, that women ought to be valued.

"We are made simply for your approbation—for one man to admire and the next to over-look, you know. If a woman is good-looking you may be quite sure she knows it, and does not want to be enlightened by all of *you*. You seem to think—you seem to look upon us as a sort of superior class of 'goods on approval,' and think we are only too thankful for your gracious approbation," she had said in a general way to her future husband, long before their engagement. He had seen she meant what she said, and had acted on it. While avoiding the least appearance of a compliment he had treated her as his equal in intellect (which she most certainly was), had asked her opinion, and appeared,

at any rate, to abide by it; had argued with her upon occasions, not giving in to her, as some men have a habit of doing, as if opposition would be too exciting.

So, being wise in his generation the young sculptor had attained the end he had proposed to himself, and Miriam Rae wore the sapphire ring he had made for her with their joint initials engraved inside. He was a very cautious man and had made quite certain of her ultimate acceptance of him before he committed himself. It is probable that had she known that he had himself designed the engagement-ring and monogram inside, a fortnight before proposing to her, she would have hesitated about accepting him; but such an idea had not occurred to her and when, the morning after he had asked her to be his wife, the ring was put on her finger, she had said calmly that it was very pretty, and asked how he knew she liked sapphires.

"Would you sit down again for a minute, please, if you don't mind," he said suddenly, "I don't know if it is quite correct; where is the clay model?"

It seemed as if it were impossible for him to lay down his chisel; he lingered over every detail of the work with the real enthusiasm of a master.

"I shall only spoil you if I go on, my golden-haired Circe," he said at last.

"It is lucky you are a sculptor, not an artist," said Miriam, "or I could not have sat for you as Circe—with my brown hair, I mean."

"No, that is one advantage of form over colour; on the other hand it is very difficult to get just the type one wants for these things. You cannot think how I bless you," he continued, enthusiastically seizing a pencil, and measuring the statue's perfect features; "if you were not so obliging and kind I might whistle for the right thing. What are you smiling at?"

"Nothing," said Miriam, "but shall we have tea?"

"I *am* rather hungry after my labours, but what are you laughing at? it is so seldom you unbend so far and I insist upon knowing."

"Well, only at what you said. I believe you only

proposed to me, so that I might sit indefinitely for you."

"Miriam!"

"Gilbert! Yes, I believe you were looking out for what you call a Greek type, and when you found an unappropriated specimen you proposed; and of course, considering your powers of fascination, and so on, I fell a victim to your designs."

"I cannot stay here to be abused like this," said Gilbert while he opened the cupboard and produced the kettle for tea. "I shall take refuge in flight, and meanwhile you watch the kettle; that gas stove is very quick. You know where the tea-things are kept; I will just change my coat."

Miriam arranged the table and laid everything in readiness for their meal. There was everything necessary for it in the studio, though Gilbert did not live there; but they both liked the Bohemian repast and were used to wait on themselves, for Miriam was quite unconventional and came and went to the studio just as she liked: she considered that being twenty-four years of age and engaged to Gilbert Black entitled her to do so with impunity. Gilbert reappeared, his white linen coat exchanged for the garment of civilization.

"What a splendid housekeeper you'll make!" he said, taking the kettle from her. "It is jolly here, isn't it?"

Miriam, who was cutting bread and butter, smiled a little coldly, as she usually did at any small enthusiasm of his.

"I should not come if I didn't like it, you know," she said, and paused. "I think there was always something Bohemian in me, what you call the artistic temperament; it is rather hard to have that and nothing besides, to want to do so much and to be able to do nothing."

"What do you call your talent for music? not to talk of that of posing for me."

"Ah! music," said Miriam, ignoring his attempt at a

joke; "everyone who has learnt can do what I do—I should like to paint, or that—" and she waved her hand in the direction of Circe and the other statues.

"Like Propezia de Rossi, wasn't she the greatest woman sculptor?" said Gilbert, who always appeared to think that his interlocutors, whoever they might be, must know more than he did.

"Not like her, thank you! I certainly should not leave a monument to my unrequited affections."

"I wasn't thinking of that, I meant as far as her talent was concerned; for my part I shouldn't care to have you for a rival—I like things as they are."

"At any rate, I've done the next best thing," she said musing, "I am going to marry a man who can do all that, and who will be famous, who is on the way now. I shall be known as the great sculptor's wife!"

Gilbert Black looked keenly at her as she spoke; it may be said, in parenthesis, that she was well worth looking at; her face was almost oval in shape and her features Grecian and without a fault. Her forehead was broad and the hair grew low upon it in natural waves that softened the austere outline. A critic might have said that the lines round the mouth were too pronounced and severe, and the expression too hard for beauty. The whole effect was cold as marble and as rigid, and her eyes alone revealed the existence of a human soul behind the mask. They were blue and fringed with dark lashes, so that many people described them as black; they gave one the impression of a smouldering fire in their depths that might break out any minute. Sometimes when she was off her guard and alone, they had the yearning look of a dumb animal, or of a child; but few people had seen this, and on the whole she did not please. She was much admired, of course, and mostly by artists. But those who once grew to like her, liked her for long; if a man did so it was apt to go hard with him; her indifference was a difficult spell to shake off.

"I believe you only accepted me because you think I shall 'arrive,' as they say," Gilbert remarked, half in

fun and quite in earnest, as he stirred his tea, which had burnt him, to give himself an indifferent air: "'I had not loved thee half so well, loved I not sculpture more!' Didn't somebody say that, or words to that effect? Now own you didn't care twopence for me!"

"We seem determined to accuse each other this afternoon," said Miriam, flushing, but looking straight at him. "For goodness' sake, don't let's have our first 'lovers' quarrel,' and above all not the reconciliation—it's not in our line. Besides you know quite well I like you—but I should not have done so if you had been a fool, so it's no use saying I should. I *meant* to like a clever man—a great man."

"As to that! a great man?"

"Well, yes, I have faith in your future."

"So, if I had been, let us say, my brother Dan at his office, you would not have looked at me, eh?"

"As I did not happen to fall in love with Dan, yes."

"Oh, the wiles of women! Who could argue with you? Then you have complete control over your emotions! If I break my right arm—break it for good and all—whom will you transfer your affections to? Can I introduce any rising young artist, poet, or politician, in case of emergency?"

"You could do Circe with your left hand, if it came to that."

"I'm glad to know it; if however——"

"Ah, I'm not going to quarrel with you. Open the piano, dear, it's too dusty for me to touch, and I'll play your favourite rhapsody, and the boy can put away the tea-things, can't he? There's your tobacco on the mantel-piece, if that's what you are looking for, and I put your pipe back in the rack."

She had seated herself at the piano and was taking off the jingling bangles on her wrist; and the smile which she gave him when he looked up from filling his pipe was so sweet and kind that he came across the room, and the kiss of peace was given and received.

"If you were only always like that!" he could not help saying; and then, as he stood leaning against the

mantel-piece watching her hands glancing over the key-board with her engagement-ring catching the light every minute, while he sent blue rings of smoke up to the begrimed ceiling, he fell to wondering what it was that the girl lacked—what made her different from other girls he had known, less fascinating to him and far less beautiful, but gentler, more—more something undefined, more—"what is it, I wonder?" "Miriam," he said suddenly, aloud, "do you ever say your prayers?"

She went on quietly to the last bar of the rhapsody: then turning round on her stool: "You must not interrupt me like that. Prayers? No; do you?"

"I? I don't know. Yes, sometimes. Besides that's different; I'm a man, you know."

"Oh, it's different for a man, is it? May I ask why?"

"Why? Why of course it is. I can't tell you why exactly, you have me there. But somehow I should like you to say yours. I wonder we never touched on religion before, I never thought of it." (Miriam smiled slightly.) "My mother was very religious, and they still have morning and evening prayers at home, as you know; I should like you to do that sort of thing too."

She raised her level eye-brows in scorn at him.

"My dear Gilbert, it's a matter of belief. If I have gone all these years without praying, do you think I could begin now to please you?"

"No, not to please me exactly, but it's the right thing, don't you think?"

"What guarantee can you give me that there is anyone to pray to? you don't do it yourself, you own," she said still scornfully. It was such a new light for Gilbert Black to appear in—that of a spiritual adviser. "I have never met a man or woman that was sure of anything. I have given it up ages ago, and at twenty-four I can't go back to childhood and Dr. Watts's hymns!"

"Don't Miriam, please! I hate that mocking tone of yours, I can't bear it. A woman seems unsexed to me without religion. I'm the wrong fellow to talk, but surely you believe in God?"

He had taken his pipe out of his mouth and placed it on the chimney behind him. He felt it to be a solemn moment, when for the first time it occurred to him to enter the inner life of the girl he meant to make his wife. He trembled at the idea of what her soul might be, this woman who was to be the ruler of his household and the mother of his children. He knew her to be upright and good, if somewhat hard, but was she absolutely without God, or principles, or notions of right and wrong, except the pagan philosophy which might fail her at any moment, and a certain proud ideal of right-doing, without comfort or help in her day of adversity.

"I suppose you have a right to question me, Gilbert, and I do not mean to be horrid in saying so, but it is very hard for me to speak of myself; I have never done so. I have never had any one of my own, no brothers or sisters or parents. Aunt Lina is so little to me, no one has cared for me, hardly, except you. I believe in nature, if that is what you mean by God, in the First Principle, the great power which exists somewhere, somehow. But in the God Aunt Lina thinks she believes in, and my uncle, the Bishop of Reading, with his £6,000 a year, the God of those dreary, miserable Sundays, the God who made us to suffer here and to burn after if we fall, who lets the awful suffering we see go on— who, they want us to believe, lets the children and animals suffer and be tortured for nothing—no, I do not believe in Him; I can't and I never have since I was old enough to think. I know there is something, somewhere, I must worship, for nothing satisfies me nor seems enough for what one must have. Do you know that feeling?—No, of course you don't; *I* should not if I were an artist. But the power which I call Nature and you, I think, God, *that* I do believe in and worship."

Gilbert Black felt as if he stood on the brink of a gulf into which the illusions, if not the reality, of his love for Miriam, and his belief in the religion of women, had been swept. He had never doubted that in the

depths of her turbulent soul there was a firm belief in the God of all high-minded English women. That she should in a few phrases rob him of the illusion, and declare herself to be in reality a freethinker and an unbeliever, was a terrible blow to his hitherto wavering faith. He stood puzzled and silent, looking out of the window.

"I took it for granted you believed and went to church and all that," he said at last. "I am afraid I have not thought enough about these things before, but I trusted to you to make a better man of me, to pull me up when I went wrong."

"A frail reed, I am afraid," she said sadly enough. "I have no faith to give you and no hope; I think our engagement has been under false pretences. I had no idea on my side you were so religious, you did not give me that impression. But it is not too late; it is better to separate now than to regret."

"Not unless you want to. It *is* too late so far as I am concerned; you are mistaken there: for I love you a thousand times more than you will ever care for me. We must make the best of it, my dearest. I have not ever, as you say, mentioned this before, so the fault is mine not yours. An Englishman does not somehow talk much of these things; but as a rule his mother has been religious and he expects his wife to be the same."

There was no more to say on either side, and Miriam began slowly drawing on her gloves; the carriage had been waiting for her some time and she left the studio just as the shadows began to gather round the Circe. As she glanced at the white figure in passing, the coldness of the features struck her.

"Am I like that?" she said to herself, going down the stairs.

When Gilbert Black had seen her into her brougham he came up again slowly, as a man does who has had a shock which changes the aspect of things hitherto familiar to him. The very studio seemed changed; it was as if months had elapsed since he had worked there

in a different state of being. Unconsciously he looked round, trying to re-adjust the room to his former view of it, and meeting the eyes of his statue he turned away. He seized the white cloth that was used for covering it, and threw it impatiently over the marble head which reminded him so much of Miriam as he had last seen her. If anyone should suppose from the fact of his agitation that Gilbert Black was a man of spotless record and vivid faith, he would be mistaken; what a Protestant man has been and what he expects his wife to be are usually two very different things. But since his engagement he had adopted a higher standard, he had endeavoured unconsciously to raise himself to Miriam's level. He felt that many things in his past way of life were unworthy of her; much that he had considered as harmless, if trivial, now appeared sordid and contemptible in the borrowed light of her eyes.

Love had blinded him, he supposed; for he had credited her with the virtues that all men who are worth much expect to find in the woman they marry. He knew her character to be a very uncommon one—passionate yet absolutely trustworthy, truthful almost to excess, tender and patient with children and all dumb things, but hard and cold to her equals and less so to women than to men. He had always known hers was a strange nature; and he had seen, without being able to account for it, that some influence was missing in her life. He had thought perhaps it was love of some human being (for he knew she did not really love him), and he had a certain conviction that could that or some other softening influence be brought into her life she would fulfil his ideal. Could her keen sensibilities be turned from the lifeless things in which they were bound up—art, nature, and study were the principal factors in her life—and directed towards husband or children he thought she would be quite perfect. He had wondered that with her admitted tendencies she had not taken up woman's rights, or developed into a "précieuse" of the most

advanced type, and he thanked Heaven she had not. He was aware that, figuratively speaking, she burnt the classic midnight oil, but it was not apparent in her conversation, and she was not pedantic. Now—as he stood with his hands in his pockets jingling his loose money, and his forehead furrowed by the frown peculiar to his fits of deep thought or inspiration—all this, that had been vaguely floating in his mind, or somewhere on the borderland of consciousness, formulated itself in words.

His eyes wandered gloomily over the innumerable roofs which lay beneath the studio window; they were clearly outlined in the light which comes just before sunset: and he began counting the chimney-pots he could see till suddenly an idea dawned on him—Johnny Sylvester would be just the person to apply to at this crisis. He looked at his watch and saw it could be done, but first the address. He took his letter-case from his breast-pocket and drew from it an old letter of Miriam's on the back of which he had scribbled it, but his writing, always peculiar and illegible, had been further complicated by the shaking of the train in which he had taken it down. He had to hold it up to the light for close inspection as the pencil had got rubbed and he was some time in making it out. Then he went down and hailed a hansom from a row under the trees opposite, and told the driver to go to the Catholic Church in a not unfashionable part of London.

Some weeks before, on his way from Scotland, Gilbert had come across a man with whom he had been at Harrow, and whose secession "to Rome" and subsequent ordination as a priest had caused some stir in London, where he had been well known as one of the leading young men about town. Johnny Sylvester had met with some unexpected misfortune that had sent him a little bit off his head; then he had taken to religion, and had ended by renouncing the pomps and vanities of this world; and never content to do things by halves, had "chucked the whole

shop," as they elegantly said, and gone in for the Roman Catholic priesthood. It is probable that no human soul knew the real reason of the young man's conversion; some of his present friends thought that his was one of those natures which sooner or later must fling aside the "childish things" of life, and come face to face with God's truth like Saul of old, Augustine and Ignatius. Be that as it may, the commotion caused by his conversion died out; it had been like a stone cast into the waters of London life—there had been barely time for it to make a ripple on the surface before the stream hurried by. It was not by means of his rather sensational renunciation that he was destined to move men; it was his personal influence that his superiors began to find was a potent factor in the conversion of many wavering souls about this time. He had thrown himself into the new life with twice the fervour he had expended on the past; he had the sort of iron will with which we credit the great conquerors, from Cæsar downwards, and the power of imposing his ideas on other people and of making them see with his eyes, not against their will but with it.

Gilbert Black had run up against him on the Perth platform, and they had dined together in the interval allowed at that station for dinner. As long as it lasted, Gilbert was hardly able to take his eyes off his neighbour; he felt that opportunities of studying a man who had renounced everything worth having and become a Roman Catholic priest for no particular reason, must necessarily be limited.

Father Sylvester was steadily engaged with his dinner while Gilbert Black mentally took stock of him. His physical qualities first occupied the sculptor's attention; he noticed with astonishment that in spite of what he imagined to be an effeminate way of life, his friend's muscles did not seem much relaxed since they had been the pride of his "house" at Harrow. His practised eye told him that hands of that stamp meant arms with sinews "strong as iron bands," and

involuntarily he bent forward as if to touch the strong, well-shaped wrists. Father Sylvester looked up, and, catching his eye, turned back the somewhat rusty sleeve about half an inch, and laughed.

"I believe they haven't yet lost all their cunning," he said.

"I should like to model them for my Sampson Agonistes! I should like to model you, Sylvester, if you would let me."

"I haven't much time at my disposal, I am afraid. But I should like to see your studio; where is it?"

"Oh, up Regent's Park way, you know; you must come and see my diggings there, its only a studio and a lobby, but you'd like the view if nothing else. Did I tell you I was engaged to be married?" Gilbert brought this out as an after-thought; he was rather nervous and began to wish he had not met Sylvester; he was not sure what he ought to talk about. He had a vague idea that the priest would like an elevated style of conversation, and he did not see how it could be done. If he had not been in the same house and received so many black eyes from him at Harrow, and known so much that was not edifying about him, it might have been easier: as it was he followed up Sylvester's congratulations by saying:

"Oh, yes, I shall be awfully happy. She is a charming girl, Miss Rae is her name—Miriam Rae—a good deal younger than I am—we shall live in London, I think, and travel about a great deal, I hope. I have made a good deal since I saw you, and Miss Rae has her own money. She has no relations living to speak of, only an aunt, a Mrs. Carlow, a sort of society woman and all that, don't you know? and Miriam does not care for that sort of thing a little bit. It is rather rot you know, the way they go at it now, worse than in your days, I really think. But perhaps one was young then and thought every maid an angel and every man a friend (is not there some sort of saying like that?) But I beg pardon, I don't suppose all this interests you: a fellow likes to prose about himself——"

"Quite right too, it interests me immensely. Every thing has changed so much for us both, and I should like to hear about your work and prospects."

"Oh, as to work, it's my life, simply. I could not exist without it, it keeps one going, it's an interest too in this dull world—not so dull either, I don't know why I abuse it, it has treated me pretty well! I've had several strokes of fortune this year, first and foremost, of course, my engagement to Miss Rae. I wish you knew her, Sylvester, she is quite unlike any one else. She's one of the most beautiful women of the day from an artistic point of view (so it's not *my* idea) and she hasn't one ounce of vanity! there's nothing small about her, a downright sterling character, and that you don't often meet in a woman at any rate."

"Really? I'm very glad to hear you say this; religious, I suppose you mean?"

"Oh, yes, of course—that is, I suppose so. Oh, of course, she must be. But I am sure I bore you."

Gilbert stopped abruptly. It was not at all in his way to discourse on Miss Rae's perfections or anything connected with her, to his acquaintances; the subject was too sacred for that, and he did not know what made him do so, led him quite out of himself, to this comparative stranger.

"You don't bore me, I tell you, my dear fellow. What is to interest a man's friends if his marriage doesn't?"

"Everyone doesn't think that about another man's marriage," said Gilbert and paused. Then looking across the table some impulse, perhaps he thought of 'the pity of it' all, prompted him, setting aside the tact by which he was usually ruled, to exclaim:

"Talking of marriage, you know, Sylvester, I always thought you would have married that Miss Falconer," naming a well-known society woman, who had married simply and solely for money some years before.

Father Sylvester replaced his glass on the table before answering.

"Ah well, you see, I didn't," was all he said. If

Black had expected to see any signs of emotion on the calm, strong face before him he was disappointed. Whatever earthly passions had formerly swayed the priest's soul, they had left no trace whatsoever but an unfailing kindness and indulgence for the weakness of others.

Among the faces at the tables under the glaring gas burners, it seemed to Gilbert that the priest's face, with its unconscious power and piercing eyes that one yet felt to be kind, was invested with a dignity and peace that the triviality of the surroundings could not affect. Just then there was a movement towards the train; an awkward pause, as far as Gilbert was concerned, succeeded his last remark, so he rose with alacrity as the bell rang for travellers to take their places. The two men agreed to travel south together, and the conversation turned at once on religion: for Gilbert could not keep his thoughts from wandering that way as long as he was with this strange man who had sacrificed so much for its sake. Sylvester always avoided forcing the subject on his friends, but was nevertheless pleased to discuss it with them. Gilbert had known a good many Catholics, and had vague leanings, in his serious moments, towards Catholicism. Before they settled to sleep for the night, he had agreed to go and see Father Sylvester in London and meanwhile to read several books which the latter recommended as likely to throw light on the subjects they had been discussing.

Gilbert Black had just alighted at Father Sylvester's door. He was shown into a room which was unæsthetic to the last degree, and jarred terribly on the sculptor's nerves. There were four or five straw bottomed chairs against the walls, and a square table in the middle of the room, with an ink-stained cover. A loudly-ticking clock stood on the mantelpiece; and on each side of it were two statues under glass cases; while the only decorations that the wall could boast were some pious prints in deal frames, and a map of England worked in crewels, the master-piece of some school child past or present.

II.

Gilbert took a book from the table, but as it proved to be a Latin grammar he replaced it and took refuge in the window, which overlooked an old-fashioned garden just hidden from view by a row of straight elms, through which the sunset shone gold and saffron and purple, making the dusty trees resemble a forest lit by tropical fires. The noises of the street came faint and distant. So where Gilbert stood, a feeling of great peace stole into his heart and it seemed to him that a spirit of rest inhabited the humble house. "I did not know there was such a spot as this in London," he said, turning to greet Father Sylvester as he entered.

"It is wonderful, is it not? so quiet it might be the country. In summer those trees look like a thick wood of foliage, and one gets glimpses of a charming garden laid out with all sorts of old-fashioned flowers, and a sun-dial in a bower of roses."

There was a pause after this. Gilbert Black was absent-minded; he nodded at random in answer to the priest's remarks: and the latter, who saw at once that some motive beyond the promise made in Scotland had brought the man to his house, waited a moment to give him time to collect his ideas.

Father Sylvester had the rather rare tact of never reproaching people for not going to see him; if any one came who ought to have done so before, he never appeared to notice the neglect. This policy, the result of charity and tact combined, had helped to make him a very popular man. Gilbert Black felt grateful on this occasion that no allusion was made to his tardy arrival, nevertheless he felt some excuse was needed.

"I have been prevented so often from coming to see you," he said, "my work and one thing and another seem to have taken up all my time."

"Do not heap coals of fire on my head," answered the priest, "I believe I promised to look you up at your studio, you know."

"Well, I have often wanted to come here, but first

one thing——The truth is," he said abruptly, "I have been thinking a good deal of what we talked about in the train, do you remember? coming from Perth. I believe a man thinks more of these things when he is going to be married, for before I cannot say it occupied my mind very much: one religion was as good as another, but the old one seemed the most respectable."

"Which do you call the old one?" said Father Sylvester with a slight smile.

"Well (granting your argument about yours being the oldest), I mean the religion one's people belonged to, that consisted mostly in the family pew and all that."

"I suppose some people do consider us rather disreputable, but we bear up under it pretty well, don't you think? But seriously, of course you can't expect me to agree about sticking to the religion one was born in."

"Oh, no—you, Sylvester! you are one of the heroic sort—there is nothing to smile at in that, I suppose a fellow who gives up all you did on religious grounds—mistaken or otherwise—may be called heroic. But if I could once get at your first reason for doing it, upon my word I'd do it too, I really believe I would, because after all if one is married and one of the two doesn't believe in God and the other doesn't know what he believes, it's a bad look-out for the next generation. You at least have something to hold on to; you know how far you can go, and I begin to believe you have the Truth."

Gilbert Black always said more than he meant in the priest's presence; it was as if some secret influence forced him to utter his most hidden thoughts; he had now practically revealed the state of Miriam Rae's belief, which he had had no intention of doing. Father Sylvester let it pass for the moment; Gilbert had challenged his reasons for becoming a Catholic, and he felt he must neglect nothing to help this struggling soul into the right path. It was distasteful to him to speak of his own feelings, he had that English peculiarity in an aggravated form—but for the good cause he would do violence to himself.

"My principal reason, my dear fellow? Simply it was the one thing I could do, it was the one way open to me. I need not explain how it came about but, I got to know, vaguely at first and then more fully, what the Catholic religion was, and once a man knows the Truth,—a *man* I say—he must follow it. And then the peace, my dear Gilbert, the peace after the 'seven devils' of that last year of mine in the army, and the struggle against oneself (you know what I mean) that one has! I would not choose a different life than the priesthood, from a human point of view, even if I could live a hundred years. What did I get out of my life before? An unutterable disgust of myself even more than the things which disgusted me of myself, if you understand what I mean. And such a weariness of the flesh! I can safely say that, from one cause and another, I was as near suicide at the time I became a Catholic, as any one can be in this life."

"Yes, but," said the sculptor, "supposing you had not been in quite such a bad way, and you had been about to be married to someone you liked, and all that, would you have changed over?"

"It depends, of course," said the priest slowly: "I might never, in that case, have known the Truth, I might have vegetated on, who can tell?"

"So it was just abstract love of Truth?" said Gilbert Black, still groping his way, as it were.

"Well, not exactly. Catholicism appealed to me; I had a passionate reaction against the 'old paths' which Jeremias spoke of, and I caught almost despairingly at what was most contrary to them, most elevated and rigid: I had been almost stifled before—with roses if you will, but stifling by any means, even roses, is not a happy situation; so I became a Catholic. And then I went to Palestine, and it seemed to me when I stood in the Holy Places, that anything a man can do is nothing, absolutely nothing, after what was done there for him. I think," he continued quickly, "if you had a friend, a mere man like yourself even, who had suffered and died—that death of all others—for you and yours,

think what you would feel if you were taken to the very spot where he had been scourged for your sake, if you had seen the gates where he had fallen under a cross borne for your sins, if you had prayed as I did at the foot of the tree where he had knelt desolate and forsaken of God? Could you have gone your way rejoicing after that?" Father Sylvester stopped abruptly: it occurred to him that the question might appeal less to Gilbert Black than it did to himself.

"Of course I've never been there," said Gilbert, "but I can't say it ever struck me in that light. I am afraid there is more of the earth, earthly, in me than in you, Sylvester. But I have always felt that religion was necessary to us at any rate, and since our conversation in the train I have thought a good deal about it. I have read those books you gave me, and it seems to me the doctrine is far more rational than what I have learnt of ours. Everyone must know too that a man like your Augustine was not a fool, but knew what he was talking of, and the same may be said of Aquinas and the others, I suppose. But there are some things I can't quite accept, I must think more about them; confession for one."

"Ah, yes! I expected that, it generally is a stumbling-block. Patience!" added the priest, with a kind smile and a shrug of his shoulders.

"Anyhow," said Gilbert, "supposing I was convinced, and all that, of the good of changing my faith, there are others I should have to consult."

"Isn't it a rather personal matter?"

"Quite so, but I meant Miss Rae: she surely has a right to know and to advise me?"

"From your description of her I should say she would be the last person to interfere in a matter of conscience."

"You see, I don't quite know what her convictions are; I think they must be better than she herself imagines, otherwise they are distinctly unorthodox."

"What do you *think* Miss Rae would do?"

"Impossible to say! It depends how she takes it.

If I had anything to lose by it, money or position, I am sure she would urge me to it and stick to me through thick and thin. Her great idea about a man is that he should do great things, morally or otherwise. But again she may think it pure eccentricity, and refuse to marry a man who could believe in the Real Presence and all that She is rather an *esprit-fort*, I am afraid. I almost think she would break off our engagement, and that would go hard with me, and it would be a hundred to one against my giving her up!"

"Well, men have given up, not greater things because there is nothing greater to renounce, but as great, before now. But I trust that trial won't fall to you. It is highly natural that a brilliant girl such as you describe, clever, highly educated, but totally unrestrained by any guiding influence, should fling aside the poor trammels of the Protestant religion and take refuge in freethought. She will not be happy there for long, mark me, she will soon follow your example."

"If I give it!" Gilbert answered rising. "Well, I ought to be going, I must think all this over. I believe you have converted me, Sylvester, but I can't decide in a hurry." As the door shut, the priest turned to the crucifix that hung conspicuously on the white-washed wall, and bowing his head he prayed that one more soul might be brought to the marriage-feast, and that the man who had just quitted him might not be tried beyond his strength.

III.

Mrs. Carlow was Miriam Rae's aunt by marriage. She had a small but charmingly furnished house in Charles Street, and had great gifts as a society woman. She was an American, and a widow of some years standing, with a good deal of money; which she spent, partly in London and partly abroad, to her own and her friends' satisfaction. She dressed well and

entertained as largely as her rooms would allow her. People were always amused at her house and wanted to be asked there again. Her drawing room was small and crowded with all sorts of bric-a-brac, and was a terror to men; but the hostess was so lively, and you met such charming people there, that her friends crowded her little room day after day. She was considered a most interesting woman; she had a slight American accent, and pale golden hair and grey-blue eyes that entitled her to pass as pretty, and she was one of the few in her set of whom no one was ever heard to say an unkind word. She did not look older than her niece, and the two got on very well, owing to a system of each going her own way though living under the same roof. They found it an excellent plan; it looked well for Mrs. Carlow to be occasionally accompanied by Miriam, who was always willing to be useful. They often drove down to the country together on Sundays, and when Mrs. Carlow was in they spent the evenings together.

They had, of course, totally different tastes, so did not interfere with each other; and perpetual peace reigned in the little house. Mrs. Carlow had the vaguest notions as to her niece's religious belief. As to herself she had been well brought up, and said her prayers of an evening; that is to say, she meandered agreeably through a certain formula, thinking of other things, and was invariably surprised to find herself at the end of her prayers when she got there. She had no great spiritual needs or aspirations, and this ceremony satisfied her conscience.

The day after Gilbert's interview with Father Sylvester he was to dine with Mrs. Carlow and Miriam. As the latter was going to remain alone at home he was uncertain how long he might stay after dinner, so he had come early, and she had been in the drawing-room when he arrived. He had almost at once told her that he was thinking of becoming a Catholic; he felt the time for telling her this could no longer be delayed. Miriam had taken the announcement coolly, merely

asking his reasons for the change, and saying she was surprised and must think it over. "Do you know young Fennimore is dining here to night?" she said, changing the subject abruptly, "my aunt is going to take him with her to the Gaiety, a lot of them are going together. It is a first night I believe, but I don't care for that sort of play. That must be Mr. Fennimore's ring. Aunt Lina is always late: it is so rude, I think!"

"Ah, how do you do? You don't know Mr. Black? My aunt will be down in a moment; she came in late, and it is rather difficult to be ready for these early dinners. Ah, here she is!"

Gilbert was secretly annoyed at Miriam's calm commonplaces, coming directly after his serious avowals, and shook hands gloomily with Mrs. Carlow, who came in apologetic but calm, in spite of her late appearance. They went down to dinner, and for some reason it occurred to Gilbert to contrast the softest carpeted stairs with the austere abode he had seen the day before; the old tapestries, the rare plants and flowers, and the shaded lights, compared strangely with the picture in his mind. There was a fernery half way up the stairs with a fountain in it and lounging chairs, where Miriam and Mrs. Carlow sat sometimes of an evening, "What a haven of rest that must be!" Mr. Fennimore said as they passed it.

"Well, I am not often admitted," Miriam answered carelessly: she was thinking of Gilbert's scruples, not of what she said. "It is sacred to my aunt and a few privileged people, men mostly, I believe."

"How flippant you are," said Mrs. Carlow. "I can't understand you, Miriam; I don't pretend to like women better than men and I can't think why you do. I should think you would like men ever so much more. I'm sure they are ever so much more intellectual than women, and you think so much of that. I don't see how you don't like them."

"I don't dislike men in the abstract more than women, but it just depends. You see *you* are so clever

you get on with every one; perhaps it is a case of sour grapes."

Mrs. Carlow laughed; it took a good deal to ruffle her soft plumage. She could not see why Miriam need take life so seriously; to her it was a charming time whose only drawback was its shortness. If it could only last as it was for ever!

"I always admire the discretion of your table-lights," Gilbert said to change the subject, which he considered too intimate for dinner, "but why so discreet to-night? Surely, we four at least are young and beautiful, and have no wrinkles to conceal."

"It harmonizes with the room," said Miriam, looking round at the oak panelling and the carved ceiling: "the dim religious light is for art, not vanity."

"Besides, however young we are we look better in a subdued light; I don't care to have my dinner under a glaring electric-burner, one might as well be at a restaurant," said their hostess.

"I thought all American ladies liked electricity, and restaurants especially," said Fennimore.

"Well, I like everything in its place; in Paris I like that sort of thing, certainly. But you had better not mention America. Imagine, Gilbert, that Mr. Fennimore had never heard of Beacon Street till I told him it was in Boston?"

"I know now at any rate, and I promise never to forget again, but it is not kind of you to betray me like that, is it, Miss Rae?"

Miriam smiled and said nothing, but Fennimore, who thought she seemed a little bit out in the cold, asked her why she was not going to the play.

"I don't like the Gaiety plays: I'm so stupid that I cannot see the jokes."

"That's because you never go," said Gilbert Black. "If you went often enough you would know them by heart, and you would find it quite easy."

"Now don't you two begin to be sarcastic," said Mrs. Carlow, "at any rate why not come to the Jones's dance? I would come back for you," she added good-naturedly.

"Ah! yes, do," said Fennimore, who had just set down his champagne glass and felt invigorated, "I have never forgotten that waltz at the Grasshire ball."

"That was years ago; I have given up dancing since. If I came to-night I should talk to Mr. Black all the time, and I can do that as well at home."

"That comes of being too complimentary," said Mrs. Carlow, laughing; "it's evident you don't know my niece, the ruder people are the more she likes them!"

"That's why she gets on with me, I suppose!" said Gilbert, in parenthesis.

"While I go out," said Mrs. Carlow, ignoring him, "those two stay at home and read unheard of books, and discuss the most wearisome things you can imagine, and I satisfy my conscience by sending my dear old nurse down to chaperon them. It looks well and amuses Phoebe, she likes a nap in the back drawing-room."

"My aunt is a most conscientious person, I assure you, but I flatly disobey her as a rule—witness the hours I spend at the studio. I find the only way is to defy her openly, she is too much afraid of me to retaliate. Besides I threaten to turn the tables on her."

"I only wish you would; I never can get you to go anywhere with me, I am sure it looks quite dreadful the way I appear to neglect you."

"Oh, people know I am eccentric, don't they, Gilbert? I don't know if you know it's eight o'clock, and you havn't had coffee. I am going to have mine in my room; you have never seen my room, have you, Mr. Fennimore? Some day I must show it to you. My aunt calls it 'just lovely' since she and Mr. Black put their heads together and decorated it on the last artistic principles."

"It's all her own taste," said Mrs. Carlow, "and quite right too, one's room ought to be like oneself, a key to one's individuality, I think."

"A key to individuality?" said Gilbert Black. "Do you mean that a beautiful woman ought to have a

beautiful room and vice-versa? that would be hard on the plain ones."

"How silly!" said Miriam, "beauty is not individuality."

"And besides, there are no ugly women," put in Gilbert, "so the theory falls to the ground."

"It wasn't a theory, only a question," said the hostess, rising. "I think I must get my cloak, it is quite time to start."

Miriam led the way to her little boudoir, where the candles were already flaring in their red shades and casting a glare over the room. She sat down beside the low oriental table on which the coffee was placed, and handed Gilbert his cup in silence. He looked down at her once or twice as he stood with his back to the fire, but she was preoccupied and did not notice him.

"Sit down there," she said at last, pointing to a seat, "and don't talk to me yet: you may smoke, but I want to be quiet a few minutes, I could not think properly at dinner."

He took a cigarette from the box she always kept for him, and opened the window to let the smoke escape; it seemed profanity to smoke otherwise in Miriam's sanctum.

She took up a book, but did not attempt to read; for about ten minutes he sat silent, and began a second cigarette before she spoke.

"About your becoming a Catholic," Miriam said, abruptly. "I have looked at it in every light and I don't think I like it much. But tell me first, are you serious?"

"Quite," said Gilbert, rather annoyed at the question. Miriam took a flower from a vase on the table and put it in her dress before answering. That also annoyed him; why could not she speak at once on so important a matter?

"Quite serious," he repeated, "I always have thought it was the one religion, if there was any at all."

"Ah! and you think there is one?"

"I can't doubt it, my dear girl, and I can't believe

that in your heart of hearts you really doubt it either, it is the one thing that raises us above the level of animals."

"I should have thought that intellect did that apart from religion."

"I daresay you could soon trip me up, my dear Miriam; but I will lend you some of the books I have been reading lately, if you will read them? They will tell you what I cannot."

"Thanks. And who lent them to you, if I may ask?"

"That man I told you of, Sylvester. I told you all this before."

"Not about the books, I think," she answered coldly. "And will you think it necessary to confess your sins and receive the sacrament and to wear medals and all that?"

"Certainly; if I do anything at all I shall not do it by halves."

"Ah, well, don't let us argue about it, it may be right and it may not, but this much I think: if we differ on so essential a point we can never be united as I think we ought to be if we marry; do not let us decide to-night. If this is to be our last evening together let us have a happy memory of it. When you have absolutely decided to be a Catholic let me know, and then I think it will be wiser for us to separate. No, don't Gilbert, don't move; and above all don't argue with me, you know you cannot move me! But I hope, I do hope, you will be able to give up this religious scruple—for my sake."

It was the first time that Miriam had ever spoken to him in that way: her voice was low and sweet as she pleaded with him, the ice of her reserve had melted and he saw her for the first time as she really was. As she looked into his eyes with something like love in her glance he felt the first thrill of passionate love he had ever felt for her. The sensation intoxicated him, the subtle perfume of the room with its heavy scent of flowers seemed going to his head, the furni-

ture appeared to be turning round him, and though he was so close to Miriam that the flounces of her white dress touched his foot, he saw her and the strange fire in her eyes dimly and as in a mist. He felt that his only safety lay in flight, he half staggered to his feet.

"It is not fair, Miriam," he said hurriedly, "it is not fair on a man:" but she continued to look up at him and a wave of magnetism seemed to pass from her to him.

"You are not like yourself to tempt me; I shall leave you now, at once. I will write to you."

She sprang to her feet holding out her hands to him, but he was gone ignoring her, and she heard him go downstairs slowly and as if uncertain of his actions. Then the hall door shut and she knew he would not come back to her. His unfinished coffee still stood on the little table by her side, and the ashes of his cigarette had fallen on her carpet. For the first time she felt a pang at his departure, and realized the void he might make in her life.

She went to the long mirror between the two windows of her boudoir and looked critically at herself, as one would do who is not used to the sight of her own face in the glass.

"Yes! he is a strong man," she said at length. "At least, I think he is."

She drew her chair close to the fire, and for a long while she sat silent, gazing into the depths of the glowing coals. Then she rose suddenly and went to her writing table, and opening her blotter she wrote steadily till she had covered several sheets with her firm, small writing. Her letter was to a girl whose photograph stood on the table before her, next to Gilbert Black's. She was a school friend with whom Miriam had been so intimate that, for the first year after leaving school, she had written to her every week. During that time they had exchanged promises to the effect that whatever event of great importance happened to one, was to be told to the other with full

details. It was a rash promise, but their friendship was a rare one, both girls being rather different from their fellows; their friendship had not cooled with time, but as they had never met, their letters had of necessity got rarer, so much so, that Miriam had not written since announcing her engagement to Gilbert Black.

"Dear Madeleine," she wrote, without any preamble,

"Your few lines about my engagement did not in the least deceive me as to your opinion on the matter; you thought I was not as much in love with Mr. Black as I ought to have been with my future husband and so you wrote those few lines, too kind not to write at all and too honest to say more. You see I know you well. At the time I put your note aside and answered not at all, but now I feel I must tell you the truth. I am at what we agreed to call a crisis in my life and our old promise (sealed by how many vows?) comes back to me to-night.

"I have always respected Mr. Black, and liked him more than any man I knew. You know I was always ambitious, though not of social honours, and I wanted to marry a man who would make his mark and be famous. Gilbert is on the high road to fame, I believe, so for all these reasons I agreed to marry him. I know too that, unlike some others, he did not want my money; we should have got on very well, he is devoted to me, our tastes would not have clashed and I had made up my mind to be content with this (to me) quite platonic state of affairs. But the other day it occurred to him to inquire into my religion; you know how much we learnt of that at school, and my opinions on the subject have developed since then. I have read Comte and all that set, and my old tendencies to absolute freedom in these matters are now fixed ideas. But Gilbert is a man of high ideals, and wants his wife to be perfection in everything, so that was the little rift within the lute for us two. However, it passed off and I imagined he had dismissed the subject from his mind when to my great surprise, what do you think he told me this evening? That he had been thinking of it for

months past. He is going to become a Roman Catholic! I remember how much you admired that religion, and I myself do not object to it. If I could believe in anything it might be in that. But I cannot say a Credo of any sort. I cannot believe that an all-powerful Being who is good, could allow the suffering I see everywhere to go on. Better never to have existed than to suffer as some do. And then the suffering of children and animals, is that beneficial to a God who could stop it all in one moment? You know what I think about this question in fact. But Gilbert is different, he was differently brought up, and it is evidently a matter of conscience to him, so I should prefer him to act as he believes best. Nevertheless I told him that if he persisted in his determination I could not marry him. I have never given him credit for an enormous amount of strength of character, so I imagined he would, at least, show signs of wavering and finally give it up altogether. But he remained firm. His resistance made me determined to conquer him at any cost, I felt very base for I saw it was evidently a case of right and wrong with him, but I wanted so to break his will. Madeleine, if you could have seen me, I was like Delilah trying to take his strength and manhood from him, but he was stronger than I. I had found my master, which I had never done before (you know my good opinion of myself), and I felt I could love him as a woman ought to love the man she gives her life to. Still I told him to let me know his final decision, and I am so frightened now that he may give in to me, and shatter my newly erected idol. I feel as if my fate hung in the balance, my esteem for Gilbert does at any rate; if there is a God, I ask Him to help Gilbert resist me. If he does I will get him to tell me what fascination he finds in this religion; it must be a powerful one.

"If he fails I will not marry him, for I could not look up to him; I shall be an old maid in that case, for I have seen the man I would have loved. Don't laugh at me, Madeleine; it is deadly earnest to me. You do

not know how I worship strength in a man, that is perhaps what makes me think so many people insipid. Perhaps I am narrow-minded. It is time I stopped, I am beginning to prose hopelessly. How about yourself? Are you still alone with your uncle in that lonely Yorkshire house? And is he any better? You must write and tell me all about your self soon. Pray for me, Madeleine, in some occult way I believe it will do me good! I think I am getting superstitious instead of religious, but I am so nervous about this affair

"Good bye my dear!

"Always your sincere friend,

"MIRIAM RAE."

In spite of the calmness with which Miriam thus sat down and dissected her inmost feelings in the hour of what she herself called a "crisis of her life," she passed a terrible night; she felt her future to be at stake; for the first time in her self-contained existence she knew what other men and women know of love; with her every feeling was always intensified and she fell into a state of feverish unrest and it was impossible to sleep. Towards day-break she closed her eyes at last and slept till late in the morning. All that day she felt too languid to go out or to do much but sit still in her room. Mrs. Carlow was out of town so she was absolutely free to let her thoughts wander as they would among the events of the day before and probabilities of the morrow. Towards tea-time she got restless, and expectant of either seeing or hearing from Gilbert, the suspense seemed to get unbearable and suddenly she felt she could not wait much longer. At last at about six o'clock a note was brought to her from him. She tore the envelope to pieces in her haste.

"Dear Miriam," he said—

"I left you last night suddenly, and rudely as it must have seemed to you, because I felt I might make some rash promise. I am afraid I must tell you I

cannot give up my idea of joining the Catholic Church. I told you all my reasons at length yesterday, it would only waste your time to repeat them. To you it must seem incomprehensible that I can do this in spite of you, but I cannot go back now I know the truth. You do not love me, I know, so I am glad to think you will be spared what I have gone through since I saw you; you have never understood my deep affection for you, and I myself never realized it till now that I am obliged to renounce your love.

"It is only now that I have recovered manliness enough to write you to say this, for I know your word is law and that you will not change your decision of last night. This letter is disjointed and will not convey much of what I feel to you; if notwithstanding this you have anything to say to me send word by the bearer and I will come to you at once. If not it will be better for me at any rate not to say good-bye to you and it will be kind of you to spare me the pain of seeing you.

"I am thinking of going over myself to Paris with 'Circe.'

"GILBERT BLACK."

Miriam stood so long a time with the letter lying open in her hand, forgetful of all about her, that the servant came back to know if there was an answer, the messenger could not wait.

"Tell him he must wait," said Miriam, "and come back in two minutes."

She re-read her letter slowly, then taking a pencil from the table she underlined the words: "You do not love me, I know," and put a point of interrogation after the "know": then she folded the sheet and wrote: "Come at once, please," under his name, directed an envelope and sealed it with her own seal and despatched it. And then she sat down to wait for him.

ANOTHER MEXICAN MYTH.*

BY THE

REV. HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

THE controversial conscience of certain of our Protestant friends at home, as many of us have occasion to know, is strangely and wonderfully made. That the methods of missionary propaganda abroad should follow in the same lines can afford little ground for astonishment, save for the eminence of the ecclesiastics who indirectly sanction them. Those of my readers who may have followed a recent discussion upon walled-up nuns will appreciate the reliance to be placed upon the statements of the agents of Protestant Societies in Catholic countries. In the present pamphlet I propose to give some account of a companion fable, not this time about convents but about the Inquisition. It is of particular interest as appearing under the auspices of Señor Cabrera, lately consecrated Protestant Bishop for Spain by Archbishop Plunket of Dublin.

The Reformed Episcopal Church of Spain has for some years past justified the special favour in which it is held by Lord Plunket and his supporters by two separate achievements. It possesses in the first place a liturgy of its own and secondly a literary organ. The liturgy is contained in a small crown octavo volume which was first printed in Spanish in 1882 and of which a translation appeared in the same year by a Mr. R. Stewart Clough—the reader is asked kindly to remember the name—introduced by a preface from the pen of Lord Plunket, then Bishop of Meath†. The literary

* See *The Myth of the Walled-up Nun*. By the same author, C.T.S., 1d.

† *The Divine Offices and Administration of the Sacraments and the other Formularies of the Reformed Episcopal Churches of Spain and Portugal*. Translated in a condensed form by R. Stewart Clough, with an Introduction by Lord Plunket, Bishop of Meath, Dublin. Hodges, Figgis, & Co. 1882. In the second edition printed in 1894 Archbishop Plunket's Preface and Mr. Clough's translation still appear side by side without any substantial change.

organ is a fortnightly periodical called *La Luz*. It is not a journal which impresses the reader with any great sense of financial prosperity. It consists of twelve octavo pages without a single advertisement, but with a notification on the cover, that bundles of 25 copies may be obtained at reduced rates. The Editor is understood to be Señor Cabrera himself; in any case he has always contributed largely to its pages.

Now in December 1893 there appeared in this periodical an article under the singularly appropriate title *Recuerdo de Infamia*—Memorial of Shame, professing to print the authentic official records connected with a trial before the Mexican Inquisition in which a girl accused of neglecting to hear Mass on Sunday was tortured, sentenced and finally burnt alive. The whole of this article was translated from *La Luz* into English by Mr. R. Stewart Clough, who describes himself as "Organising Secretary of the Church Association," and published with appropriate comments in *The English Churchman*, Dec. 28, 1893. It affords such an admirable specimen of the sort of evidence from which Englishmen form their idea of the tribunal of the Inquisition that it shall be set down here without abridgement. I will venture however first of all to make a few preliminary remarks about Inquisition records in general.

There is a strange but very widely-spread misconception, by no means confined to the illiterate or the uncritical, that the Inquisition, and all things relating to it, are shrouded in an impenetrable veil of mystery. As a matter of fact, nothing could be further from the truth. There is no contemporary tribunal in Europe which is so completely known to us. Putting out of the question such older works as Eymeric's *Directorium Inquisitorum* or Guido's *Practica*, there is sufficient information in Henner's *Beiträge zur Organisation der päpstlichen Ketzergerichte*, published in 1890, to reorganize the whole procedure to-morrow. For those who will really take the trouble to investigate even printed sources, the Inquisition has hardly any secrets. Never was there a tribunal whose records were kept with such laborious

patience, or with such undeviating adherence to legal formalities. If so many of the Inquisition documents still remain unprinted, it is precisely because their stupendous bulk and their tediousness are such that no private enterprise of scholar or publisher can hope to find remuneration for the expense and labour needed to give them to the press. People seem to imagine that all the Spanish records were destroyed when Llorente committed to the flames the bulk of the MSS. of the Inquisition of Seville. No doubt many have perished, but so many remain that their mass is simply overwhelming. In the *Archivo General Central* at Alcalà de Henares, there are preserved four thousand processes, with five thousand genealogies, all belonging to the Inquisition of Toledo*. They fill four hundred and ninety-eight portfolios, and six hundred and eighty-four other portfolios in the same collection are occupied with the documents of the Inquisition of Valencia. Again, Inquisition records of various kinds are to be found in almost every country of Europe. There are a heap of original papers belonging to the Roman Inquisition, some of them bearing the autograph signature of St. Charles Borromeo, which have found their way into the library of Trinity College, Dublin. Other documents, again, are to be met with among the Egerton MSS. at the British Museum, and in the Bodleian at Oxford. The public libraries of the south of France abound with them. There are papers of this sort in Germany, *e.g.*, at Halle, some as far north as Copenhagen, and multitudes in the cities of Italy. The series of records in many of the great Inquisition centres of Spanish America, such as Mexico, Lima, and Santiago, are almost complete. Many of them, no doubt, have found their way into private hands, as in the case of the collections of General Riva Palacio and Mr. David Fergusson, but for any one who should lay himself out to investigate this particular branch of ecclesiastical history, as for instance the Protestant

* Julio Melgares Marin, *Procedimientos de la Inquisicion*, vol. ii. p. 453. Madrid, 1886.

Mr. H. C. Lea has done, there is enough easily accessible material to occupy a life-time of research.

And now, although the bulk of the unprinted documents must enormously exceed those that have seen the light, yet the number of those that have been edited is not small. The reader may be spared an enumeration, though I give some references in a note*. Suffice it to say that Inquisition records have been printed in almost every European language and almost every country where the tribunal existed. Even where the documents have not been published *in extenso*, there have not been wanting writers who, like Mr. Lea, have browsed here and there among the different collections and worked up the tit-bits into an agreeably scandalous chronicle for the edification of a non-Catholic public.

It will be understood, then, from what has been said, that anyone who at this time of day should publish an authentic "Process" of the Holy Office would not be exactly acting the part of a pioneer in a hitherto unexplored country. Such documents are well known and understood, and they may be found translated in whole or in part in most European languages. However, the "Process" published by Mr. R. Stewart Clough is in many respects so curious that it certainly deserves the attention of the reader. I make no excuse then

* Medina, J. T; *Historia del Tribunal del S. Oficio en Chile*. Two vols. Santiago, 1890: *Historia del Tribunal del S. Oficio de la Inquisicion de Lima*. Vol. i. Santiago. 1887.—Riva Palacio *México á través de los Siglos*, vol. ii. pp. 401—431.—Molinier *L'Inquisition dans le Midi de la France*.—Guidonis, *Practica Inquisitionis*. Ed. Douais—*Corpus Documentorum Inquisitionis* (in Dutch). The Hague, 1889.—Marin, *Procedimientos de la Inquisicion*, 2 vols.—F. J. Rodrigo, *Historia Verdadera de la Inquisicion*, Madrid 1877, 3 Vols.—Menendez y Pelayo, *Historia de los Heterodoxos Españoles*, Madrid 1880 2 Vols.—F. Fita, S.J. in the *Boletin de la real Academia de la Historia*, October, 1893. &c.—Karl Benrath has published the contents of the Dublin MSS. both in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* for 1877 and in the *Rivista Cristiana* (Florence) for 1880.—H. C. Lea. *History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages*, Three vols. 1888; and *Chapters of Religious History*, &c., 1890.

for printing it entire and uncorrected, exactly as it stands in *The English Churchman* (Dec. 28, 1893), the Editor's brief word of introduction included.

"THE INQUISITION IN MEXICO IN 1652.

"Mr. R. Stewart Clough, organizing secretary of the Church Association, sends us the following, which will be perused with awe-inspired interest by our readers.

"The following 'Process' appeared in the last number of *La Luz*, published in Madrid, two copies of which are in my possession. I have never seen an entire 'Process' before, and do not think there is one in the English language*. The Editor knows that no Spanish ecclesiastic would call its authenticity into question, but rather that the prelates of the Roman Church would defend the action of the Inquisition. It is nothing uncommon to read in Spanish Church journals, of the ardent hope that the Holy Office may soon be re-established. With the walls of the Inquisition still standing in Seville (I have seen them many a time) and in the city of Mexico; with the awful records yet to be found in La Lonja at Seville, and among the archives at Simancas, who but an English Protestant, who happily has never known the meaning of religious persecution, would doubt whether such deeds could have taken place? To excuse such atrocities on the ground that the times were cruel, is really like trying to whitewash Satan himself.

"True the times were cruel, and human life was cheap; but who made them so? Who poured out human lives like water in her craving for power over the bodies and souls of men? But the Inquisition still exists. If public burnings do not now take place in our market places; if young women like poor María Verástegui are no longer stretched upon the rack, and burnt, for absence from Mass; it is thanks to Gospel enlightenment

[* Some *Records of the Inquisition*, certainly authentic, were published even in Boston, U. S. A., as far back as 1828. Mr. Gibbings also published several of the Dublin processes somewhere in the fifties.]

and Protestant institutions—no thanks to Rome. Like the moon, always changing, but *semper eadem*, Rome alters her face; her heart never."

[TRANSLATION.] *

1 †.

"Process of the Inquisition of Mexico against María Verástegui, twenty-two years of age for Heresey.

"In the Holy name of God: We denounce to his Excellency Lic. Don Bernabé de la Higuera y Amarillos, Lord Fiscal Inquisitor of the Holy office, María Verástegui, twenty-two years of age, daughter of Don Rodrigo de Verástegui, a miner of Zacatecas, residing at No. 13, Calle de las Capuchinas in this city, for having committed the most grave and abominable sin of taking a walk on Sundays instead of attending holy Mass, her absence from the said holy exercise having brought scandal upon our holy faith

"(Signed) José Salgado Pinzón.

"2. Invita Causam Tuam Exurge Domine.

"Having received the above denunciation, I issued a warrant for the apprehension of the said María Verástegui, who was accordingly apprehended at two o'clock this morning, and delivered to the Lords of the Council of the Inquisition to to be dealt with as they deem best.

"Mexico, May 11, 1652.

"(Signed) Bernabé de la Higuera y Amarillos, Licentiate.

"3. Christo Nomine Invocato.

"Having taken immediate cognizance of the decision of the Fiscal Inquisitor, the said heretic, María Verástegui, daughter of Don Rodrigo De Verástegui and Doña Catalina Alzures, born at Villarica, twenty-two years of age, single, was ordered to be brought into the torture chamber. Examined by Dr. Empáran, found chaste.

"Informed whereof she was accused, she pleaded not guilty, adding that the charge was false.

"Ordered to undress, she did so, weeping, again declaring the charge to be untrue.

[* On procuring a copy of *La Luz* I made two interesting discoveries, (1) that this process in *La Luz* professes to be copied from another newspaper *El Intransigente* and (2) that Mr. Clough's knowledge of Spanish is in all respects on a par with his knowledge of the history of the Inquisition. It is useless to point out his blunders in detail, but they are many.]

[† For convenience of reference these documents have been numbered.]

"Placed on the rack, she averred that she had attended Mass at the temple of San Bernado.

"Having admonished her, the rollers were turned and cords tightly drawn. She then screamed loudly, crying out that she suffered excruciating pains; that she had not attended Mass, and that was the truth.

"In virtue of which confession the following sentence was pronounced:—

"4. Invita Causam Tuam Exurge Domine.

"Having verified the offences which the said Doña María Verástegui, maiden, twenty-two years of age, has confessed. We ought to sentence, and do sentence:—

"That she be seated naked upon a packsaddle, on a horse or mule, and so conducted through the streets of this city by the public crier, who shall declare her crime, and then lead her to the porch of the church of San Hipólito, and on the spot at hand appointed for the purpose, she shall there be burnt alive until not a vestige of her be found.

"Moreover, we command that her furniture be consumed by fire, her garden sown with salt, and that in the inner court of her house a stone be set up with a legend thereon commemorating her infamy, and this sentence passed upon her.

"This our final sentence we pronounce, and by these writings command to be executed without delay.

"Given in the City of Mexico, this seventeenth day of May, 1652.

"Signed { D. Francisco de Estrada y Escobedo. / *Lic.* D. Bernabé de la Higuera y Amarillos.

"Witness, D. García de León Castillo, Secretary.

"5. Invitam Causam Tuam Exurge Domine.

"On Wednesday, May 19, 1652, in the Plaza Mayor (principal square) of this City of Mexico, near the gate of the Mercaderes, their Lordships the Apostolic Inquisitors of New Spain, held a public act of faith, when the sentence against the prisoner María Verástegui was read, and she then delivered to the secular arm of Justice to be dealt with as a pestilent heretic, for having absented herself from Mass on two Sundays.

"Dr. Altamirano, Count of Santiago and Magistrate of this City, then received a copy of the Process and Sentence which he duly verified and signed.

"Witness, D. García de León Castillo, Secretary.

"6. Christo Nomine Invocato.

"On Tuesday, May 25, 1652, about five o'clock in the afternoon, Doña María Verástegui, seated naked on a mule, was conducted

by Don Marcos Rodriguez de Guevara, chief Alguazil, through the streets of this city, he proclaiming with a loud voice the nature of her crime, and then taken to the market place in front of San Hipólito, where she was chained to a stake round her waist, hands and feet, and there burnt alive until reduced to ashes: all of which took place in our presence as witnesses.

"[Signed] Juan Cortés. Antonio de Bobadilla.

"Before me, Gaspar de Rueda, Royal and Public Notary.

"With this and the anterior, major excommunication is now asked from the most illustrious Lord Archbishop, against María Verástegui.

"[Signed] D. García León y Castillo, Secretary.

"7. Domine Sacrosanto Tui.

"We, Doctor D. Mateo Sagade y Bugueiro Lopez Cabrera y Sotomayor, by the grace of God and will of the clergy in general, Archbishop of Mexico and ex-President of the Royal Council of the Indies, Bishop of Osma,

"To those whom the present concerns, Apostolic Benediction.

"We pronounce the major excommunication against María Verástegui, dealt with as a pestilent heretic by the Holy Office of the Inquisition, and command that the same excommunication be read on three days in the Cathedral Church, in the Royal Convents of La Merced, Jésús María, San Pablo, and in the Temple of Our Father St. Dominic.

"Sealed with Our seal, and signed by Us, on the 26th day of May, 1652,

"Mateo +, Archbishop of Mexico.

"By order of His Most Illustrious Lordship.

"[Signed] Friar Tomás Rafael Ludio, Secretary.

"The Process against María Verástegui is closed.

"Don García de León Castillo.

"Laus Deo.

"Copy of the original in the possession of St. Angel R. de Arellano, Mexico, October 4, 1892.

"Translated from the Spanish in *La Luz*, No. 674, by R. Stewart Clough, Dec. 2, 1893."

The first thing which will probably catch the eye of the reader who glances casually over this precious document, is the strangeness of the Latin headings which are prefixed to its separate divisions. *Invita Causam Tuam Exurge Domine* is a phrase which does not readily yield an intelligible meaning, still less does the form, *Invitam Causam Tuam*, which appears in the fifth heading. Again there is certainly some mystery

about the syntax of *Christo Nomine Invocato*, though twice repeated, and *Domine Sacrosanto Tui* may be given up in despair at once. One might have supposed, even if Mr. Clough himself were so far ignorant of the rudiments of Latin as to perceive nothing exceptional in these formulæ, that the Editor of *The English Churchman* would have been able to help him out of his difficulty. The retention without comment of these unsightly blunders does not speak encouragingly either of the scholarship or of the critical acumen of those connected with the journal.

However, this is a matter of little import. The one question which the Catholic reader will probably ask himself when he comes to realize the bearing of this pretended series of documents will be: Is it—can it ever have been—true, that any tribunal professing to act in the name of the Church, tortured a young woman, sentenced her, stripped her, and burnt her at the stake, merely for a twice repeated absence from Mass? Happily it is easy to give the answer. We know indeed that the Inquisition undoubtedly did cause people to be burnt to death; we know that its tortures, like those of the secular tribunals of the same epoch, were certainly very cruel; we know that the Inquisition was often a political engine used for political ends, and that nothing in the Church's teaching compels us to approve its procedure or its punishments. Yet even if it were only for the credit of our common humanity, it is a relief to be able to say that this so-called process is an impudent forgery, and that its untrustworthiness is made manifest by tests so simple and obvious that the neglect to apply them is a disgrace to all concerned in its publication. Let me point out one or two of the most conclusive of these.

If there is anything which distinguishes the document just printed and marks it out from the common run of lying tales so freely circulated in Evangelical journals, it is its elaborate affectation of minute accuracy. As a rule the libels we commonly meet with are singularly deficient in any particulars of date, name, or locality.

Here, on the other hand, we are confronted with records which are signed and sealed and witnessed. Every one is dated, and it will be noticed that all the documents of the process fall within a period of fifteen days in the month of May, 1652. The year 1652, occurring as it does some six or seven times over, cannot be a misprint, and indeed it stands conspicuously prominent in the heading which Mr. Clough has given to his article. Now it so happens that in two of the documents, Nos. 5 and 6, there are expressed, in accordance with an undoubted custom of genuine Inquisition records, not only the day of the month, but the day of the week. No. 5 is dated Wednesday, May 19, 1652, and No. 6, Tuesday, May 25, 1652. If however the reader will take the trouble to consult such a work as Mas Latrie's *Trésor de Chronologie*, he will make an interesting discovery. *The days of the week are wrongly given.* The 19th of May, 1652, was not a Wednesday, but a Sunday; it was, in fact, Whit-Sunday, and the 25th of May in the same year was not a Tuesday, but a Saturday*. Mexico, of course, like all the rest of the Spanish dominions, followed the new calendar; which was introduced in accordance with the plan of Pope Gregory XIII. by royal proclamation in 1582.

Even if this fact stood alone, it would be enough utterly to discredit these pretended records. But it is very far indeed from standing alone. As a matter of fact, the individual who forged these papers, or rather compiled them (for, as I shall show later, the author of this little *jeu d'esprit* must almost certainly have had be-

* Looking into Evelyn's Diary to compare the day of the week according to the calendar then observed in England, I came across this interesting entry, which may well be quoted as a commentary upon the alleged cruelty of Inquisition punishments: "May 10, 1652. Passing by Smithfield, I saw a miserable creature burning who had murdered her husband." The fact that the days of the week would have been correct according to the Old Style then followed in England, suggests the suspicion that the gentleman who fabricated these documents was an Englishman using some English calendar, who was unaware of the difference which then existed between England and the rest of the world.

fore him some genuine documents which he condensed, mutilated, and adapted for his purpose), has been singularly unfortunate in the period he has selected for the pretended execution of María Verástegui. He has chosen a date the occurrences of which are particularly well known to us from the Diary of the Licentiate Gregorio Martin de Guijo*. He was an inhabitant of Mexico, and he has left a most accurate record of the events of this period, devoting special attention precisely to such occurrences as the autos, both public and private, celebrated by the Holy Office. Now he has an entry for "Friday, the 17th of May, 1652," the day of the week as well as the month being specified in his MS., and also two entries on "Monday, the 29th of May," but he has no word of the trial or punishment of María Verástegui. In any case, even if it be suggested that he might have been absent from the city in the interval, his diary establishes absolutely beyond the possibility of dispute the fact that the days of the week are wrongly given in the pretended documents before us.

But there is another glaring anachronism in these papers which is even more easy of verification. No. 7, dated like the rest in May, 1652, contains the name of the Archbishop. "We," it says, "Doctor D. Mateo Sagade y Bugueiro Lopez Cabrera y Sotomayor, by the grace of God and will of the clergy in general, Archbishop of Mexico and ex-President of the Royal Council of the Indies, Bishop of Osma." I pass over eccentricities of phraseology which may be due in part to the translator, in order to remark that Don Mateo Sagade y Bugueiro was not elected Archbishop until three years later than the date of this document, that is, 1655. Here again is a fact which is attested, in the words of a certain Grand Inquisitor—not the Inquisitor of Mexico—"beyond all possible, probable manner of doubt, all manner of doubt whatever." It may be found in Gams' *Series Episcoporum*†, in Thompson's *Alcedo*‡, in H. H. Bancroft§, in Guijo's contemporary diary‖, &c. In

* Printed in *Documentos para la Historia de Méjico*, vol. i.
† p. 156. ‡ Vol. iii. p. 227.
§ *History of Mexico*, vol. iii. p. 148. ‖ p. 362.

1652, in fact, the see was vacant, and another Archbishop, Lopez de Ancona, was consecrated, and died before the election of Sagade Bugueiro. What is, however, of even more importance, the titles given to the last-named ecclesiastic, viz., of ex-President of the Council of the Indies and Bishop of Osma, are wholly unhistorical. It might conceivably be pretended that the date 1652 had been uniformly read in error in all these documents in place of 1662 or 1657, but here we have a plain blunder which no misreading can explain. Sagade Bugueiro was never President of the Council of the Indies and never Bishop of Osma. The Bishop of Osma in 1652 was Antonio Valdés. He was succeeded in 1654 by the celebrated Juan de Palafox*, who had previously been Bishop of Puebla, in Mexico. But this is the only Mexican prelate that I can discover at this period who occupied the see of Osma.

But besides these palpable blunders and anachronisms which are patent to all, there are numberless other features in these documents which would at once betray their spuriousness to those who are even in a slight degree familiar with the procedure of the Inquisition. To point them out in detail would detain us needlessly long, but it may be worth while to indicate a few of the most noteworthy.

Undoubtedly the most revolting feature in this pretended process, is the utter disproportion between the cruel punishment meted out to the criminal and the offence with which she was charged. For those who understand the supreme value set by the Spanish people of that age upon the priceless gift of faith, it is not so hard to conceive the severity which they showed to those who rightly or wrongly were supposed to be plotting the ruin of their neighbours' souls, or who having once possessed or embraced the truth themselves, flung aside the precious treasure and returned a second or third time, it might be, to their former perverse impiety. It was upon such offenders as these that the Holy Office exercised its extreme

* Gams' *Series Episcoporum*, p. 75.

rigours. Speaking generally, it may be said that only the contumacious and relapsed in matters of faith were ever condemned to the flames. The Holy Office never forgot its primary duty of maintaining the purity of the faith, and the omission therefore in the sentence of all mention of heresy, actual or constructive, is alone sufficient to stamp the documents as spurious. Although no doubt the neglect or still more the refusal to attend Mass might figure in the indictment it could never under any circumstances be more than an aggravation and presumptive evidence of the guilt of heresy. No one who knew anything about the Inquisition could conceive such a sentence to have been pronounced on the mere charge of non-attendance at Mass.

That the author of the forgery again should have tried by wholesale omission to cut down the tedious formalities of the Holy Office into readable compass was very natural, but that he should have ventured to compress two or three distinct documents into one, is a much bolder step. No feature, it might have been thought, in the procedure of the Inquisition was more familiar to the general public than the fact that the Holy Office did not itself sentence its criminals to the flames. The Inquisition questioned them, imprisoned them, tortured them even, but when the last stage of the process was reached, it contented itself with pronouncing them heretics, and "relaxed," or handed its victims over to the secular arm, to be dealt with according to the common law of the country. This "relaxing" was, moreover, accompanied with a recommendation to mercy, which, however much a matter of form, was none the less a form never dispensed with. All this the ingenious author of the documents printed above has quietly ignored. He finds it simplifies matters very much to make the Inquisitors themselves condemn their victims to the flames, and he has consequently, as I have said, merged, into one the two sentences, emanating respectively from the Holy Office and the secular tribunal. In order to make this matter clear, I may quote a few words of the Mexican scholar,

General Riva Palacio, a strongly nationalist and anti-clerical writer, who in his account of the Mexican Inquisition speaks as follows: "The sentence of 'relaxation' comprised three parts: the judgment of the Inquisition, the verdict of the secular magistrate, and the execution—all this on the same day. Accordingly, when the sentence of the tribunal of faith had been read in the *Auto*, the cause was at once transferred to a tribunal erected close by, where the representative of the civil law delivered judgment, and this verdict of the secular court was straightway carried into execution without further delay.*" General Riva Palacio, it will be seen, brings out strongly the distinction between the two sentences of the ecclesiastical and civil tribunals. I cannot, I think, more completely expose the spuriousness of the pretended document No. 4, given in the process above, than by translating from his pages a specimen of a real sentence of the Inquisition—that pronounced upon Mariana de Carvajal in the same city of Mexico, on the 25th of March, 1601:

Cristi [sic] *nomine invocato.* Having duly considered the facts and the merits of the said process we judge that the said promotor fiscal has fully and completely proved his accusation in such manner and degree as it was incumbent upon him to prove it: we proclaim therefore and pronounce his contention to have been fully established, and in consequence hereof we ought to declare, and we hereby do declare the said Doña Mariana de Carvajal to have been and to be, a heretic, an apostate, an abettor and a harbourer of heretics, a feigned and simulating proselyte (*confitente*), impenitent, relapsed and consequently to have fallen into and incurred the sentence of major excommunication, and to be now bound thereby, to have become subject to the forfeiture and confiscation of all her goods, the which we order to be made over and hereby make over to the Exchequer and royal treasury of His Majesty and to his Receiver in his name, from the day and time when she began to commit the said crimes of heresy, the declaration of which we reserve to ourselves; and that we ought to surrender (*relaxar*) and do surrender the person of the said Doña Mariana de Carvajal to justice and to the secular arm, notably to the Doctor Muñoz de Monforte, the Corregidor of this city and to his lieutenant in the said functions, the which officers we entreat and charge with the utmost earnest-

* *Mexico á través de los Siglos*, vol. ii. p. 421.

ness in our power to deal with her kindly and mercifully; moreover we declare the sons and daughters of the said Mariana de Carvajal and all her descendants by the male line to be inhabilitated and incapacitated, as we do now hereby inhabilitate them, from being able to hold or obtain dignities, benefices or offices, as well ecclesiastical as secular, or any other public or honourable charges, and to be unable to carry about themselves or on their persons, gold, silver, pearls, precious stones, or coral, silk, chamlet, and fine linen, or to ride on horseback, or to bear arms or to practise or use any other things which by common right, by the laws and ordinances of these realms, or by the instructions and formularies of the Holy Office are prohibited to those who lie under a similar inhibition. And judging thus by our definitive sentence we pronounce and ordain these things, in and by virtue of these present writings.

(Signed) The Licentiate Don ALONSO DE PERALTA.
The Licentiate Don BERNARDO DE QUIROS.
Doctor Don JUAN DE CERVANTES. *

It would occupy too much space to give in full the text of the documents that follow. The sentence of the Holy Office is immediately succeeded by an attestation signed by witnesses that the prisoner was duly "relaxed" or delivered up for judgment to the secular tribunal. Then comes a document certifying that the sentence and cause were read and presented to the Corregidor Muñoz de Monforte, and that he passed sentence upon the prisoner as the representative of the civil power. I may quote the substance of this second sentence, and I would ask the reader to note that the more objectionable details of document No. 4 find no place in it.

I condemn her to be taken along the public streets of this city, mounted upon a beast of burden (*caballera en una bestia de alvarda*), that her offence be proclaimed by the voice of the crier, that she be brought to the Market of San Ipolito, and in the part and spot which has been there assigned for the purpose, that she be strangled until natural death ensue (*hasta que muera naturalmente*), and straightway that she be burnt in living flames of fire until she be reduced to ashes and no memory of her remain.

This is followed by a clause duly witnessed certifying to the delivery, place and date of this second sentence,

* Riva Palacio, *Mexico á través de los Siglos*, ii. p. 422.

and finally there is another somewhat lengthy document attesting the execution of the sentence in the place and manner aforesaid. It will be clear, I think, to any one who will compare this account with the process printed by the Secretary of the Church Association, that the most striking feature in the genuine document, the clearly marked distinction between the spiritual and secular jurisdiction is in the other case completely ignored. Seeing that this distinction was one universally observed in all the tribunals of the Inquisition from Rome itself to distant Chile (it would be easy to prove it if space allowed), it is not too much to say that this circumstance alone is sufficient to stamp this so-called process as a manifest forgery. It is only the gross prejudice and equally gross ignorance of such gentlemen as Mr. R. Stewart Clough and his editorial abettors which could accept and publish without investigation a document so manifestly suspicious*.

It was remarked above that the author of the forgery had probably before him some genuine Inquisition records. This seems probable from several considerations. In the first place, the pseudo-process undoubtedly preserves here and there traces of the genuine forms and modes of expression used in such documents. A comparison with the sentence just translated from General Riva Palacio would alone suffice to make this clear. Again, a number of the names which appear in or are appended to the documents, really belong to the functionaries of the Inquistion in Mexico at that period,

* From Lord Plunket's Introduction to the *Ritual* of the Reformed Episcopal Church of Spain, it appears that Señor Cabrera is an apostate priest, having formerly been for several years a member of the Religious Congregation of the *Scuole Pie*. If anything were needed to emphasize the share of *La Luz* in the publication of the forgery it would be this fact. That a prejudiced Low Churchman, or an infidel wholly ignorant of ecclesiastical forms and procedure, should in good faith believe the process to be genuine is at least conceivable. That an ecclesiastic who has lived for years in the Catholic Church and has made all his studies for the priesthood could print this document without, to say no more, a strong suspicion of its spuriousness, absolutely passes belief.

and are quite correctly given. They are several of them of frequent occurrence in the *Diario* of the Licentiate Guijo, referred to above, and they may be met with in the description given by Señor Icazbalceta of the printed *Relación* of the Auto of 1659*. But the most conclusive indication of all appears to me to be found in the curious Latin heading which is prefixed to some of the pretended documents, and which appears in the form, *Invita causam tuam, exurge Domine.* Those who are familiar with Inquisition literature will readily recognize this as a perversion of the motto of the Holy Office, *Exurge Domine, judica causam tuam*†, generally found joined to its *scudo*, or device, of a cross between a sword and an olive-branch. Now in the seal or stamp used by the Inquisition of Mexico upon their official documents (General Riva Palacio gives an illustration of it), this motto was engraved round the margin of the oval, the words *Exurge Domine* running down one side, and *Judica causam tuam* running up the other. Hence it was easy for one unfamiliar with the words to transpose the clauses, as our forger has done. This transposition, as well as the strange blunder of *Invita* for *Judica*, supposing it to be really his and not Mr. Clough's, shows that he was a man of little education or historical knowledge. Accordingly, beyond borrowing a few names and phrases from the documents before him, he has taken no pains to secure verisimilitude: he has been much more intent upon dressing up a revolting story of judicial iniquity in a brief and telling form which every one can read and understand, than upon reproducing faithfully the tedious formalities and the multiplication of charges and interrogations which distinguish the genuine records of the Holy Office.

Finally it may be said, that in attributing to the Inquisition of Mexico so short and brutal a way of dealing with the prisoners delated to them, the author of this forgery has again set at defiance all historical analogies and probabilities. General Riva Palacio.

* *Bibliografía Mexicana del siglo XVI.* p. 382.

† Psalm lxxiii. 22.

with his strong anti-clerical bias, will not be a suspected witness. "The Inquisition in Mexico," he says, "did not exhibit that terrible character which it was seen to display elsewhere; the number of processes which were carried through in the Holy Office, and the number of executions are a proof of this*." A Catholic historian, Zamacois, has even gone so far as to allege that only nine accused were burnt alive, and twelve burnt after being strangled, during the whole period of its existence in the country†. But although this is somewhat too low an estimate, the recent researches of the distinguished archæologist, Señor Icazbalceta, may now be said to have established its moderation beyond dispute. During the space of two hundred and seventy-seven years that the Inquisition existed, forty-one prisoners in all were executed, some being burnt alive, others, the majority, being previously strangled‡. It is possible, indeed, that one or two isolated instances may have escaped his researches, but we have contemporary accounts of all the great *autos*, and we may say with absolute confidence that the whole number in Mexico for whose death the Inquisition was responsible did not exceed fifty. There is much also in what we know of its methods in dealing with its prisoners, which relatively at least to the spirit of the times, is indicative of gentleness and clemency. All through Spanish America the ordinance obtained that the dungeons in which prisoners were confined should "not be horrible or unhealthy beyond measure (*en demasia*)§." In Mexico we know that all condemned to the *Carcel perpetua* were taken from their cells to hear Mass on Sundays and feasts‖. The Indians, whom

* Op. cit. vol. ii. p. 711.

† H. H. Bancroft, *History of Mexico*, vol. iii. p. 704, note.

‡ *Bibliografia Mexicana del siglo XVI.* p. 389. It must be remembered, too, that many of these suffered for crimes against morality, which elsewhere would have been tried by the secular criminal courts.

§ Medina, *Historia del Tribunal del Santo Oficio de la Inquisicion en Chile*, vol. i. p. 225.

‖ Icazbalceta, op. cit. p. 374.

some writers have loved to represent as being tortured by the Inquisition into embracing Christianity, lay absolutely outside the jurisdiction of the Holy Office, and this regulation was one most strictly adhered to. On the other hand, the poor natives found in some of the Inquisitors the noblest champions of their cause. The first Inquisitor-General of New Spain, Pedro Moya de Contreras, deserves to take his place beside the great Las Casas for his heroic exertions in their behalf. Again, no one who reads patiently through the accounts of the processes directed against the English freebooters of Elizabeth's time, can doubt that the officials of the Inquisition had a genuine desire to reconcile and convert rather than to punish. They even went so far in Mexico as to print *A Short Abridgement to Christian Doctrine* in English*, for the instruction of the heretics who fell into their hands.

These things are facts, attested by documents, admitted by adversaries strongly prejudiced against the Catholic Church, endorsed without one dissentient voice by all the archæologists and historians who really know the country. The MSS. records of the Inquisition in Mexico have nearly all been preserved, and have been for years in unfriendly hands. Those extracts which might seem to speak most tellingly against the action of the Holy Office have been published by writers like Mr. Lea† and General Riva Palacio, but the broad features just set down remain undisputed. Some most pertinent remarks on this matter will be found in an admirably-written and well-informed article contributed some five or six years ago to the *Études* ‡ by Père Gerste.

> It is objected [he says] that our calculations (of the small number of the offenders burnt by the Inquisition in Mexico) deal only with the public executions, and tell us nothing of the tragedies enacted in the subterranean dungeons of the Holy Office. . . . Such an objection will only provoke a smile in those who know the array

* Riva Palacio, op. cit. p. 712. He, unfortunately, does not give the date.

† *Chapters in Church History.*

‡ *Études Religieuses*, March, 1888. p. 420.

of formalities with which the Inquisition surrounded the punishment of offenders If the procedure was secret, the execution, on the other hand, was attended with a publicity and solemnity which we in our day can hardly understand. For what possible reason, let us ask, could these things have been kept hidden? Were they not sure of the firm support of the Government, and often even, certain modern writers notwithstanding, of that of a strong public opinion? Did not the judges believe that it was precisely their interest that the sentences should be known in every detail*, and executed in broad daylight?

It has always been said by these same objectors, what horrors the records of the Holy Office will some day reveal, if they should ever be brought to light! Well, there they are. They *have* been brought to light. No one can pretend to think that they have been garbled or mutilated, for they have fallen into hands only too well disposed to forge a weapon out of them, but nevertheless too honourable to lend themselves to the part of Llorente, and render control impossible by destroying the manuscripts.

So far I have done little more than reprint the substance of an article which I published in *The Month* for March 1894. Facts however which have come to light since then furnish matter for an interesting little epilogue. Of this article a copy was forwarded by Mr. James Britten, Hon. Secretary of the C.T.S., both to the *English Churchman* and to Mr. R. Stewart Clough, and in a private letter I called upon the editor of the journal named either to disavow his responsibility for the appearance in his columns of the forged process or to express his regret for it. This the editor declined to do, on the ground that no apology or retractation had been made in *La Luz* and that the process had been copied from that journal in the *bona fide* belief that the story was true. Mr. Stewart Clough on his part addressed a long letter to the *English Churchman* which may be read in the issue for March 29, 1894. It is a curiously interesting document. He does not attempt to meet one single point of the arguments above detailed. The only sort of apology or defence which he vouchsafes is to be found in the assertion—"The editor of *La Luz*

* More than one *Relacion* is in existence, printed by order of the Inquisition, giving full details of the Autos-da-fé and of the crimes and punishments of the convicted.

knows that no Spanish ecclesiastic would call its [the process'] authority into question. . . I have received every number of *La Luz* since the process was printed, but no challenge from a Spanish ecclesiastic has appeared in its columns." All the rest of Mr. Clough's long letter is taken up with general abuse of the Inquisition and the "Italian Mission." Let the following brief specimen suffice.

"The prelates of the Roman Church in Spain would defend the Inquisition. But what need have we to go to Spain for priestly defenders? Mr. Thurston says 'The Holy Office (consider well, English men and women, that a priestly member of the Italian Mission has the hardihood to call this hellish institution Holy,) never forgot its primary duty of maintaining the purity of the faith.'"

It is obvious that Mr. Clough, the organizing secretary of the Church Association and the collaborateur of Archbishop Plunket in the translation of the new Spanish Liturgy, is not more remarkable for common sense than for common honesty. Does he really suppose that everyone who speaks of the Turkish Government by its official designation of the "Sublime Porte" confesses thereby his belief in its "Sublimity," or that he attests his adhesion to the religion of the Czar by talking of the *Orthodox* Greek Church?

But what of Mr. Clough's statement that the authenticity of this process has not been challenged? As these documents, though translated from an obscure Spanish journal, profess to belong to Mexico, and as the originals are declared to exist there in the possession of a gentleman whose name is given, I thought that an inquiry in that quarter might perhaps repay the trouble of making it. I was not disappointed. It has been noticed above that, though the fact does not appear in Mr. Clough's translation, it is avowed in *La Luz* that the process was taken from another journal *El Intransigente*. This is not the French newspaper of similar name, but a masonic organ of Mexico, which in turn borrowed these documents from the *Sombra de Arteaga* of Querétaro where they saw the light in the

August of 1893. The authority from whom I learn these facts * states (and refers to them in a leading daily newspaper of Mexico as a matter of common knowledge) that the Bishop of Querétaro at once wrote to protest against the publication of these forgeries, and so clearly demonstrated their spuriousness that *La Sombra de Arteaga* made public acknowledgement that it had been imposed upon. What is more, the same learned authority has been able to point out two further absurdities in the documents. María Verástegui is made to say that she heard Mass in the Church of San Bernardo. Now the foundation stone of that church was not laid until June 24, 1685, thirty-three years after the pretended process. Again her father is said to live at *No.* 13 *Calle de las Capuchinas*. This street was called in 1652 *Calle de Celada*, and only obtained its actual name after the building of the convent of the Capuchins in 1666. Finally the gentleman named as the owner of the documents, Señor Don Angel R. de Arellano, has been written to, and he admits, first, that the newspaper *La Sombra de Arteaga*, which originally printed them, obtained the copies from him, and secondly that he is now fully satisfied that they are forgeries.

It would be curious to know how many of the subscribers to Lord Plunket's numberless collections for the Reformed Spanish Church are aware of the kind of literature which their contributions are spent in subsidizing. None the less it may be admitted that Protestant missionaries abroad do not enjoy a monopoly in this matter of the reckless propagation of falsehood. There are clergymen at home who more than rival them, and I propose in the little space which remains to me to say a word upon a particularly atrocious example which has lately come to my notice.

It may be known to some of my readers that there is a whole literature of libellous pamphlets, patronized by the Protestant Alliance and similar associations, which

* I refer to the admirable exposure of Protestant missionary tactics in Mexico: *Las Armas del Protestantismo*, cartas publicadas en *El Tiempo* by "Adams," Mexico, 1894.

is devoted to attacks upon convents and convent life. Every damaging story, true or false, and no matter how extravagant, which speaks unfavourably of nuns is put forward as a typical example of the cruelty and corruption which prevail in religious houses. Father Sydney Smith, in his pamphlet *Calumnies against Convents*, has exposed many of these stories; and amongst the rest has touched upon the famous case of Barbara Ubryk, a Carmelite nun of Cracow, alleged to have been imprisoned by her superior for twenty-one years in a state of indescribable squalor and filth which deprived her in the end of her reason. Cracow, as usual, is a locality about which it is not easy to obtain accurate information, but Father Smith was able to point out that "after indulging in excited telegrams for a few days, the Austrian correspondents of the English papers suddenly lost all interest in the subject," the reason being, as he shows from Catholic journals, that the further proceedings had given quite a different aspect to the case, and exculpated the nuns from blame. Now a certain Rev. W. Lancelot Holland in a book he has recently published called *Walled-up Nuns, and Nuns Walled-in*, has taken this subject up again, and not content with the usual vituperation of opponents and unsupported denial of facts, has had the audacity to meet Fr. Smith's statement of the case by printing what he calls the deposition of Barbara Ubryk at her trial as well as a pretended sentence of the Commissioners condemning the superior. I have no space to develop the evidence as I hope to do elsewhere, but a very few words will suffice to prove that the whole story told by Mr. Holland is from beginning to end an impudent fabrication.

1. The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, a German newspaper notorious for its anti-Catholic tone, prints in the issue of Nov. 25th, 1869 (p. 5057), a letter of its Austrian correspondent who writes, that after sitting for several months, the Commission of Enquiry into the Cracow Convent case is at last about to issue its decision.

There is, he says, no longer any hope that the mad

nun (die irrsinnige Nonne), Barbara Ubryk, can ever recover her reason sufficiently to give evidence.

2. On Dec. 6th, 1869, I find in the *Volks und Schützen Zeitung* of Innsbruck, which had all along followed each stage of the proceedings, the announcement that the case had at last terminated by an acquittal, owing to the failure of any sufficient evidence against the accused superiors.

3. A violent anti-religious pamphlet discussing the case was published at the same time in Paris by J. M. Cayla. Its very name *Guerre aux Couvents*, "War to the Convents," sufficiently shows its animus. Therein the writer announces that the final verdict in the trial, cut from the Polish newspaper the *Kraj*, had just been sent him by a friend in Cracow. The verdict, he complains, was one of acquittal, and he adds: *l'arrêt est motivé par le manque absolu du chef d'accusation* (the cause assigned for the decree is the complete failure to substantiate the indictment).* M. Cayla's greatest grievance lies in what he considers to be this scandalous failure of justice. Barbara Ubryk, he declares, has been rendered mad beyond hope of recovery, and no one after all is to be punished for it (pp. 91-92).

I need not say that I do not share M. Cayla's view, but what in the face of these facts is to be thought of the Rev. Mr. Holland's highly spiced account of the deposition made by Barbara Ubryk and the verdict of condemnation pronounced upon the nuns?

* Copies of M. Cayla's book and of the periodicals named may be found at the British Museum, where I have consulted them. But even at the Museum it is not always an easy thing to expose a falsehood of this sort, however gross it may be. I think I am right in saying that the Museum does not possess a file of any Viennese newspaper for the year 1869, certainly not of the *Neue Freie Presse* which started this particular scandal. Thus one is left to the chance of such casual allusions as may be picked up in journals comparatively remote from the scene of action.

The Ven. John Thules, Martyr.

BY THE VERY REV. MGR. GRADWELL.

Introduction.

It is now many years ago that I was in the company of the Rev. James Swarbrick, who was so well known in North Lancashire as the respected priest of Thurnham, and who is still honoured in his well earned retirement. He told me the following anecdote. He had been a student of the English College, Rome, under the Rectorship of Dr. Grant, who afterwards, as everybody knows, became the saintly Bishop of Southwark. They were seated in an arbour in a vineyard belonging to the College, at a short distance from the city. Under the warm Italian sun the genial Rector was chatting familiarly with the students. The conversation turned on the state of religion in England, and Dr. Grant observed to Mr. Swarbrick, "You make a great noise about the Catholics of Lancashire, but you have got no saints." The young man was silenced; he had never heard of a Lancashire saint, and so had no answer to make. So far the story. It struck me much at the time, and it has been my constant endeavour since to wipe away the reproach, and to show that Lancashire

has many saintly memories connected with it. I diligently ransacked the ancient history of our county, and I must confess that my researches at first bore little fruit, but as time went on I was rewarded for my perseverance; in the darkest times and in the most obscure periods I came upon the tracks of great servants of God; of saints whose names shine brightly in the Church's calendar. I need not here recount how by degrees I ascertained how the great Light of the West, St. Patrick, had left indelible marks of his presence in the county, on the shores of Morcambe, and in the cities of Manchester and Liverpool; how St. Kentigern traversed the county from end to end, sowing everywhere on his route the good seed of the Gospel; how St. Paulinus preached in Burnley and at Whalley; how St. Elphin laboured as pastor of souls at Warrington, and St. Oswald sanctified Winwick with his holy life and glorious death. Then I learned that in the ninth century the monks of Lindisfarne, with their bishop at their head, sought a refuge in Lancashire for their great treasure, the incorrupt body of St. Cuthbert, and left at Hallsall, Lytham, and Upper Kellet, as well as in many other places, evidences of their stay, in the churches still bearing the name of St. Cuthbert.

Still it remained true that I had met with no saint who was born in Lancashire and who was a real Lancashire man. But the action of our Holy Father Leo XIII., in declaring venerable the martyrs who testified with their blood to the truths of the Catholic faith in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and her successors has removed this objection. For Lancashire has been the fruitful mother of many martyrs, of whom some have shed their blood in far-off places, in London and the Isle of Wight, in York, or Chester; but many besides, who, as they drew their first breath in Lancashire, so also poured out the last drop of their blood on her soil. Their memory has scarcely been honoured as it ought; their patient endurance and heroic virtues are little known; nay, even their names sound strange in the ears of the men of to-day. And yet there is no reason why

we should not cherish them with veneration and love. Surely if a Romano-Briton at Verulam won imperishable renown for entertaining and sheltering a priest in the persecution of Diocletian, and gave his name to a city and an abbey church, so that St. Alban's is known wherever the English language is spoken, a precisely similar deed done in Lancashire in Queen Elizabeth's days should not be passed by with utter indifference.

The following pages are a humble effort to honour the memory of one of these glorious Lancashire martyrs. The township in which he was born has in these later years been selected as offering an advantageous site for the ecclesiastical seminary of the diocese; and it is only natural that the students of St. Joseph's College, Upholland, should wish to know something about the illustrious native of their township. Dr. Challoner tells us something about him, but it was manifestly desirable that his narrative should be expanded, and that circumstances of both time and place should be set forth in fuller details than Dr. Challoner's plan admitted of. It is then to the superiors and students of St. Joseph's College that this memoir of the Venerable John Thules is humbly offered, with the hope that it may help to foster in their hearts a genuine love and admiration of their martyr, and an eager desire to imitate his constancy under trials, and his fidelity to the cause of God and His Church.

I.

His Family and Boyhood.

At a distance of about four miles from Wigan, in a westerly direction, stands the picturesque village of Upholland, now well known in the north of England as the seat of the ecclesiastical seminary of the Liverpool diocese. Here, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, resided a family named Thules. In our now

happily voluminous literature about Lancashire families the name Thules does not occur except in connection with the subject of this narrative. Mr. Joseph Gillow, who is perhaps the highest living authority on this matter, writes to me that, after having looked over all the lists of Lancashire wills, &c., besides the whole of the Harleian Society's publications of visitations of various counties, he could find no name that could have been corrupted into Thules. The name however apparently still survives: for in the list of magistrates for the County Palatine is a Mr. Thules living near Warrington. But this and the existence of a street in St. Helens called Thules Street are the only traces of the family that I can find.

It was in the year of our Lord 1568 and the eleventh of Queen Elizabeth—a year memorable for the Catholic Church in England, for in it was founded the famous College of Douay—that the Venerable John Thules was born. The family had remained faithful to the old religion, midst all the difficulties which attached to its profession. They had beheld with dismay the succession of laws which had abolished the old Faith, and substituted for it a Parliament-made religion. They had seen the Mass said for the last time in their parish church, on the eve of St. John, in 1559, and the Common Prayer set up in its stead. They had experienced the harsh laws which made compulsory, under fine and imprisonment, attendance at the false worship. They had seen their priests driven from their altars, or, what was still more painful, go with the times and comform to the law, either for fear of worldly loss, or because they embraced the new doctrine. But they remained faithful, and clung to their dear Catholic Church with all the greater tenacity and love. They had a son named Christopher, who in due time became a priest and suffered imprisonment for the Faith in the Gatehouse, Westminster; and some years later another son—John—the subject of this narrative. A third priest of the name, Robert Thules, was educated at the English Colleges at Seville and Valladolid; he was

ordained at the latter place, and thence returned to England. He died in 1602. Probably he was a brother of Christopher and John.

The Thuleses must have been in fairly good circumstances or they could not have educated so many sons for the priesthood; but even so, the education of their children could have been no easy task. There were no Catholic schools tolerated by the law; to keep a tutor in the house was forbidden by heavy penalties. Of course the boys never heard Mass in a church until they left home, and they had to pick up knowledge both of books and religion either from their parents' teaching or from such priests or lay teachers as found their way into the village. If parents dared to send their children abroad to be trained in a college beyond the seas, new penalties both of fine and imprisonment were incurred. But none of these difficulties daunted the brave parents of Christopher and John Thules.

When the younger son was nine years old, the elder was sent to Douay; he arrived there on the 1st of June, 1577, in company with a Mr. Hole and Mr. Allen, an Irishman, a student of medicine. On the same day Mr. Horton, Walter Hawkesworth, and George Haddock returned from England, and were admitted to Commons, in the College. Hawkesworth is a name that frequently recurs in the diaries of the Rheims and Roman Colleges about this time. No fewer than five different individuals are mentioned, but none of these became priests. As Cardinal Allen's mother was a Lister, and her sister Rosamond had married William Hawkesworth, their son William was his cousin, and the affectionate Cardinal in his letters shows considerable interest in his relative. It is to be feared that he was disappointed in his hopes, for his cousin William left Rheims for England without being ordained. Walter remained at Rheims only a few months and then left for France.

Of a very different stamp was George Haydock, for so the name is now generally spelt. He, too, was a connection of Dr. Allen, for his father, Vivian, and the

future Cardinal's brother, had married two sisters, Ellen and Elizabeth Westby. He was born about the year 1557, in the reign of Queen Mary, and was twenty years old on his arrival at Douay. And if it be the case that the Thuleses were related to the Ashtons, they would also be distantly connected with the Haydocks, as in the third year of the reign of Henry VI., 1455, Richard Haydock, of Cottam Hall, had married Eleanor, the daughter of Sir William Ashton, of Croston. It is not the place here to pursue further the history of George Haydock, suffice it to say that on January 16, 1582, he left Rheims for England, that in London he sought hospitality from the son of one of his father's tenants at Hollowforth, who unknown to George had given up his Faith, and who betrayed him to the government agents; that after an imprisonment of more than usual hardship he was executed at Tyburn, with every circumstance of exceptional cruelty, February 12, 1584, aged 27 years. I would fain linger over the touching, and most edifying incidents of the life of this friend and school companion of Christopher Thules, but the digression would lead me too far away from my immediate subject. I say so much in order that my narrative may not be a list of names, and that my readers may the better realize the terrible nature of the times when a student's companions were, like himself, preparing themselves for a bloody butchery under that cruel woman whom many Protestants glorify as the Virgin Queen.

The College was removed from Douay to Rheims in 1578 and it seems that Christopher only stayed one year at Rheims. On the 16th of February, 1579, he set out for Rome in company of six others, of whom the College Diary says—"They went partly out of devotion and partly for the sake of their studies." In those days it was a difficult matter for private persons to carry on correspondence with friends or relatives at a distance, for there was no regular post worked by government officials for the use of the public, and hence the Thuleses would have to rely upon friends who might be travelling between England and Rheims or Rome, for

sending and receiving letters. But the memory of his brother's departure for college, and the conversations he had with his parents about his high aims, awakened in John's heart the desire to be a priest, and he longed for the time when he too might cross the seas and commence his studies for the ecclesiastical state.

We cannot too much admire the faith and devotion of Catholic parents who, in the early years of Queen Elizabeth fostered in the hearts of their children the vocation to the priesthood. Nothing but a sublime love of God, of souls, and of their country, could have inspired in their own minds so hazardous and dangerous a project. They were choosing for their sons a life of constant privation, hardship, and danger; they were encouraging them in a career which could bring them neither wealth, nor ease, nor honour, but shut them out from all the ordinary pursuits of life. From the time that their boys left their homes, they would have to renounce all the sweet happiness of family life, to spend years of exile from their native land, to return to England only at their imminent peril, and after leading for years the lives of hunted wild beasts, to take their chance of ending their days in a loathsome prison or on a shameful scaffold. But in Lancashire there were many parents who with their eyes open chose this life for their sons; and there were brave high-spirited boys who longed to devote themselves to the cause of God, and whose hearts beat exultantly when they were told that they were to go to college. It is the fashion to talk about the bold adventurers of Elizabeth's reign. The names of Drake, of Raleigh, and of Hawkins, are in everybody's mouth. But it required more real courage, more sustained fortitude for a youth in dread Elizabeth's days to aspire to the priesthood than to brave the storm of the Atlantic or to board the lofty decks of a Spanish galleon. And, thanks to the watchful providence of God, there were scattered throughout Lancashire in those terrible times, in lowly farmsteads or picturesque villages, in the cottages of the peasant or the mansions of the well-to-do, sturdy Catholic families who were faithful to the Church,

and who thought it a joy and a privilege to offer their sons to the service of her altars.

The fierce temper of Elizabeth and the cool craft of Cecil were balked by the calm resolution of Lancashire squires and farmers. Even in this nineteenth century we are reaping the fruits of that unconquerable heroism of our forefathers, for it was nothing less; and the Catholic Faith keeps its hold, which it never lost during three centuries of gloom and trial, on out-of-the-way hillsides and lonely valleys and broad spreading plains in our county. But is the old desire to devote our children to the priesthood equally prevalent amongst us? Do mothers still cherish the hope and desire that the infants they are nursing on their knees should one day become the priests of God? Do fathers watch the growing intelligence of their boys and wish to offer to the sanctuary the brightest of them? In Elizabeth's time, Goosnargh sent to Rheims her Marsden and her Beesley, Cottam its Haydock, Winwick its Arrowsmith, and Ashton its Gerards: and Upholland numbered among the Church's priests and martyrs its Christopher and John Thules. In after times the Pleasingtons, and the Brockhole in two generations, kept up the sacred tradition, and early in the present century Haydocks, Gillows, and Smiths, Barrows and Lunds, Gradwells and Browns have sent their most promising sons to Douay and Ushaw. May the fathers and mothers of this generation be moved to emulate the piety and zeal of those who have gone before them; for on them in great measure depends the conversion of our country.

II.

His Companions on his Arrival at Rheims, 1583.

Before leaving home, John had made considerable progress in his studies, and even acquired a fair know-

ledge of Latin. At length, in the year 1583, the long desire of his heart was satisfied, and he learnt that arrangements were in train for his leaving Upholland and going to the Continent. He was a bold, high-spirited boy, easily roused to indignation and anger, though in later life he became so thoroughly master over himself, and kept his feelings under such complete control, as to extort the reluctant praise of his bitterest enemies. Of course everything had to be conducted with the strictest secrecy. No conspirator conveying daggers for the murder of a political opponent took more elaborate precautions against the discovery of their designs than did the worthy parents of our future martyr. An escort had to be provided to conduct him to a port from which he could take ship for the shores of France; and it says much for the widely spread sympathy for the persecuted Catholics, that so many lads succeeded in making the long and difficult journey in spite of the many persons who must have known, or at least suspected, their plans.

It was on the 28th of May, 1583, when John was fifteen years old, that he reached the college at Rheims and was received under its hospitable roof. He arrived in company of six others, and we may conjecture that he had made the last portion of his journey from the coast to Rheims along with some of them. The names of his companions are given in the Douay Diary—Gilbert Gerarde, Wm. Tomson, James Nightingale, Dom Thos. Brome, Hugh Aspinwall, and —Hamley. From their names it is probable enough that some of them had travelled with him from Lancashire. A few words about them may be both interesting and useful, and inform us of the varied character of the party which found itself at the gates of the college at Rheims. Apparently the eldest member of the party was D. Thomas Brome. In the Douay Diary, D. stands for Dominus, the title then given to a priest, and we may reasonably suppose that the person so styled was the Rev. Thomas Brome. In the Diary under the date March 1, 1584, the year

following the arrival in Rheims, a John Brome, of the diocese of Hereford, received the tonsure, the four minor orders, and the sub-diaconate, and in the December following he was ordained priest. So it is not unlikely that Mr. Brome had come to Rheims to see a relative of his who was preparing for the priesthood.

James Nightingale belonged to the diocese of York. He must have been already far advanced in his studies, for he, too, was ordained priest in the March of the following year, and sent to England in August.

Of Hugh Aspinwall there is little to say. He was a native of the diocese of Chester, which at that time included Lancashire. He died at Rheims in 1586, after being four years at college, and was at the time a student in theology.

As to the fourth of the party, Mr. Hamley, there is some doubt. Probably he is the same as the John Hamley of the diocese of Exeter, who received the tonsure and minor orders along with John Brome and James Nightingale, as already mentioned, and, who, going into England in 1585, died a martyr's death. He is mentioned by Challoner, who says there is some uncertainty about the place and date of his execution.

We now come to William Tomson, a person of some interest to us. He was born in Blackburn parish. He too had arrived at man's estate, and was so far advanced in his education that he was ordained priest in the following year, 1584, at the same time as the Venerable William Marsden and Robert Anderton, the illustrious martyrs of the Isle of Wight. He returned to England the same year, laboured diligently for a brief time in the care of souls, and in 1586 was tried and condemned on the charge of being a priest and remaining in England contrary to the statute. On April 20, of that year, he was, along with another priest, the venerable Richard Sergeant, drawn on a hurdle to Tyburn, where he happily finished his course. He was hanged, bowelled, and quartered. The news of his glorious

confession of the Faith reached Rheims in the June of 1586, along with that of the martyrdom of William Marsden and Robert Anderton. In the Douay Diary he is marked M. 50, being the fiftieth martyr then recorded.

It remains only to speak of the last of Thules's companions on his journey. This was Gilbert Gerarde, who was the youngest of the travellers, being only fourteen years old, a year younger than John himself. He had two older brothers, priests, and they are styled "Cestrenses" in the Diary, as they belonged to the diocese of Chester, and were probably Lancashire born. His brother, Alexander, had arrived at Rheims, from Douay, August 15, 1581, two years previously; he was still at the college in 1583, remaining there till he was ordained priest in 1586. He was sent to England on the mission on the 2nd of January, 1587. Later on we read that he was a prisoner for the Faith in Wisbech Castle, along with his brother Thomas, also a priest. Of Gilbert it is sufficient to say that he received the tonsure on September 23, 1583; that in 1584 he was sent to Verdun; that he went to Rome in 1587, and that he returned to Rheims a priest in 1590, having left Rome on account of his health. After labouring many years on the English mission, he is said to have entered the Society of Jesus, though of this there is no written record extant, and we find him, in the memorable year 1605, along with Father Garnett at White Webbs.

In this company who arrived together at Rheims in the end of May, 1583, there were then no fewer than three, who were to lay down their lives for the Faith and be enrolled in the glorious army of martyrs. Most of them had friends and relatives at the college, and Tomson would have the great pleasure of meeting Edward Osbaldeston, who, like himself, was from the neighbourhood of Blackburn. Osbaldeston was ordained in 1585, a year after Tomson, and did not leave the college till 1589; but for him also was reserved the crown of martyrdom. Though he is not otherwise connected with this history, I cannot refrain from

quoting a letter of his, written in York Castle, 1594, shortly before his death, as it displays in a singularly graphic manner the spirit which animated these generous servants of God, and which indeed prepared them for the martyr's crown. (Challoner, vol. ii., p. 213). "I was apprehended at Towlerton by Mr. Thomas Clark, the apostate priest, upon St. Hierome's Day, at night; a thing much more to my comfort than at any other time, for that I had such a stout champion under Christ; and besides it pleased God, much to my comfort to show this sign of His love unto me that day above all others. For it was God's great goodness to call me to the honour of the priesthood, and upon St. Hierome's Day I said my first Mass, and consecrated the Blessed Body and Blood of my Saviour Jesus Christ, and received Him with great reverence and devotion, and ever since have honoured St. Hierome. And the morning before I came forth, I made my prayer to Blessed St. Hierome and in his merits I offered myself a sacrifice to God, and recommended myself to Him to direct me to His will and pleasure, and that I might walk aright in my vocation, and follow St. Hierome as long as God should see it expedient for His Church and most for His honour and glory: and if it pleased Him still to preserve me as He had done before, I never would refuse to labour, or murmur at any pain or travail; and if it should please His Majesty to suffer me to fall into the persecutors' hands, that then it would please His infinite goodness to protect me to the end; which I have no doubt but He will, after so many and so great goodnesses and gifts as He hath bestowed on me, over all my life, which are without number and inexplicable. Wherefore my hope and trust is much helped that now He will be most sure unto me, since this is the weightiest matter that I was ever about in my life; and so considering this and infinite others such like, I find great comfort, and fully trust in God's goodness, and distrust only in myself, but in Him that comforteth me I can do all things. And this actual oblation of myself that morning, and this that ensueth,

maketh me very comfortable, and bringeth me into many good and heavenly cogitations, feeling His strength so much as I have done in lesser matters, and further off from Him than this is; therefore, I nothing doubt, by His grace, that He will grant me to finish that which was for Him and by Him begun—which I pray God I may worthily do when His goodwill and pleasure is, and not before, and that I may not wish or desire anything in this life but what may best please Him, and honour Him and our Blessed Lady, his Mother, and all the Court of Heaven the most, and edify the people and strengthen them in the way to Jesus, the King of bliss. The manner of my apprehension was thus:—Abraham Sayre and I came to the inn a little before Mr. Clark, and we all came before night. I knew him not fully, for I thought he had been in the south; but at supper I looked earnestly at him, and I thought it was he, and yet I still persuaded myself that he knew me not, and if he should know me, he would do me no harm, which fell out otherwise, God forgive him for it. For when we were going to bed, he went and called the curate and the constable and apprehended us, and watched us that night and came with us to York, and stood by when I was examined before the Council, but said nothing then that I feared; and he was present afterwards when I was called again; and since I have been nothing said unto, what will follow God knoweth; but I will not be partial to myself, but prepare me for death and what else may befall unto me. Now I pray you for God's sake, what you hear or learn let me know, and what is the best course for me to take in all points, and how my brethren have behaved themselves in this case that have gone before me; and for myself I yield me wholly to obedience to you in that blessed society and number in the castle, and desire in all points to live in discipline and order, and as the common live, and what I have or shall have, it shall be in common. And therefore I pray you, direct me in all things both for my apparel and diet and everything; and as my brethren have gone before me, so would I follow in the humblest." So far the letter.

Such were the sentiments of these humble and devoted servants of God, whom the haughty ambition of Elizabeth and the craft and fanaticism of her ministers pursued with unrelenting hate, and consigned to the dungeon or scaffold. Even in these days many Protestants have no sympathy with their heroic character, and pass by with contempt or a sneer their undaunted courage and noble fortitude. When but a few years ago the Holy Father was pleased to declare these persecuted priests "Venerable," and to hold them up for the veneration of the Faithful, it was said that he had picked out for honour some obscure persons. Truly, they have been obscure, but it is time to wipe out this reproach, and this is a slight attempt to aid in the good work, to exhibit to the love and admiration of Englishmen the good deeds and the eminent virtues of these glorious martyrs of Christ. Surely there is more to be proud of in the unflinching courage of a Thules or an Osbaldeston than in all the courtly vices of a Leicester or a Hatton!

III.

His Stay at Rheims.

We may be sure that the boy would be kindly received by Dr. Allen, the president of the college. A Lancashire man himself, he would view with gratified feelings of local patriotism the numbers of Lancashire youths who offered themselves to the priesthood. Indeed, much of the fervour of the Lancashire Catholics was the fruit of his own zealous labours in his native county. The Lancashire lads soon won for themselves in the colleges of Douay and Rheims a character for shrewdness, tenacity of purpose, and, it must be added, a certain amount of rudeness and bluntness of manner, and they began to be known by the name of "hobnails." A story is told that upon one occasion a

Lancashire student had particularly distinguished himself at a public defension by the smartness and readiness of his replies. His questioner, after the defension was over, came up to congratulate him, and said to him, "You have gone pretty deep, considering that you are only a 'hob-nail.'" "Well I might, into such rotten wood!" was the ready if not over-courteous reply.

Dr. Allen was at this time fifty-one years of age. While he was the object of the most intense hostility on the part of Elizabeth and her advisers, who found in him their greatest obstacle to their cherished scheme of rooting out the Catholic Faith from England, he inspired the most unbounded admiration in the minds of English Catholics. John Pits, who had studied both at Douay and at Rheims, passes this glowing eulogium on his character:—"He had a handsome countenance and a dignified gait, and was on all occasions courteous. As regards mental endowments, he was pious, learned, discreet, and of great authority. He was humble, modest, patient, meek, and of a peaceful disposition—in a word, graced with every kind of virtue." In the year 1583 the college flourished exceedingly, and the number of students reached two-hundred. On March 9, Dr. Allen had the great satisfaction of receiving as a guest at the college his brother Gabriel. He eagerly listened to his accounts of the state of religion in England, and he was so full of the subject that on the 14th of March he wrote the following letter to Father Agazzari, the Rector of the English College at Rome:—

"From Dr. William Allen to Father Alphonsus Agazzari, S.J.,

"Rheims, 18 March, 1583.

"Very Rev. Father in Christ,—Your letter written the day before the calends of February, reached me rather later than usual, or than I liked. It was very gratifying, as it told me of the health of ours with you; of the desired progress of the college, and of the

Providence of God towards us even from Poland. God indeed, here, multiplies our people, and in many ways increases our joys.

"In England, thanks be to Christ, though the enemy rages little less than usual, we make wonderful advances. Your William Hart, of whose apprehension I have written in other letters, has shown himself a brilliant athlete in York prison. He confounds his advisers by his life, his arguments and his constancy. Those who are better disposed he either confirms or converts. It is thought that he will be the fourth martyr of that city. Still he is not yet condemned to death. That city was previously always well inclined to the Catholic faith, and the attachment has been much strengthened by the recent blood of three former martyrs. My brother in the flesh (Gabriel), whom your reverence knows, came to us three days ago from England, having escaped great dangers. When I hear him speak of the straits, of the concealments and spoliations of the Catholics in the island, and on the other hand of the consolations, escapes, and devotion, I am filled with various emotions, but there is greater joy in the Lord, for in all things the Confession of Christ overcome, than there is natural sorrow, because they suffer such grievous calamities. That, at all events, was truly pleasing, and when he told me that during the whole time of three years that he had been absent, he had never failed to hear Mass, that often in the house of his sister (Mrs. Elizabeth Allen) three or four Masses had been celebrated on one day, and that every year on the anniversary of her deceased husband, twelve Masses had been offered. However, into houses of that sort of Catholics which were particularly suspected, spies are sent, who rather come to carry off chalices, than to seize persons, and these can generally be bought off with money. All that district where we were born is Catholic, though the common people, through fear of the iniquitous laws, sometimes go to the churches of the heretics. Indeed, he says that generally throughout England, we have the hearts of nearly all, though the Queen has the outward behaviour

of the greater number. In which we seem to have no little advantage, when we see souls animated with right principles, even when fear, which is not a lasting master, prevents an open confession; yet from day to day the number of those who make public profession of the Faith increases.

"My brother was compelled to stay at London a whole month for an opportunity of crossing the sea. During that time he visited the prisons and almost all the confessors of the Faith, except those in the Tower, whom he did not dare to approach. In one, the Marshalsea, as it is called, there are, besides other Catholics, four-and-twenty priests, who dwell together most peaceably in the Lord. Both in that and in the other prisons of that city many Masses are daily said, the jailors being bribed with money or being favourable to the Faith, giving their consent or at least conniving at what was done. Frequently outsiders are admitted to them for the sake of consultation, or confession, or Communion. And what is more remarkable, the priests are permitted every day to leave the prison for various parts of the city to serve the spiritual wants of Catholics, provided they return to custody at night. In this way the salvation of many is promoted, not less than if the priests were at liberty. Thus on every side God blesses the endeavours of His servants, and this experience confutes the human judgements of many who either loudly declare or secretly whisper that we ought to keep our men for happier times, bow to the persecutors, and cease from work. Were we to listen to such advisers an infinite number of souls who are now served through the blessing of God would perish, and all hope of the future conversion and salvation of our country be lost. We must not wait for things to be better, but must make them better and must win happier times from God the great and good, by the zeal, the labour, and the blood especially of the priests.

"The messenger is in haste to depart. There is no time to read over what I have written, so be indulgent

to my hurry and mistakes. May Jesus Christ keep you all as the apple of His eye.—Yours,

"W. ALLEN.

"14 March, 1585.

"The Very Rev. Father in Christ, John Alfonse Agazzari, Rector of the English College."

I have omitted some portions of the letter as having little bearing on the present sketch, but what I have given shows us plainly the keen interest which he took in the state of things in England, especially amongst the Lancashire Catholics. That he formed too sanguine an estimate of the feelings of Englishmen in general towards the Faith is now plain to us. This led him into schemes to restore the Catholic religion in England by political means, which ended in disastrous failure, and this, not unnaturally, has caused his memory to be viewed by Protestants in a very unfavourable light. But to Catholics he will always remain the unwearying pastor of souls, the wise and successful president of Douay College, and the learned, sagacious Cardinal.

The College of Rheims enjoyed the guidance of its great head for only a short time after the arrival of John Thules. In the August of 1585, a dangerous illness compelled him to journey to Spa, for the sake of the waters. Whilst at that watering place, Fr. Fitzherbert tells us, urgent letters from the Jesuits at Rome reached him requesting his presence in the English College to appease a quarrel that had broken out among the Fathers and the students, and so important did he consider the matter, that, in spite of weakened strength and serious infirmities, he made the long and difficult journey. He never returned to Rheims, being detained at Rome by Pope Sixtus V., who in 1587 raised him to the dignity of Cardinal. Meanwhile John Thules in September, 1583, received the tonsure in the chapel of St Remigius, at the hands of Cardinal de Guise. George Besley, of Goosnargh, the future martyr, received the tonsure on the same day, and Robert

Anderton was ordained subdeacon on the day following. Thus we find him as he gradually advanced in his studies, the companion and friend of those, who like himself were one day to win the martyr's crown. In 1585, a new persecuting law was passed by the English Parliament. It was enacted that "all Jesuits, seminary priests, and other priests ordained by the authority of the See of Rome, shall depart out of her Majesty's dominions, and that if any such priest, deacon, religious or ecclesiastical person shall come into or remain in the Queen's dominions, he shall be adjudged a traitor and suffer accordingly. Furthermore, every person who shall receive, relieve, or maintain any such Jesuit, seminary or other priest, deacon, or ecclesiastical person, shall be adjudged a felon, and suffer death and forfeiture as in cases of felony. Also if any other of the Queen's subjects now being brought up in any college of Jesuits or seminary beyond the seas, shall not return within six months and take oath of supremacy he shall on his return be judged guilty of high treason. Also if any one shall send or convey money or other relief to any Jesuit, seminary or other priest, deacon, or religious or ecclesiastical person, for the maintenance of any college of Jesuits or seminary beyond the seas, or of any person then being in the said college or seminaries, he shall be punishable with *premunire*. Further, any subject of the Queen, who, during the Queen's life, sends, his or her child beyond the sea without the Queen's special licence or that of four Privy Councillors, shall forfeit £100. Lastly, whoever shall know of any such Jesuit, seminary or other priest aforesaid, being in the Queen's dominions, and shall not within twelve days disclose the same to some Justice of the Peace, shall be fined and imprisoned at the Queen's pleasure. And if any such Justice of the Peace to whom such matter shall be discovered do not within twenty-eight days give information to some of the Queen's Privy Council, or the President or to the Vice-president of the Queen's Council established in the north, or in the Marches of Wales, he shall forfeit for every such offence two hundred marks."

This is the famous statute of 27 Elizabeth, cap. 2, under which so many priests and faithful laymen were condemned to death, and Ven. John Thules to win his crown. The students at Rheims were quite aware of those bloodthirsty statutes made against them, but if the Queen hoped to shake their heroic resolution, or to strike them with fear, she was mistaken, for an eager desire for martyrdom burned in the hearts of the students, and they longed only the more eagerly for their hour to come, that they too might confute the malice and cruelty of their persecutors. Allen, in his apology for the English seminaries, alluding to the proclamation of 1581, testifies to the same feelings:— "Their late terrors (thanks be to God) trouble them so little that many straight on the arrival here, in Rheims, of the late edict of January came to their superiors to desire leave to go in, and being answered that the times were not seasonable, they said it was no God-a-mercy for a priest to enter in at other times, but that they were brought up and made especially for such days, and nineteen persons the week following took orders." We cannot doubt that some such sentiments filled the breast of our martyr when, in the June of 1586, the news arrived at Rheims that the Ven. William Marsden, Robert Anderton, and William Tomson had sealed their faith with their blood. They had been his friends, companions in his college life, and it became his hope and his end that he should one day share in their sufferings and their triumph.

IV.

At the English College in Rome.

John Thules had been nearly seven years at Rheims, when on the 27th of March, 1590, he was sent to Rome, along with Edward Tempest. They were then auditors, or students, of scholastic theology, and it was arranged

that they should finish their studies in the English College in the Eternal City. He arrived at Rome on May 8, being then twenty-two years old, and he took the college oath on March 20, 1591. Edward Tempest, the companion of his journey, belonged to the Tempests of Stella Hall, in the county of Durham. He remained at Rome till 1597, and, in the disputes that broke out amongst the students in the English College after the death of Cardinal Allen, he was on the side of the discontented, though at the time he held the posts of tutor and prefect of rooms, and had been raised to the priesthood. After two years' work in England he was arrested in 1599 by an apostate named Sacheverall, and lodged in prison in the Clink.

John Thules was but two years in Rome, and yet it fell to his lot in that brief period to see five Popes occupy the See of St. Peter. The vigorous and indomitable Sixtus V., after a reign of only five years, into which he had crowded the events of an ordinary lifetime, died on August 27, 1590, a few months after Thules' arrival. His was an extraordinary career. Born in the humblest rank of a poor peasant, he had become a Franciscan Friar. His abilities induced Pius V. to employ him in various important missions, and to raise him to the Cardinalate. On the death of Gregory XIII. he became Pope, and at once set vigorously to work to repress disorder and brigandage in the States of the Church, to beautify the city of Rome, and infuse new life into the administration of ecclesiastical affairs. To this day, the Egyptian obelisk in the Piazza of St. Peter's is a monument of his architectural taste. For centuries it had lain prostrate on the earth half buried in rubbish, and it was a work of no little difficulty, with the appliances of those days, to raise it to an erect position. But if his magnificence excited the admiration of the Romans, his severity provoked their hatred, and on his death the statues which had been erected in the city to his honour were ruthlessly cast down by the populace. His successor, Urban VII., reigned only thirteen days; and Gregory XIV., and Innocent IX., had passed away

before the close of 1591. On January 30, 1592, Clement VIII. ascended the Papal throne.

As Cardinal Allen was residing in Rome at this time, it thus happened that he had to take part in four Conclaves for the election of a Pope. By Gregory XIV., he was associated with Cardinal Mark Antony Colonna and many other learned men, amongst others the famous Jesuit, Father Bellarmine, in revising the text of the Vulgate, into which many errors had crept. For nineteen days the learned company stayed at Zagarola, three miles from Palestrina, in a residence of Cardinal Colonna, diligently pursuing their laborious task. In a Brief, dated September 18, 1591, the same Pope conferred upon Cardinal Allen the most ample faculties for administering the ecclesiastical affairs of the English Catholics, and expressed his high esteem for him in the warmest and most affectionate language. Of the premature death of Innocent, Cardinal Allen, in a letter to Father Parsons, speaks in these terms: "God is angry with us, as you may perceive and we do feel, by the open taking from us our head and pastor. For now is Innocentius also, in whom for his great prudence, learning, and virtue we had great hope, taken unto God after he had been in the See only two months." With Clement VIII. the Cardinal was on equally good terms. As Cardinal Aldobrandini, Clement had been Vice-Protector of the English College, and he took the liveliest interest in its well being. The college diary records that on the feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury, 1586, he with seven other Cardinals was present at the college. He administered Holy Communion to the students with his own hands: listened with the deepest interest to the panegyric of St. Thomas, given by one of the students, in which a description of the deplorable state of religion in England was given; and afterwards dined with the community. When he became Pope under the title of Clement VIII., he continued to regard the college with the kindliest feelings, and the students soon realized that they had no warmer friend than the Holy Father He held Cardinal Allen in the highest

esteem, and spoke freely with him on the affairs of the English Catholics. He enrolled amongst the Cardinals some of the most learned men of the time, and among the rest Cardinals Bellarmine and Baronius. These great men would be familiar figures at the English College during the time that Thules was there. A greater than either, who was well known at the college, was St. Philip Neri, now fast nearing his end; and Thules may well have been among that group of students, whom St. Philip greeted with those well known words, "Salvete flores Martyrum." St. Philip died May 25, 1595.*

Father Joseph Cresswell was rector of the English College from 1589 to 1592, covering the whole time that Thules was there. He was born in London, pursued his studies at the English College in Rome, and was afterwards Vice-Prefect of the English Mission in Spain, where he acquired great influence with Philip II. In the August of 1591 a spy of the English Government, named John Gale, received hospitality at the English College for eight days, and he afterwards was seven days in the household of Cardinal Allen, but left abruptly for Loreto. The State papers of the Public Record Office, Dom. Eliz. vol. CCXLII., May 26, 1586, contain the man's own declaration of his infamous calling.

Thules found many Lancashire students at the college; indeed Brother Foley tells us that Lancashire surpassed in the numbers it supplied to the college any other county. More than 200 Lancashire names have been counted up in the diary. Among those who had also been at Rheims with him was John Redman, who later on accompanied him in his return journey to the north. Redman afterwards became Canon of the Cathedral Chapter of St. Omer's. He was a very learned man, and a Doctor of Divinity. At his death he left his library and a third part of his property to Douay

* St. Aloysius too was at this time a student at the Roman College, where it would be our martyr's privilege to meet him daily.

College. Besides Redman, there were many others whom Thules had known at Rheims, so that he would find himself no stranger within the walls of the English College. Amongst his fellow-students was Richard Broughton, who, though descended from a Lancashire family, belonged to the diocese of Lincoln. He was compelled, on account of ill health, to leave Rome, in 1591, and he went to Rheims, where he made great progress in Greek and Hebrew, and also applied himself to the diligent study of British antiquities. On his return to England, in 1593, he laboured on the mission, but still pursued his favourite hobby of British antiquities. For this purpose he from time to time repaired to Oxford, and he is entered as a sojourner there June 19, 1626. He became assistant to the Arch-priest, Canon of the English Chapter, and Vicar-General to Dr. William Bishop, the Bishop of Chalcedon, who was the first Catholic Bishop in England after the Reformation. He died in 1634, and was buried at his native place, Great Stuckley, Co. Huntingdon. It is strange, when dealing with these times of blood and persecution, to come across a priest who could devote himself to antiquarian pursuits, and who though filling important posts in the Church could die in peace at an advanced age in his own village.

I must mention two other schoolfellows of Thules, Jos. Lampton, and Henry Pugh. The former was born at Malton, in Yorkshire, in 1569, and was of a respectable family. He entered the College at Rheims, Sep. 30, 1584, and was sent to Rome in 1589. His zeal for souls prompted him to ask to go on the English mission, and he accompanied Thules on his return to England. His short but glorious career may be here added in the words of Bishop Challoner: "Arriving in England, he began his missionary work, but was immediately apprehended and committed to prison, and not long after brought to the bar, arraigned and condemned for being a priest and coming to England to perform his priestly offices in this kingdom. For this, and no other reason, he had sentence to die the death of a traitor, which he

suffered with great constancy and fortitude. He was cut down alive, and the hangman (who was one of the felons, who, to save his own life was to perform that office) having begun the butchery by dismembering the martyr, had so great a horror of what he was doing, that he absolutely refused to go on with the operation, though he was to die for the refusal; so that the Sheriff was obliged to seek another executioner, whilst the martyr, with invincible patience and courage, supported a torment which cannot be thought of without horror, and which shocked even the most barbarous of the spectators; till, at length, a butcher from a neighbouring village was brought to the work, who, ripping him up and bowelling him, set his holy soul at liberty, to take its happy flight to its sovereign and eternal good."

He suffered at Newcastle, July 27, 1593, in the flower of his age—for he was not yet thirty—and in the sight of his friends and relations.

The second, Henry Pugh, was of the county of Flint, and of good family. He had, before leaving England, been committed to the county gaol for recusancy. He was several times put on the rack, until he became speechless and almost insensible, but on recovering himself, was again subjected to the torture. He did not, however, commit himself or others, and when brought to trial was acquitted. In June, 1585, he was received at the College at Rheims and in 1589 he left for Rome. This brave Confessor of the Faith died at the College at Rome, August 20, 1592. Probably the severity of his sufferings on the rack had been too much for his youthful frame, for he was little more than twenty years old at the time of his imprisonment. He was twenty-six years of age when he came to Rome, being several years older than most of his companions, and no doubt when he could be prevailed upon to tell the story of his torture, he would be listened to with eager interest. His fellow students knew well enough what their brethren in the Faith were suffering in their own country, and expected nothing else for themselves when their time should come; but in Pugh they had constantly amongst

them one who had already drunk of the bitter cup of persecution, and had felt the excruciating pain of being stretched on the rack. Another student at this time in Rome was a Sidgreaves, afterwards Father Sidgreaves, a member of a family, who long held land in Goosnargh (Inglewhite Lodge).

The two years Thules spent in Rome must have been a pleasant period of peace and rest. He was among congenial companions, and as the college at Rome was so intimately connected with that at Rheims, receiving from it most of its students and in turn often sending back men with whom the climate of Rome did not agree, it would never be dull. The charms of ancient Rome would in many respects be even greater then than now, and the passion for classical antiquities was almost at its height. Then, some of the most distinguished men of the time, great saints like St. Philip Neri, and great theologians and historians like Bellarmine and Baronius, were conspicuous in the daily life of the city. Thules witnessed the coronation of no fewer than four Popes, and so his eyes were familiar with the most brilliant ecclesiastical ceremonies. But his time of peace was now at an end, and it was announced to him that he must prepare to leave Rome and all its agreeable associations and journey to England, to meet there no hospitable welcome, but a life of trial, the hardships of imprisonment, and, for all that he knew, a bloody death on the scaffold. He left Rome in the company of seven other priests; the Pope, Clement VIII., supplied the money for their expenses. Among his companions, besides Lampton, there was another priest of Rheims and Douay who was to share the martyr's palm. This was Francis Montford, of the diocese of Norwich, who was condemned to die for receiving priest's orders, and suffered in London before he had spent more than a few months in his native country. In those days the journey was long and difficult, and sometimes took a month or six weeks. To obtain a ship to cross the English Channel was often a difficult and tedious task, but when all these obstacles had been surmounted, John

Thules, in the middle of the year 1592, now twenty-four years of age, landed, a priest, on the shores of his well-loved England.

V.

His Missionary Career.

For nine years Thules had been abroad, in the midst of Catholic surroundings. He had lived among friends, with men of his own age and of his own views. No concealment of his religion had been necessary, and he could walk in the open street, and his dress and mien might inform any passer-by what he was and what were his aims. His religion as a Catholic and his profession as an ecclesiastic brought with them no shame nor fear. But from the time he arrived at the coast of France or the Low Countries, and had to make arrangements for his voyage across the English Channel, all this was changed. He must not henceforth wear the garb nor assume the manner of a priest; he must carefully disguise himself as best he might so as to avoid, if possible, the keen eyes of spies and informers. It was a sore trial to a man of high spirit and true courage, but it had to be borne; it was a necessary condition of his doing his duty as a priest in England. Nor was it long before he attracted the suspicions of some of the officers of the law. Whether it was by some chance incaution of his own or some artful contrivance of others, he fell into the hands of the Queen's pursuivants, and was imprisoned at Wisbech. This place, so memorable as having been in Queen Elizabeth's time the place of confinement for many priests and laymen suffering for the Faith, is situated on the borders of Cambridgeshire and Norfolk, in the heart of the great Fen country, and in what is still called the Isle of Ely. At one time the Bishops of Ely resided here, but in Elizabeth's reign it became a state prison.

Not a vestige of the building now remains, and a street runs over its site. But in the sixteenth century it was a dilapidated ruinous building. Within were dreary roofless walls and courtyards heaped with rubbish; without, festering mud and stagnant waters choked with reedy vegetation, under a heavy, mist-laden sky, completed the desolation of a flat country, marshy and undrained.

Amongst the prisoners in the Queen's reign were the Venerable Thomas Watson, Bishop of Lincoln, and Feckenham, the last Abbot of Westminster. Under the rule of Governor Grey, the confessors met with the harshest treatment; they were left in filth, solitude, and want. Watson died in 1583, and Feckenham 1585, worn out with suffering and privation. There were more than thirty priests detained in this pestilential prison at one time, and for the most part they had to live at their own charge. It is true, collections for their maintenance were made amongst the wealthy English Catholics, but communication with the prisoners was difficult and precarious, and so they were often reduced to great straits and suffered much from cold and want of food.

In this prison Thules met with Dr. Chrystopher Bagshawe, whose remarkable history well illustrates the chequered times in which he lived. The very shadows in his strange career throw into stronger relief the difficulties and trials of the English Catholics of Elizabeth's reign. He was born in the diocese of Lichfield, before the reign of Queen Mary. He went to Oxford, and soon attracted the attention of his superiors by his brilliant talents and success in study. He became an accomplished Greek scholar, and was looked upon as a man of the highest promise. In 1572 he was admitted probationer Fellow of Balliol College when the celebrated Jesuit Father, Robert Persons, also held a fellowship there, and about 1579 he was chosen Principal or Vice-Principal of Gloucester Hall. Balliol College at this time became an object of suspicion to Government on account of the leaning shown to Catholic opinions by many of its members. In 1582 Bagshawe threw up

all his preferments and went abroad, and we find him received at the College in Rheims, July 17, of that year. He was ordained priest in the May of 1583, and said his first Mass on the 14th of June, about a fortnight after John Thules entered the College. Bagshawe remained at Rheims till August 13, of the same year, and then with many companions set out to Rome. His character at that time is given in a letter from Dr. Barret, of Rheims, to Father Agazzari, dated the day of his departure for Rome. Dr. Barret says: "Those who are coming to you this time are amongst the best men we have. Those who excel the others in age and talent will perhaps be somewhat troublesome: for I fear that in obedience and humility they may be as they have been. Certainly unless there be a great change, especially in one of them, it will be a difficult business for your Reverence. I am speaking of Bagshawe, for whom I hear you have written. He has great abilities and is a good student, but he is very passionate, hard to deal with, and restless; but he promises that he will overcome these and other faults, and moreover he wishes to go to you. At present he is well disposed towards your society, and takes your side against those who love you less than they ought." In this character Dr. Barret was not mistaken, and in spite of many excellent qualities, Bagshawe was to the end of his life involved in many quarrels. When in Italy, he took his degree as Doctor of Divinity. On April 2, 1585, he was again at Rheims, and on May 27, of the same year he was sent to England. There he was a zealous missioner, and, in 1593, we find him a prisoner in Wisbech. He renewed his acquaintance with Thules, and was an acute observer of his many virtues. I cannot quite ascertain whether the Venerable Sigebert Buckley, the last survivor of the English Benedictines, was in Wisbech at the same time, but Bagshawe in a letter to the General of the Spanish Benedictines—(see the Acta Capituli Generalis Anglicani, Ord. S. Benedicti, 1633)—describes various Benedictines whom he had known in prison. After mentioning Feckenham and Buckley, he goes on to speak

of John Thules in these words—"One most saintly priest, Father Thules, who in our prison wished to be a Benedictine, actually died a martyr." As the Order was not restored in England till 1607, when the aged, Father Buckley, then ninety years of age, professed two novices in the Gatehouse Prison, Westminster, Thules had not the opportunity of carrying out his pious wish. His earliest associations in boyhood had been with the Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, which belonged in Catholic times to the Benedictine Priory of Upholland, his native village, and no doubt many affectionate memories of the banished monks and their good deeds still lingered in the district. His early love for the monks would be renewed in prison in the society of Father Buckley, and he would probably be greatly influenced by his saintly conduct and his pious conversation. The Priory of Upholland was the latest foundation belonging to the Order, and it is a singular coincidence that the first aspirant for the monastic habit after the Reformation should spring from its neighbourhood. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of Dr. Bagshawe, he was a very able man, and his testimony to the saintly character of Thules is therefore especially valuable.

A curious feature of the state of things at Wisbech Castle is to be found in a report from John Kepple and Thomas Helker to the Queen's Council, dated September 7, 1599. These men had been commissioned to inquire "concerning the taking into the castle by the priests to serve them, of certain boys, sons of gentlemen, who are nursed up in Papistry, by which means that place appointed for a prison serves for a seminary to corrupt youth." They further say, "We have, as you required us, repaired thither to sequester those boys, remove them to other houses in the town, and examine whose sons they are, and send you their examinations." After mentioning some other boys, they go on to speak of the examination of Nicholas Clayton, fourteen years old. "He is the son of William Clayton, of Whepstone, Co. Derby, yeoman, and was sent by him to Dr. Bagshaw,

who placed him with Thules, a priest in Wisbech Castle." A note adds, "He afterwards confessed to being Nicholas Bagshaw, son of Henry Bagshaw, of Chapelle-Firth, Co. Derby, and neither his father nor mother go to church." (P.R.O. Eliz., vol. 272, No. 107.)

These extracts throw a strange light on the times; they tell us of the straits to which Catholics were put in order to obtain a religious education for their children, of the indomitable resolution with which they pursued their purpose, and the ingenuity with which they secured it in apparently the most hopeless quarter. The very prison in which their priests were immured served them as a place for training up their sons in the fear and love of God, and in choosing His service rather than that of the world. It is not unlikely that the so-called William Clayton was a relation of Dr. Bagshaw, and if this be the case, it is another evidence of the esteem and confidence which that accomplished scholar felt for our Martyr.

Thules was for some years detained here, but at length made his escape, or the evidence against him not being enough to secure a conviction, he was set at liberty. He sought a refuge in his own county of Lancashire, and seems to have served in the neighbourhood of Bolton. Here he became intimate with the Ashtons of Lever. Lever is mentioned in Doomsday Book as "Parva Lofre," and was included in the extensive estates of the Barons of Manchester. Albert Gredle, the younger, gave away some lands in Parva Lofre, and they were held by the heirs of the recipient in the reign of King John. The Ashtons became possessed of Lever in the reign of Edward IV., and were lords of Great Lever in Queen Elizabeth's reign. For a time the family held on to the Catholic faith, and a son who was born at this period had the young priest for his godfather. Thules must have been on the most friendly terms with the Ashtons; he won the lasting attachment of his godson, and his instructions, his advice, and his influence produced so deep and favourable an impression that when unfortunately young Ashton conformed to the Queen's

religion his regard for his former pastor continued unabated.

The state of religion at this time in Lancashire was very peculiar. Of course the laws were the same for it as for the rest of England, but owing to the temper of the people it was not an easy matter to enforce them with the same persistency and rigour. Many of the magistrates were Catholics at heart, and made their appearance at church unwillingly and just sufficiently often to save them from the crushing exactions laid on Catholics. The common people were still attached to the old Faith, were ever ready to give shelter to the hunted victims of the law and often made it impossible for the pursuivants to carry on their infamous trade.

The late Rev. T. E. Gibson, in his valuable work, "Lydiate and its Associations," has collected a number of documents relating to the condition of Lancashire in Elizabeth's time, and they amply prove the strong hold still kept by the Catholic faith in our county, and the bitter feelings provoked thereby in the minds of zealous Protestants.

In a report dated 1591, a contemporary writer complains: "By the Ecclesiastical Commission small reformation has been had in these counties, as may appear by the emptiness of churches on Sundays and holidays in the time of divine service, multitudes of bastards and abundance of drunkards.

"The people in these countries for the most lack instruction for the learning and doing of their duties to God, her Majesty, and their neighbours, by reason that the preachers are few and the greater part of the parsons, vicars, and curates unlearned; many of those parsons and vicars are not resident on their benefices.

"The youth of those countries are trained up in learning by such as profess Papisme, and by them greatly affected.

"Some of the wives of some of the Justices of the Peace within the same countries, their sons and daughters-in-law, servants and tenants, do not frequent the church.

"Some of the Justices of Peace very seldom or not at all, their wives, children, and servants have not Communicated the Lord's Supper since the beginning of her Majesty's reign. The people in great heaps in service and sermon time do swarm the streets and ale-houses of many of the church towns, the churches therein having then not present many besides the curate and his parish clerk.

"In church towns and divers other places of these countries cock fighting and other exceeding unlawful games are tolerated upon Sundays and holidays at the time of Divine Service; and oftentimes thereat divers of the Justices of the Peace of the same counties and also some of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners." Dom. Eliz. cclxvi, No. 138.

In a communication sent by the Bishop of London to Cecil in the last year of the Queen's reign, the complaint is made:—

"They in Lancashire and those parts recusants stand not in fear by reason of the great multitude there is of them. Likewise I have heard it reported publicly amongst them that they of that country have beaten divers pursuivants extremely, and made them vow and swear that they would never meddle with any recusants more; and one pursuivant in particular to eat his warrant, and vow never to trouble them nor any recusants more." Dom. Eliz, cclxxix, No. 86.

Even when they presented themselves at church, it is alleged that they disturbed Divine Service, "By the private prayers used of the most, with crossing and knocking of the breast, and sometimes with beads closely handled." Raines, Cheetham Miscellanies, V.

I add another paper from Father Gibson's collections. It is placed under the year 1591, and sets forth still more plainly the indisposition of many of the landed gentry to give up the Catholic Faith. It thus describes the character of the gentlemen named:—

"*Sir Richard Sherbourne, Knt., J.P., and Ecclesiastical Commissioner, Stannyhurste.*

"His wief, children, famylie, for the most parte,

seldome come to the church, and never communycate, and some of his daughters married and not known by whom, but suspected by masse priests; and intellengener to the Papists of Lancr, as apperith by a lre latelie delivr ovr to the Lls.

"*Sir John Radcliffe, Knt., a Justice and Eccll Commissr, Hollyns also Radcliffe in the M. Moores.*

"His wief being very well trained in the religion synce his intermarriage with hir ys revolted to Popery, and seldome or never comes to the church.

"*Thos. Preston, Esq., Justice of the Peace he unto fforance.*

"His famylie seldome resort to the churche, and he himself is a great favorisr of the Allens and of other notable recusants and Papists.

"*Christopher Anderton, a Justice preignotory, and one of the ffermors of the fines, &c., Lostocke.*

"His wief, children, and famylie seldome or never come to the church, and communycat: divers of his sonnes and daughters married, and not known where or by whom.

"*Willm ffaryngedon, a Justice of the Peace, Wouerden, Blackborne.*

"Children, wief, seldome communycat since her Majesty's reign.

"*Alexr Rigbie, a Justice and Clerk of the Crowne in Lankyshire, Bourghe.*

"His wief, eldest sonne, and others of his children and household, seldome or never come to the churche, and one of his younger sonnes married by a mass priest.

"*Edwd Scareshrick, Justice of the Peace, Scarisbricke.*

"Seldome communycateth, his children trayned up in Popery, and his daughters never come to the church.

"*John Molineux, a Justice and Steward of her Majesties hundreds of Derby, Salford, and Blakeborne, Sefton.*

"His wief and famylie are very evillie disposed, and retayneth in his s'vice gentlemen of very good countenance, the most notoryous Papists of that end of Lankeshire. As the Blundells, Irelands, and others.

"*Richd Mollineux, Esq., Justice of the Peace, near Darby.*

" His famylie very evell.

" *Richd Bolde, a Justice Bold.*

" He hath of late reformed his wief and famylie.

" *Sir Thos. Hesketh, Knt., and Justice of the Peace, Rufford, Marton.*

" His wief and eldeste sonne seldome or never resorte to the church and communycate: the same sonne giveth countenance to Worthington the semynary priest. And the now Baron of Walton's wief daughter was corrupt in that house, and nowe refuseth to resorte to the churche, who before her coming thither was very well disposed to religion.

" *Richd Braddell, a Justice, Vice-Chancllor of Lancr and Deputy to her Majts Attorney in that countie nr Garstang.*

" His wief and famylie very ill dispesed, seldome or never come to the churche.

" *Edwd Tildesley, a Justice and underkepr of Mirescoughe Forest, under the Earl of Darby, Morley, Merescoughe.*

" His children and famylie are very greatly corrupted, and few or none of them come to the churche."

VI.

His Passion and Martyrdom.

The Latin life of Ven. John Thules, published at Douay the year after his martyrdom, gives us few particulars of his life after arriving in his native county, but it states that "God Almighty prepared his servant for the crown of martyrdom by many trials and crosses, which he bore with wonderful courage and tranquillity of mind." It is not difficult, however, to enumerate many things which must have caused him much suffering. We must remember that he had no abiding residence, that during the twenty remaining years of his life he had to rely upon the hospitality of others who could entertain him only at the risk of their property and their lives. As a matter of fact we shall see later

on that the companion of his imprisonment and death at Lancaster was a poor weaver, whose sole crime was relieving and assisting priests. News was constantly brought to him of the martyrdom of fellow priests, some of whom were well known to him, and had been the sharers of his studies and his travels. Again the fines and imprisonments which were inflicted on the gentlemen of Lancashire, from many of whom he himself had received shelter, would fill his kindly heart with sorrow. Shortly before his coming to Lancashire, Mr. Richard Blundell of Crosby and his son had been committed to prison, on the charge of having entertained a priest of the name of Woodroffe, by Henry, fourth Earl of Derby, and the father died a prisoner in Lancaster Castle.

Ferdinando, Lord Strange, who became after his father's death in 1593 the fifth Earl of Derby, was also zealous in the work of persecution. In a letter to Chaderton, Bishop of Chester, he speaks of Lancashire as "so unbridled and bad a handful of England," and assures him that "no man shall set his foot before me in any whatever service belonging to her Majesty, but I will say with Alexander 'Strike the city of thieves for disloyalty,' to which walls (I mean those rebellious-minded Papists) myself will be willing to give the first blow." The shameful task of rooting out of the minds of Lancashire men, the Faith they had cherished from the times when Roman soldiers were quartered at Manchester and Ribchester, was evidently a congenial one. Ferdinando was Earl of Derby for too short a time for him to gather many laurels in the inglorious cause, but his brother William, the sixth Earl was the instrument of bringing our Martyr to his bloody but most blessed crown.

The infamous conduct of the apostate priest Dingley, in denouncing the good people who had welcomed him into their houses, and assisted reverently at his Mass, must also have been a sore trial to every faithful Lancashire man. It had this especial aggravation in it that it tended to destroy the trust that persecuted priests

had in each other, for who could say for certain that Dingley had no imitators in his treachery?

A third trouble to a devout servant of Holy Church was the differences which grew up among the clergy themselves. After the death of Cardinal Allen, Fr. Persons, of the Society of Jesus, was the ecclesiastical superior of the forlorn remnant of the Church in England. In 1591, Blackwell was appointed Archpriest, and his jurisdiction extended over all England. His administration excited discontent among the clergy, and the quarrel became so warm that two deputies were chosen by the secular priests to go to Rome to represent their side of the question. One of these was Robert Charnock, of Blacklach House, near Leyland. He was of a good Lancashire family, who were stout recusants for many generations, and whose hall, by its careful arrangements for the concealment of the priest and the altar furniture, still proclaims the terrors of those evil times. I need not go further into the story of this unfortunate dispute, but to Father Thules it must have been a source of deep pain and even anxiety. The leading personages engaged in the contest were many of them well known to him, some of them personal friends, and all had been students of the Douay and Roman Colleges. He did not live to see Dr. William Bishop, the companion of Charnock in his mission to Rome, consecrated Bishop of Chalcedon for that did not happen till 1623, seven years after his death; but we may be sure that he heartily sympathized with one of the main objects of the embassy, the desire of the English Catholics for a Bishop.

As the time went on he had the sorrow of seeing many families give up the Faith; his own friends, the Ashtons of Lever, were of this number, and his godson also conformed, though he never wavered in his love and attachment to his religious instructor. Father Thules was extremely mortified in his manner of life, and he had much to suffer from severe illness. On one occasion, when he was at death's door, through extremity of sickness, and had received all the rights of the Church, he was divinely admonished that he was not to

die that time, and must look for a more glorious death by martyrdom. From that time forward he was ever preparing for his end, and acquired a complete mastership over himself, and so moderated all his words that nothing came out of his mouth but what had been well studied and meditated beforehand.

About the close of 1601, the health of the Queen began to fail. Her godson, Sir John Harrington, who visited the Court in October, describes in a private letter the state in which he found her. "She was altered in her features and reduced to a skeleton. Her food was nothing but manchet bread and savoury pottage. Her taste for dress was gone. She had not changed her dress for many days. Nothing could please her. She was the torment of the ladies who waited on her person; she stamped with her feet and swore violently at the objects of her anger. For her protection she had ordered a sword to be placed by her table, which she often took in her hand and thrust with violence into the tapestry of her chamber." (Lingard, vol. vi, p. 644.) During the paroxysms of her disorder she was alarmed at the frightful phantoms conjured up by her imagination. At length she obstinately refused to return to bed. Day and night she sat bolstered up with cushions having her finger in her mouth and her eyes fixed on the floor. She seldom condescended to speak, and rejected every offer of nourishment. The Bishops and Lords of the Council advised and entreated in vain. For all of them, with the exception of the Lord Admiral, she expressed the most profound contempt. But when he urged her to go to bed, she replied that if he had seen what she saw there he would never make the request. The young, fair Mrs. Southwell, her sworne mayde of honour, says of her—"She sat for two days and three nights on a stool ready dressed, and would never be brought by any of the Council to go to bed. . . She kept her bed fifteen days, besides three days she sat upon a stool, and one day being pulled up by force stood on her feet fifteen hours. She said to the Lord Admiral in a pite-

ous tone, 'My Lord I am tied with an iron collar about my neck,' and when he sought to console her, she replied, 'No, I am tied, and the case is altered with me.'" These accounts are quoted by Dr. Lingard from the writings of persons who were eye-witnesses of what they narrate, and heard the words with their own ears—Sir John Harrington and Lady Southwell. The manuscript of the lady is endorsed April 1, 1607. The last days of this bright star of the Reformation set in the deepest gloom. It is not given us to judge, but it seems as if the innocent blood which in her pride and presumption she had so freely poured out, was now ever present before her imagination, and filled her soul with bitter remorse and hopeless despair.

That Thules would share the hopes entertained by his fellow Catholics, that the reign of her successor, James I., would be more favourable to their persecuted body, we cannot doubt; and great would be his disappointment when experience showed that he was as cruel an oppressor as the dread Elizabeth herself. With him the greed for money was ever sovereign, and the fortunes of the Catholics offered him the readiest means of filling his coffers. In the year 1612 alone, as Fr. Bridgett tells us in the *Month* for May, he made £371,060 by the forfeitures of recusants. Besides, he was afraid of the growing power of the Puritans, and they were ever clamouring for the blood of the Catholics. To appease their noisy cries he sanctioned what his natural gentleness of disposition shrank from, and during his reign the fines were rigorously exacted from Catholics and their blood was ruthlessly shed on the scaffold.

Meanwhile Father Thules' life wore on in suffering and sorrow for himself, while he was ministering in a hundred ways to the sorrows and sufferings of others. His time at length came, and he was arrested by the command of William, the sixth Earl of Derby. He was committed to the county gaol at Lancaster to await trial at the Lent Assizes, in 1616. Father Thules was already well acquainted with the hardships of prison life. It is probable that his frequent and severe illnesses were partly due to

his close and prolonged imprisonment at Wisbech, but when he fell into the hands of the Lord Lieutentant's officers he submitted cheerfully to his fate. In those days journeys were no easy matters even to persons of rank who could command every convenience, but a ride on horseback, guarded on either side by officers of the law, through the wretched tracks called roads which he was forced to traverse in going from the south-east part of Lancashire to the county town was one of much suffering and humiliation. "Time-honoured Lancaster" was then the chief though not the largest town in Lancashire. The military genius of the Romans had selected it for the site of a border fortress, and after seven hundred years of obscurity and neglect a Norman baron, Roger of Poitou, once again recognized its advantageous position for defence and attack. The castle was re-erected in more than its former grandeur, and was the residence and stronghold of one of William the Conqueror's foremost barons.

In the sixth year of King John (1204), Robert de Gredlai, Baron of Manchester, who was the Governor, was by letter from the King, dated June 25, discharged of the ward of the castle. In the tenth year of the same reign, November 3, a writ was issued to the Earl of Chester, Robert de Greidley, and others, directing them to provide men for the construction of the moats and fosses of the castle. In the seventeenth year of his reign, as Robert de Grest, Baron of Manchester (for so he is described in the document) had joined the Barons at Runnymede, King John committed the castle and all its appurtenances and all the said Robert's lands to Adam de Yeland to hold during the King's pleasure. The reader will note the curious diversity of spelling in the name of the Governor of Lancaster Castle in King John's time; in three official documents it is spelled Gredlai, Greidley, and Grest, the name still survives in that of the writer of these pages. Baines tells us that in all probability the tower and inner portion of the gateway, the dungeon tower, Constantine's tower, and well tower were built in John's

reign. Beneath the well tower is an arched dungeon, reached by a steep flight of steps, the vaulting of which has been constructed by laying bundles of faggots and withies sloping from the centre, and then pouring concrete on the whole. The marks left by the sticks in the mortar are yet plainly visible. Atticus, in his amusing account of his visit to the castle, gives a terrible description of the horrors of this fearful dungeon. "By no stretch of imagination could you conjure up and picture such a place. Many feet below the ground, dark as Erebus, damp, cold and dismal; not a window, not a ray of light, nor a breath of fresh air; everything black as midnight, cold, and clammy as the fingers of death, with a low-pointed roof, with strong iron rings on the floor to which poor wretches were fastened, and with a doorway indicating double iron sheets and double iron locks."

The noble gateway tower is perhaps the finest in England. It was built at three different times. The inner archway, containing the massive oak door, stands immediately behind the portcullis groove and vaulted entrance passage. These probably belong to the thirteenth century, and were erected in the governorship of Robert de Gredlai. The outer archway is surmounted by a niche; the niche, the wall, octagonal towers up to the level of the top of the niche are of the fourteenth century, and were probably the work of John of Gaunt himself. The upper portion with the machicolated battlements and turrets were probably added in the fifteenth century. A further great alteration was made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth in the year 1585. The alarm caused by the threatened invasion of Philip of Spain stirred up the authorities to put into a state of defence Lancaster Castle and many other fortresses in the kingdom. At this time the Great Keep was much improved. The lower part of the keep is a magnificent relic of Norman architecture, being nearly eighty feet square, with walls ten feet thick. It was now raised to a height of seventy feet with the little turret called John O'Gaunt's Chair,

rising a further ten feet, and affording a very wide view of the country around. A stone with the initials of the Queen and those of Richard Ashton, sheriff, is placed on the battlement of this tower. In Elizabeth's reign it was the chief state prison of the county. Here were brought murderers and thieves and coiners of false money, the offscouring of crime and wretchedness; and here too abided sometimes for years the anointed priests of God, perfecting their souls for martyrdom and often leaving its walls only to die on the gibbet. We have seen how this imprisonment was shared by some of the oldest gentry of the land, and how Mr. Blundell of Crosby died within the castle walls for the heinous crime of sheltering a priest. In all fifteen martyrs here glorified God by giving up their lives in his service.

The roll of those glorious confessors of God's church opened in 1584 with the names of Fr. James Bell and John Finch, a layman. Bell had been a priest for many years when Queen Mary died. He was born in 1524, before the breach between England and the Holy See: before the gospel light was discovered by Henry VIII. in Anne Boleyn's eyes, he had been ordained priest, and had officiated for many years at God's altar. On the change of religion under Queen Elizabeth, he went with the crowd, and conformed to the State creed. He took the oath of supremacy, and acted as a Protestant minister for many years. Words addressed to him by a virtuous matron roused him to a sense of his great sin, and a long and severe sickness gave him time to think. He rose from his sick bed a changed man: he entered on a time of serious reflection and severe penance. He was reconciled to the Church, and henceforth he devoted himself with all the fervour of a convert to the work of saving souls. For two years he laboured with all diligence, and then was apprehended and cast into prison at Manchester. He was sent to Lancaster to be tried at the Lent Assizes in 1584. On his journey his arms were tied behind him, and his legs were fastened together under the horse's belly.

The night before his execution he spent in prayer and meditation, and he died the death of a martyr, displaying not only unshaken constancy, but great joy.

With him died John Finch, a layman, born in Mawdesley, near Croston. He, too, had been a Protestant; he was married and settled in the world, but being convinced of his errors, he became a fervent Catholic, and devoted his life and time to speading the true faith among people. He was apprehended by the Earl of Derby along with a priest named George Ortcliffe, was confined in the gaol at Manchester, and finally, after much patient suffering, won his crown at Lancaster, along with Father James Bell, on the 20th of April, 1584.

These were the Proto-Martyrs of Lancaster. Fr. Bell had been an apostate from the Faith; he had sworn to the Queen's supremacy over God's Church, and had denied the authority of the Holy See, but he was a penitent, and a true one; and it was given to him to wash away the guilt of his sin with the outpouring of his blood. Now he stands before God's throne, and his repentance only adds lustre to his crown of martyrdom. Lancaster had no other martyred priests until the last year of the sixteenth century, but in 1600 Fathers Nutter and Twing won their crowns, and in the following year, 1601, two other priests, Thurstan Hunt and Robert Middleton, suffered with the same constancy, and secured the same triumph. In 1604 Lawrence Baily, a layman, shed his blood for the Faith, in 1628 the famous Fr. Arrowsmith and Robert Hurst, and in 1641 Edward Barlow a Benedictine monk, made the same glorious confession. The roll of honour of God's saints and martyrs at Lancaster ended with the names of Fathers Bamber, Woodcock, a Franciscan, and Whitaker, of Goosnargh and Claughton, in the August of 1646. Queen Elizabeth and James I. had their victims, whom they offered up in the name of Protestantism and religious liberty; though the three last-named martyrs died in the reign of Charles I., their death does not lie at his door, but belongs to the Parliamentary and Puritan party, which at the time was dominant in Lanca-

shire, and thirsted for the blood of Catholics. No other town in England outside the metropolis, except York, can vie with Lancaster in the number of the martyrs who have sanctified its soil with their blood. I am afraid that they have not been honoured as they ought, and that many a Lancaster man in these later days has known but little of these fearless champions of Christ, the great glory of his town. But other times are coming: the historian is turning over the dusty documents of the past, and he is giving to the Lancashire Catholics of to-day the results of his labours. His narrative tells of as heroic resolution, of as unflinching courage, and of as holy lives as can be read of in the history of any age or country. God is glorified in His servants, and the familiar names of common life, of Bell and Bamber, of Finch and Wrenno, now shine with the halo befitting a martyr's head.

Father Thules here had for fellow prisoner in the Castle one Roger Wrenno, or Worren, a weaver by trade, but a devout and zealous soul. It is said that they contrived to make their escape together, but were re-arrested, and more strictly confined to prevent the possibilities of a second attempt at flight. Father Thules found other work ready to his hand. Among the prisoners were four malefactors, who afterwards suffered on the same day with himself. He made friends with them, spoke to them of the enormity of their crimes, and so won their confidence that they listened readily to his instructions. He then talked to them of the means offered by the Catholic Faith to poor sinners to make their peace with God, and so wrought with them that they became true penitents, and were reconciled by him to the Catholic Faith. In this Faith they persevered to the end, and met their death bravely, confessing to the last their belief in the Catholic religion.

The Sheriff of Lancashire in 1616 was Rowland Moseley, a gentleman of the Hundred of Salford. The solemn forms of English law were gone through at the trial. Thules was charged with being a priest and

exercising his priestly functions in this realm. His demeanour was calm and self-possessed, and his replies were given with such judgement and dignity as to extort the admiration of the court; one of the judges who sat upon him at his trial was greatly impressed with his behaviour, and declared in the company of many gentlemen that he had scarce met in all the North of England with a man of so much modesty, prudence and temper. Wrenno was also tried on a charge of felony for assisting and relieving priests. Both were condemned to die, but were offered their lives if they would take the oath of Allegiance to the Queen: both refused the impious oath as contrary to the truth and their conscience. A strange scene then was presented to the astonished eyes of the assembled crowd. Mr. Ashton of Lever, Father Thules' godson, came forward and entreated his old friend to take the oath, offering him £20 a year for his life, if he would only yield. It must have been a trying moment for Father Thules, and he must have been deeply moved by this singular proof of his godson's attachment, but he must obey God rather than man, and he stood firm to his resolution. Perhaps as he gazed on the eager face of the young man, and listened to his earnest entreaty, and heard his generous offer, he found it a harder task to preserve his self-command, than when he confronted the terrors of judge and jury. He could but turn away with beating heart, and breathe a fervent blessing on so sincere a friend. The 18th of March was appointed for the execution of the two confessors of Christ.

Father Thules had another trying ordeal to pass through. The priests who had been his fellow prisoners gathered about him to say goodbye. Even now he did not forget his office as an ambassador of Christ. He knew the trials to which they were still exposed, and he thought not of the fate awaiting himself. His last words were an earnest recommendation to them to practise mutual charity and love, and thus show themselves true followers of their Lord. He was then conducted to the castle gate, and after being bound on a hurdle

was dragged in that painful and ignominious fashion through the streets of the town to the place of execution.

Since the last year of the eighteenth century the dread sentence of the law has been carried out within the precincts of the castle, but previous to 1800 the place of execution was on the eastern side of the town, on what was known as Lancaster Moor. The spot was at the junction of Quernmore and Wyresdale-roads, somewhat over a quarter of a mile in a straight line from the Castle Gate. It is on ground which intervenes between the Workhouse and the roads mentioned, and is within the Workhouse enclosure. To reach it from the castle it was necessary to pass through the entire extent of the city, from west to east. In 1610 a map of Lancaster, by Speed, gives scarcely any houses eastward of Stone Well. The remainder of the way was by Moor-road, now Moor-street, and Park-road. This was, and is, where it has not been changed, a rough and narrow road, more like a bridle path than a road for conveyances. It lay somewhat to the north of the existing East-road, a modern formation, on the east side of which now rises the vast pile of buildings connected with St. Peter's Church, and ran parallel with it. The ground is here at a considerable elevation above the country on the south and west, and commands an extensive view as far as the Irish Sea. To our martyr this journey was indeed a Way of Sorrow, and pain racked every limb as the hurdle on which he was bound jolted on the ill-paved streets and the still rougher bridle path.

The death of Father Thules has been recorded in verse with some minuteness. The poem is one of a collection of Catholic poems and songs, written in a contemporary hand, and preserved in the British Museum. It has been printed by Fr. Pollen in his "Acts of English Martyrs;" and from it we take the following details.

On the way, or when he arrived at the foot of the gallows, our martyr managed to distribute what little money he had left amongst the poorest of those who had gathered together to watch his execution. Then he prepared himself to die. It was indeed a cruel death

that he and his companion had to face. To speak with his poetical biographer: —

"Present before their face
Was fire and cruel flame.

"Then did they them attempt
Their faith for to deny,
Saying they must be hanged
And burnéd cruelly."

Nor was this all. To terrify them the more, three felons were hanged before them. But the courage of our martyrs never quailed. And first it was Father Thule's turn to die. As he ascended the ladder, he was again called upon to save his life by taking the oath; again he refused, saying—"Write me out a form of oath which contains nothing but civil allegiance and I will take it." They told him they could tender no other form than that which was ordered in the Parliamentary Statute. "I cannot in conscience take it," he replied, "for it contains many things contrary to the Catholic Faith."

This was his last trial. He was turned off the ladder, cut down, and his body was quartered. His four quarters were hung up at four chief towns of the county— Lancaster, Preston, Wigan, and Warrington; that at Preston was fixed to the church steeple. His head was set up on the castle walls at Lancaster. Thus triumphed gloriously over the powers of this world, Father Thules, being forty-eight years of age.

His humble companion, Wrenno, was now to share the fate of the priest. He was a stout man; the rope fastened round his neck broke with his weight, and he fell to the ground. At first he was stunned with the fall, but shortly coming to himself he raised himself upon his knees, and lifting up his eyes and hands to heaven he began to pray devoutly. The Protestant ministers present saw their opportunity, and again urged him to take the oath. The good man presently arose, saying—"I am the same man as I was and in the same

mind. Use your pleasure with me." With that he ran to the ladder and went up as fast as he could. The amazement of the onlookers at this unexpected eagerness to die may well be imagined. The Sheriff shared in the general astonishment and cried out—"How now, what does the man mean, that he is in such haste?" But the servant of God replied—"O! if you had seen what I have just now seen, you would be as much in haste to die as I now am." A stronger rope was brought, and put round his neck. The ladder was turned, and he went to see the good things of the Lord in the land of the living, of which before he was given a glimpse.

Which of my readers is there who would not rather share the happy death of the poor Lancashire weaver, than the despair and gloom of the great Protestant Queen?

GOD.

"*Q.* **Can you tell me, Child, who made you?**
A. The great God, who made Heaven and Earth.
Q. **And what doth God do for you?**
A. He keeps me from harm by night and by day, and is always doing me good.
Q. **And what must you do for this great God, who is so good to you?**
A. I must learn to know Him first, and then I must do everything to please Him."

Such is the opening of a catechism for children, drawn up by Dr. Watts, a preacher of the sect of Independents in England, who died nearly one hundred and fifty years ago; and it would not be easy to better the wording of the statement, which forms the basis of all Christian belief.

His words are chosen here, because, like so many other men in his time and since, he held much Catholic doctrine without knowing it, but had no man to guide him in the building he should raise on that simple foundation. There are too those among Catholics who will be glad to hear how close to their own belief came men, endeavouring without our advantages, but in all sincerity and good faith, to know the mysteries of God.

It was, for instance, that same Dr. Watts, who, meditating on the Crucifixion, wrote the remarkable hymn which follows:—

"When I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things which charm me most
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

See from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His Body on the Tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

The feeling excited in every religious Protestant when he sings that hymn, the devout thoughts of every Catholic who kneels before a crucifix, could have no existence unless founded on the simple words: "I believe in God," or, as a child might put it: "God, who made the sky above us, and the earth on which we walk, made me; He holds me up by day, lest I dash my foot against a stone; He keeps me by night, when dread darkness is around us; from Him comes all the good I have and enjoy."

Whoever holds that faith with any true grasp of mind believes this also: From Him come not the terror by night, nor the arrow that flieth by day; it is not He who brings evil on us when evil comes.

But we may go much further than this: those words lie at the root of every faith, however maimed or imperfect, by which men have walked in times past. The greater souls among the Jews had more than imperfect faith, as Jesus Christ said of Abraham: "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see My day;" and many of David's words can now only be understood by the light thrown on them by Jesus; but every Jewish child had belief in God stamped on him from his earliest days. "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one God," was the first religious teaching his ear heard, or his lips were taught to frame.

If we look carelessly or superficially at the religions of Greece and Rome we are struck by the fact that they seem to have had a multitude of gods rather than the One great God, who made heaven and earth; but underlying these fancies, and ringing more truly

in the deep of their souls, was the acknowledgment of one almighty power, sustaining all that is.

When St. Paul would preach his Master at Athens, he did not think it necessary to destroy the falsehoods he saw around him, save by proclaiming the truth which made them incredible. He saw an altar with the inscription: "To the unknown God," and, recognizing thereby that they admitted His existence, declared to them the God whom they ignorantly worshipped.

If we go still further afield: amid the base superstitions of Asia is found faith in one supreme Lord, not wholly stifled in the welter of dying religions and civilizations; while even in the savage, fallen from his high estate, emerging with difficulty from a condition little above the brute, the same idea has never been wholly crushed. One of our great English poets bids us mark:

> "the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
> Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind."

It is not then too much to say that universal human tradition testifies to a belief in God, nor will it be denied that, as a rule, the greatest men in each nation have been those who held it most firmly.

Now such a belief can have come into the mind of man only in two ways; if in one of them the belief may be, but it is not necessarily, false; if in the other, it must be true:

1. That the mind of man has itself imagined the Being whom we call God.

2. That He, man's Creator, has revealed Himself to the mind of man.

Which of these alternatives is the more likely to be true?

That there is a great likeness between God and man is universally admitted. Faith in God accounts for this by the second alternative, and accepts as a truth that the Creator, in His wisdom, made man like Himself; that whatever unlikeness now exists is a perverse departure by the creature from the original idea. The first alternative would declare man the creator of the idea of God, Who would then be made in man's image.

But He is not so made.

Theodore Parker, the well-known Unitarian preacher in America, appears to have leant to this view, and said that man's conception of God must partake of man's imperfections; that man could, of necessity, only imagine God as a magnified man. Just as, he says, if a stag, in a primaeval forest, were to frame to himself an idea of God, he could only do so under the form of a very great stag. That is probably true, but it is precisely what man has not done. He must indeed, under the conditions of human language, speak of God's right hand, His compassionate heart, His wrath, and even His repentance; but he knows that he speaks as a man, and when he attempts to define what God really is, he casts aside this language of accommodation, and declares that God is a spirit, who has no body, nor parts, nor passions, who neither slumbers nor sleeps, is not affected by our weaknesses, cannot be comprehended, nor grasped by our puny minds. Whatever of greatness or goodness, of love or pity, of justice absolute and unswerving, of mercy and truth we can conceive, that, and far more than that, is God.

It follows then that the knowledge of God is a revelation from Him, since the God is not that which man would imagine for himself, and there is no third way of knowledge. This revelation is confirmed to our minds, and, if lost, may be in great measure recovered, by the teaching of nature. "The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, His eternal power also and divinity." The universe is not made by man, nor self made, and must therefore be made by a Being outside it; and this Being we call God.

But, it may be said, the assertion of, and belief in, God are not universal; there have been in all nations men who believed not in Him. The Psalmist recognized the fact among the Jews, and considered the unbeliever a fool: "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God:" and also he asserted that misbelief led to misdeeds as cause and effect. "They," the fools, "are corrupt and become abominable in their ways,

there is none that doth good, no not one."

Much of Greek and Roman literature is full of what we might now call "atheism," if not a denial of God, at all events, so complete an ignoring of Him as to be tantamount to a denial. St. Paul's view of the matter was that no one in that heathen world of Greece and Rome had denied God, unless he liked or wished to do so, that in fact there is no such thing as an intellectual atheist. He underlines, so to speak, the Psalmist's words: "hath said in his heart," and asserts that the affections and the will are in fault, when a man denies, or ignores, or disregards God. He attributes the corruption of the world in his days to the fact that men "liked not to have God in their knowledge:" "wherefore God delivered them up to a reprobate sense, to do those things which are not convenient."

Such is probably the secret condition of many men now who deny or set aside God the Creator. There are, however, very few who actually deny. A direct proof that God exists, in the same way that there is proof that two and two make four is no doubt very difficult to find, but to prove that God does not exist would be far harder. The impossibility of proving a negative has passed into a proverb. The denials of this age are in fact rather the social denials; that man is his brother's keeper; that God has made of one blood all nations, and classes, on earth; as the poet has told us:

> "This age shows, to my thinking, far more infidels to Adam
> Than, directly, by profession, simple infidels to God,"

and there has been probably only one man of considerable ability within the present century who has deliberately committed himself to the declaration: "There is no God." The poet Shelley wrote under his signature in an inn album the word "atheist" in Greek. Of this, however, it may be remarked that he was scarce more than a boy, and that it was a mere brag; further, that God's nature had never been explained to him. He had framed to himself the image of a Being wholly detestable, and repudiated *that*, not the Being who kept him from harm by night and by

day, and was always doing him good. There is probably no man now living, whose opinion is worth having on any other matters, who would write deliberately "atheist" under his signature.

But there are many atheists, in a secondary sense, men who know not God; who do not see Him, who practically and deliberately leave Him out of their lives. Some of these are not fools as we count folly, nor wicked, as we count wickedness.

One of these, a man of high scientific attainments, said some years ago, on a calm and beautiful day, when he had been speaking of the wonders of nature, of his own happy life, and the abundant blessings which surrounded him: "I never go to bed at night, without wishing to say "Thank you" to some One, if I could but see the One to whom I should say it." Surely to such a man a St. Paul, or one sent by God in the spirit of St. Paul, would say: "Whom you ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you." Believers will remember the Apostle's further statement that those who seek God, may "haply feel after Him and find Him, although He be not far from every one of us."

But the speaker quoted above was, as he said, an happy man. What if he had been otherwise, and the word which would rise to his lips if he could find One to whom he should speak, were not "Thank you," but "Be merciful to me a sinner," or "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death," or

> "Where is the stream, the happy stream,
> To rid me of distempering heat,
> To lave me in its running strength
> And give my heart a moderate beat?"

What if the day should ever come when he should have ceased to feel himself raised above the common herd by genius or force of character, if that arrogance in intellect, consistent though it was with a tender heart should give way, and he should feel himself to be simply one of that mass of weak human creatures, of whom the great majority have said "I believe in God."

Listen to that poet, who, perhaps more than any

other, breathes the half-sceptical, half-wistful spirit of the nineteenth century :

" 'There is no God,' the wicked saith,
'And truly it's a blessing,
For what He might have done with us,
It's better only guessing :'

'There is no God,' a youngster thinks,
'Or, really, if there may be,
He surely didn't mean a man
Always to be a baby :'

'There is no God, or if there is,'
The tradesman thinks, 'twere funny
If He should take it ill in me
To make a little money :'

'Whether there be,' the rich man says,
'It matters very little,
For I and mine, thank somebody,
Are not in want of victual.'

Some others also, to themselves,
Who scarce so much as doubt it,
Think there is none when they are well,
And do not think about it.

But country folks, who live beneath
The shadow of the steeple,
The parson, and the parson's wife,
And mostly married people ;

Youths green and happy in first love
So thankful for illusion,
And men caught out in what the world
Calls guilt, in first confusion ;

And almost everyone, when age,
Disease, or sorrow strikes him,
Inclines to think there is a God
Or something very like Him."

Now, if we take that out of the light and mocking verse which does not conceal an undertone of anguish, and translate it into simple prose, we find the same declaration, that now too the deniers of God are the wicked and the foolish, those engrossed in the cares and riches of the world, the idle and thoughtless; that those who confess Him are orderly, quiet, sober livers ; who care for the poor ; who are often weary, sick, and heavy-laden, and who seek rest for their souls.

The question is one as important for the man as for the child. Can you tell me, man, who made you ?

you, man, in the excellence of your strength, you, woman, in the pride of your youth? If we cannot answer this with real conviction, if we are inclined to separate ourselves from that vast company of the living and the dead who have replied: "The great God who made Heaven and Earth," we should, in the name of common sense, be able to give a reason for the negation that is in us, and must, in order to this, ask ourselves the further questions: Does any pride of intellect, or any sin of the flesh come between us and our Creator, always ready to answer us when we cry: "Who will show us any good?"

Perhaps we have not to accuse ourselves of any active unbelief, and are yet conscious that faith has grown less vivid than when we were children; we have withdrawn ourselves from God, and fancied He has hidden Himself from us. Yet if we will deal honestly with ourselves, the depths of our inmost nature have cried to us from time to time, and when most we seemed to have lost Him:

> "O somewhere, somewhere, God unknown
> Exist and be;
> I am dying, I am all alone,
> I must have Thee:"

and perhaps these poor words may aid us to recover the attitude of mind which was ours in tender years, when we knew that God was very near; may help us to say with a more abiding sense of the reality of words:

"*Credo in Unum Deum*,"

and to answer with absolute conviction the first two questions in our Catholic Catechism:

"*Q.* **Who made you?**

A. God made me.

Q. **Why did God make you?**

A. God made me to know Him, love Him, and serve Him in this world, and to be happy with Him for ever in the next."

C. Kegan Paul.

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THE USE OF HOLY IMAGES

That we "worship images" and so are idolaters, just like the Pagans, is one of the serious charges against Catholics. Indeed, this is perhaps the most fundamental element in the perverted idea which is still entertained about our religion by so many Englishmen. "Do not join them! Why, they are idolators!" is the phrase which instinctively rises first to the lips, when they wish to warn anyone against us. When one of our churches is entered, the charge seems to be confirmed. Images, or idols, everywhere, just as you find them in heathen temples. And should we venture to defend the usage and explain it, they are down on us at once with the commandment, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven thing" (or rather "graven image" as their Bible has it) (Exod. xx. 4). And they remind us that the Jews, who must have known, certainly understood these words of the mere placing of images in their houses and temple; nor without good reason, for if once allowed to stand there, worship is sooner or later inevitable, so superstitious are the hearts of men by nature.

We cannot allow that, even in their purely external character, the images found in Catholic Churches resemble those in heathen temples. Still, we admit the outward likeness to this very limited extent, that in both places there are images. But are the inward realities the same? This is the only question of importance.

For the moment let us forget that the comparison has been made, or that any Scripture utterance on the matter has been delivered, and let us estimate our practice in the light of reason.

1. We use images, or statues, of our Lord or the saints, to *remind* us of those they represent; acting on the principle enunciated by the Roman poet in a famous passage :—

> "Things that the ear takes in more languidly
> Affect the mind than those the faithful eye
> Beholds. . . ."

And what Catholic does not feel the truth of this reflection? The sinner kneels down in church with book in hand, and head bowed low, endeavouring to excite himself to sorrow for sin by the remembrance of our Lord's dying love. Presently he looks up at the crucifix, and is deeply moved by the sight. This is not merely an inference as to what might be. It is a common experience among Catholics of what is. Even Protestants, who refuse to kneel before statues, will perhaps know of instances in which the sight of a picture has gone beyond cold words to extract tears of repentance or deeds of heroism.

Possibly some one might object that, however this may be, the method is one from which we are necessarily debarred in our religious worship, because no likenesses of our Lord or his Blessed Mother, or of most of the Saints, have been preserved to us, and in consequence our images have no right to be regarded as truthful representations. But we do not claim for them that they are actual portraits, nor is there any necessity for this. An artist representing the Battle of Thermopylæ could not hope to give a portrait even of Leonidas, much less of his men: nevertheless he might still hope to stir the spirit of an ardent spectator. And so it is with us. What we aim at, no doubt very often with imperfect success, is to portray some appropriate emotion or feeling which we are justified in attributing to our Lord or His Saints; as of love, or sorrow, or compassion, or suffering, or of gracious invitation. Such portrayals are found to be valuable aids towards stimulating the corresponding emotions in the hearts of the suppliants.

2. We show these images a certain respect and honour on account of their relation to the persons

represented; and, since respect, which is in itself an inward feeling, has its suitable modes of outward expression, we bow our heads or kneel down before the statue, or kiss its feet, or sing hymns in its presence.

Is this unseemly? Clearly not, unless we are to pronounce it likewise unseemly to kiss a mother's picture, to handle reverently a family Bible, to crown with garlands the statue of a popular statesman: unless too, since praise and blame go together in this respect, it is foolish and absurd to take offence at dishonour offered to the image of a person highly esteemed. In the eighth century Leo the Isaurian, the iconoclast (that is, the "image-breaking") emperor, outraged the feelings of the faithful quite after the manner of our Tudor iconoclasts by removing and destroying the statues of saints with which the churches abounded. Then the holy Abbot Stephen gave expression to his own and the popular indignation, by casting down and trampling upon a coin bearing the imperial likeness. Nature was too strong in the tyrant, and, forgetful of consistency, he showed his realization that an insult to the representation is an insult to the person represented, by putting the disrespectful Abbot to death. Parallels to this emperor's inconsistency could be gathered from the conduct of his more modern imitators: indeed, one still meets occasionally with Protestants who go much further and show signs of being moved not merely by the promptings of nature, but even by the spirit of fetichism, who behave before a crucifix as if they believed it really possessed some inherent power, not indeed to help, but to harm them.

So far we have brought the Catholic use of holy images to the test of reason alone, and have found it both rational and helpful. We have therefore some grounds for expecting that it will not be found inconsistent with the commandments of God in Holy Scripture. Still there are undoubtedly some expressions in Scripture which on the surface may seem to condemn the practice, and these expressions are wont to prejudice many minds against the Catholic faith.

Let us therefore examine into their real meaning with a little care.

In the first place it is necessary to bear in mind that the Hebrew word *pesel*, the ordinary term in the passages invoked against us, means etymologically "graven thing" but in use is invariably applied to the images of false gods. Its proper English correlative therefore is not "image" but "idol," and the Catholic English translation would be justified in rendering *pesel* always by "idol." Still as this translation is ever studious not to cover any disputable assumption under the folds of a free translation it is wont to render the term literally "graven thing."

The Protestant translation, on the other hand, where it finds *pesel* puts "image" thus predisposing the mind of an unsuspecting reader towards a false interpretation. We have, accordingly, to be on our guard when texts are quoted from the Protestant version, remembering that, if they condemn in unmeasured terms, the condemnation is directed ever against the worship of idols such as are found in heathen temples, not of images such as are found in Catholic churches.

Thus if we translate the precept of the Decalogue, as we are justified in translating it, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any *idol*" it is manifest at once that it does not touch our practice in any way.

But it will be said, What is the difference between the two? Is there any at all? Is not an idol simply an image to which worship is paid, and is not this just the nature and purpose of a Catholic image? In answer, we must first set aside the false implication that we worship images in the sense of the objection; that is, of paying them divine honour or any honour at all for their own sakes. Already it has been explained in what way we honour them and that way has not seemed improper. But we must answer further, that there is a radical difference between heathen idols and our images, one which lies in the radically

different purposes for which they are respectively employed.

Holy Scripture not only denounces idols, but it gives its reasons for denouncing them. These reasons are two in number.

First, idolaters are charged with the absurd and blasphemous belief that their idols have some inherent divinity imparted to them, in virtue of which they can see and hear, can help or harm, the worshippers. Thus (Deut. iv. 28) it is said prophetically "You shall serve gods, the work of men's hands, wood and stone, which neither see, nor hear, nor eat, nor smell." Clearly the meaning here is, "You will come to believe they see, hear, &c., and in this belief will be so absurd as to worship them."

This same reproach is similarly visible in the language of the Psalmist (cxiv. 4) "Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. They have mouths but they speak not; eyes have they, but see not . . . they that make them are like them, and so is every one that trusteth in them." Still more manifestly is this ground of absurdity and profanity indicated in a classical passage in the Book of Wisdom, where, having first described graphically how an idol is carved out of the leavings of the materials from which the appliances of life have first been made, the writer continues: "And he makes a worthy dwelling for it (the idol), sets it up against the wall, attached to it by an iron pin, lest perchance it fall down; looking after it in the knowledge that it cannot look after itself, since it is but an idol and needs to be assisted; and then he makes a vow to it and inquires of it about his goods, or his children, or his nuptials, and does not blush to speak with that which is without a soul; and asks of the weak for the vigour of health, of the dead life, of the helpless help; asks aid in his journey from one who cannot walk; about obtaining and working, and the issue of events, from one who is useless for anything" (xiii. 15—19).

One ground then for the condemnation of idolatry is, that it involves the folly of attributing to blocks of

wood and stones the attributes of divinity, and thereby outrages the majesty of the One God, "who will not give His glory to another" (Isaiah xiii. 8).

The second iniquity in this practice is found when the idol is imagined by the worshipper to be a real likeness of the Divine nature. To this, reference is made in Isaiah xlvi. 5 "To whom have you likened me and make me equal, compared me, and likened me? They gather gold from the bag and weigh silver in the balance, hiring a goldsmith that he may make a god and they fall down and adore." And again in Acts xvii. 29: "Since we are the offspring of God, we ought not to account the divinity to be gold or silver, or stone, which are the offspring of the art and thought of man." These passages prove that so false a notion of divinity, although to us it may seem inconceivable, did in fact prevail among the idolaters of those days; and it is obvious how great must be the offence against the infinite majesty of God, committed by men who would liken Him to things which by comparison are so mean and vile.

In view of two such blasphemous elements in the worship of idols, the stern and unmeasured denunciations, so plentiful in Holy Scripture, do not take us by surprise. On the other hand, when we return to consider our own Catholic use of holy images, is there in it the faintest trace of either of the two evils? Are we, whether poor or rich, in the habit of imagining, or under the slightest temptation to imagine, that a sacred image has power to see, or hear, or help us, or any inherent virtue of its own, beyond the natural qualities of wood and stone; or that it resembles the Divine nature?

A Catholic would respond to this question with some irritation. He would feel indignant at being thought capable of the enormity. "Of course not, who would have the face to impute to us so foolish a blasphemy, so blasphemous a folly?" But a Protestant might rather say: "Wait a little: do you truly mean to say that you do not look to *particular* images to help you in your necessities? What is the meaning otherwise of such phrases as 'miraculous image' ap-

plied to the images in certain celebrated sanctuaries, as Our Lady of Victories at Paris, Our Lady of Good Counsel at Genezzano, Our Lady of Guadaloupe in Mexico? And again, do you not imagine the crucifix to be in some sense a likeness of our Saviour? and, indeed, do we not sometimes see in your hands representations of the Blessed Trinity?"

True we do cherish with special affection certain particular images on account of divine favours granted through their instrumentality: and we do also regard the crucifix as in some sense a likeness of our Lord on the Cross, as we likewise regard images of our Blessed Lady and the Saints as partial likenesses. But the difference between these beliefs of ours and those condemned by Holy Scripture in idolators is immense.

Let us examine into the two classes separately. In children's tales we read sometimes of wishing rings, and a captive might well long to have one, so that by wearing it he might receive his desire and pass out into liberty through the open doors of his prison. English Histories tell us the story, or legend, of Essex and the Queen's ring, in the possession of which he trusted as the means of regaining his liberty, because he knew that out of regard to it he had a claim upon the royal mercy. In each case we have a ring, a material object, cherished as a means of deliverance from captivity. But in the one case the physical power to deliver is supposed to be inherent in the material object itself; in the other, the physical power to deliver resides in some external intelligent agent, and the power in the material object is only the moral power to appeal, on account of some special circumstances, with a very special force to the heart of the intelligent agent. The first of these two cases offers a parallel to the Protestant misconception of the reasons, the second to the truth of the reasons, which move us to attach a peculiar value to particular images.

Is there anything in Scripture to condemn this preference for particular images? Let us go to Scripture and see if we do not rather find there its justification.

Out of many passages which would be in point, we may select two which should appeal with force to English Dissenters. Do these last ever reflect, when they name their chapels "Bethel," or "Ebenezer," that they are marking the inconsistency of their denunciations of Catholic affection for particular images? Bethel ("House of God") is the name of the spot where Jacob saw the ladder reaching from heaven to earth, and where he set up an altar in remembrance of the Divine favour (Gen. xxviii. 18, 19). Ebenezer ("Stone of Help") is the place where Samuel set up a stone to commemorate another Divine favour, the deliverance of Israel from the hands of the Philistines (1 Reg. vii. 12). We can imagine how often in after ages the devout Israelite passing by Bethel and Ebenezer would have prayed there, that the God who had been gracious to his forefathers in those spots would be gracious also to him. And may we not also believe that a devout English Dissenter, if journeying in those parts, would be prone to kneel down and utter the same prayer? Is it not in fact in this self-same spirit that he is fond of giving these names of Bethel and Ebenezer to his own chapels? Yet what difference is there between this spirit and that which makes the Catholic love the image before which saints have prayed, and where he has reasons for believing that God has often displayed His power and love by many a signal miracle? And if man's heart is wont to be thus stirred and to realize more deeply God's presence when he kneels down in places or before objects hallowed by past divine favours, is it unintelligible that God in return should have regard to man's nature as well as to His own, and use these particular places or objects as special channels for His further favours?

Perhaps it will be said that this may be a correct account of the belief of the more educated Catholics, but that it is far otherwise with the ignorant peasantry in Catholic countries; that such people unquestionably regard their images as fetiches having an inherent power like that attributed to a magic ring,

and that they must be taken as illustrating the true tendency of the Catholic doctrine. Of this charge it must be said in reply, that it is simply a gross slander. Few of those who make it have ever come into any real contact with the Catholic peasantry. Those Protestants who claim to speak from personal observation are invariably narrow-minded persons quite incapable of intelligent observation, persons who look only through coloured glasses, who go among the Catholic poor with the firm conviction that they are going among idolators, and who accordingly find in the subjects of their investigation not what is really there, but what they have first read in from their own prejudices. These remarks refer to the Catholic poor in general. Of course it is possible (though indeed it would be hard to find instances, and much harder among Catholics than among Protestants), that there are ignorant persons whose belief amounts to superstition. But what then? These are persons whom the Catholic Church, in spite of all her efforts, has not been able to reach in order to instruct: whether through their want of capacity to understand, or will to listen, or other causes. And surely the tendency of a doctrine is to be estimated by its effects in those who hold it, not in those who do not, in the instructed not in the uninstructed.

Now a word on the other charge, that in venerating holy images we are possessed by the belief that they resemble the Divine nature. And here we must separate the representations of the Blessed Trinity occasionally found amongst us, though not in our churches and not frequently used, from the representations of our Lord Jesus Christ.

No Catholic ever dreams of regarding the representations of the Blessed Trinity as more than symbolic; just as the glorious brightness called the Shechinah was a symbol, not a resemblance, of the Divine presence in the inner sanctuary of Solomon's Temple (3 Kings viii. 11), or just as its flag is the symbol of a nation's power and dignity. The symbols, too, in these representations of the Blessed Trinity are sug-

gested by Holy Scripture itself. The Eternal Father is symbolised by the figure of a venerable old man, because God thus showed Himself to Daniel in his vision as an "Ancient of Days" (Dan. vii. 9): the Eternal Son by our Lord's crucified Humanity; the Holy Ghost by the dove (St. Matt. iii. 16). There is no impropriety in using symbols like these, as there is no danger of the symbol being mistaken for a resemblance and creating a false impression of the Divine nature. In days long past, when paganism with its idolatry was everywhere rampant, and the Church had not yet, or had only recently, been established, there might have been this danger. But now when centuries of Christian training have so firmly fixed the knowledge of the spirituality of the Divine nature, the notion that God could be material is too absurd to be entertained by any save madmen.

When we set the crucifix before our eyes, of course we do believe that it resembles our Blessed Lord on the Cross. But there is no harm in this, since no false impression is derived. If indeed we imagined the crucifix to resemble the *Divine* nature, there would be harm. We are far, however, from that blasphemous absurdity. All that we do is to make for ourselves a likeness of the human nature which our Lord assumed. There cannot be danger lest in doing this we should be led to a false idea of the nature of God. If there were this danger in looking on a representation of the Sacred Humanity, there would be the same danger in looking on the Sacred Humanity itself. Whence it follows that those who reprehend us for making a crucifix are actually laying a very serious charge against our Lord Himself, who assumed this nature, among other reasons, notably for this, that He might draw us to His love by the "cords of Adam;" that is to say, by the attractiveness to us of a nature which is our own and which our own senses can handle, and particularly of a countenance in which we can read in language to us intelligible, the reflection of a Divine love that has passed through a human heart.

We have confined our explanations exclusively to the case of representations of our Blessed Lord. Of course we also set up in our churches images of saints and use them in the same way to assist our devotion. But there is no need to add anything further in regard to this other class of images, since the application of the explanation given is the same in both cases, except indeed, that there is still less colour for the charge that to make an image of a saint implies a false idea of his nature.

The reader now knows what is the Catholic doctrine about holy images; but it will be well to add some further observations on the terms in use among us in connection with the subject. Do we accept the phrase that we "worship" the images? That depends on the meaning attached to the term "worship." This term, as also the term "adore," was anciently used in a much broader sense than is wont to be attached to it now. They both meant simply "to show respect." We have instances of this ancient usage, as regards the term "worship" in the phrase, "with my body I thee worship" in the Anglican Marriage Service; and again in the address "your worship" given to such purely human officials as mayors, to whom no one ever thought of ascribing Divine attributes. And the Latin *adorare*, with which our "adore" corresponds, was the proper word to denote the reverence required of a soldier by his officer. As long as this broader signification attached to the terms, they could be employed without fear of misapprehension of the veneration paid to images of our Lord and the saints as well as of the veneration paid to the saints themselves.

Now-a-days, however, the word "worship" and still more the word "adore" have contracted a narrower sense, and are used to signify exclusively Divine worship, the worship or adoration due to God only. At all events this restriction is common if not universal. Under these changed circumstances Catholics generally abstain from using either of these two words except in reference to God, and

in their place are wont to speak of "venerating" the saints and their images. There are, however, some cases in which we still adhere to the older terminology which has come down to us from remote ages: just as the Anglicans in their Liturgy employ terms in a sense which is no longer permissible in ordinary intercourse; for instance, the term "prevent" to signify "go before." The most remarkable of these cases is the touching ceremony of Good Friday called the "Adoration of the Cross." The cross, which has just been uncovered in memory of the disclosure of its mystery to the world having taken place on that day, is laid on a cushion, and each person in the congregation kneels three times before it and then kisses it. The word "adoration" which has come down to us from remote ages as the name of this ceremony, means nothing more than "veneration."

Some other terms in use among us need not so much to be vindicated as explained. For the sake of accuracy in defining our conceptions, we use the words *latria* and *dulia* (two Greek words) to signify respectively the worship due to God and the veneration due to the saints: and the word *hyperdulia* (*i.e.*, a higher kind of *dulia* which nevertheless is not *latria*) of the veneration due to our Blessed Lady, the Mother of God. Again, we call the worship or veneration due respectively to God or the saints, *absolute* worship or veneration: and the veneration due to the images of our Lord or the saints *relative*; because it is given to them not on their own account, but on account of their relation to those whom they represent. In this sense we should say technically that the crucifix was to be venerated with relative *latria*, but the image of a saint only with relative *dulia*. If these terms should seem barbarous to some purists, more reflecting minds will perceive that it is a great assistance to accuracy of thought to have terms which so precisely designate important differences of meaning in the use of the word "worship."

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